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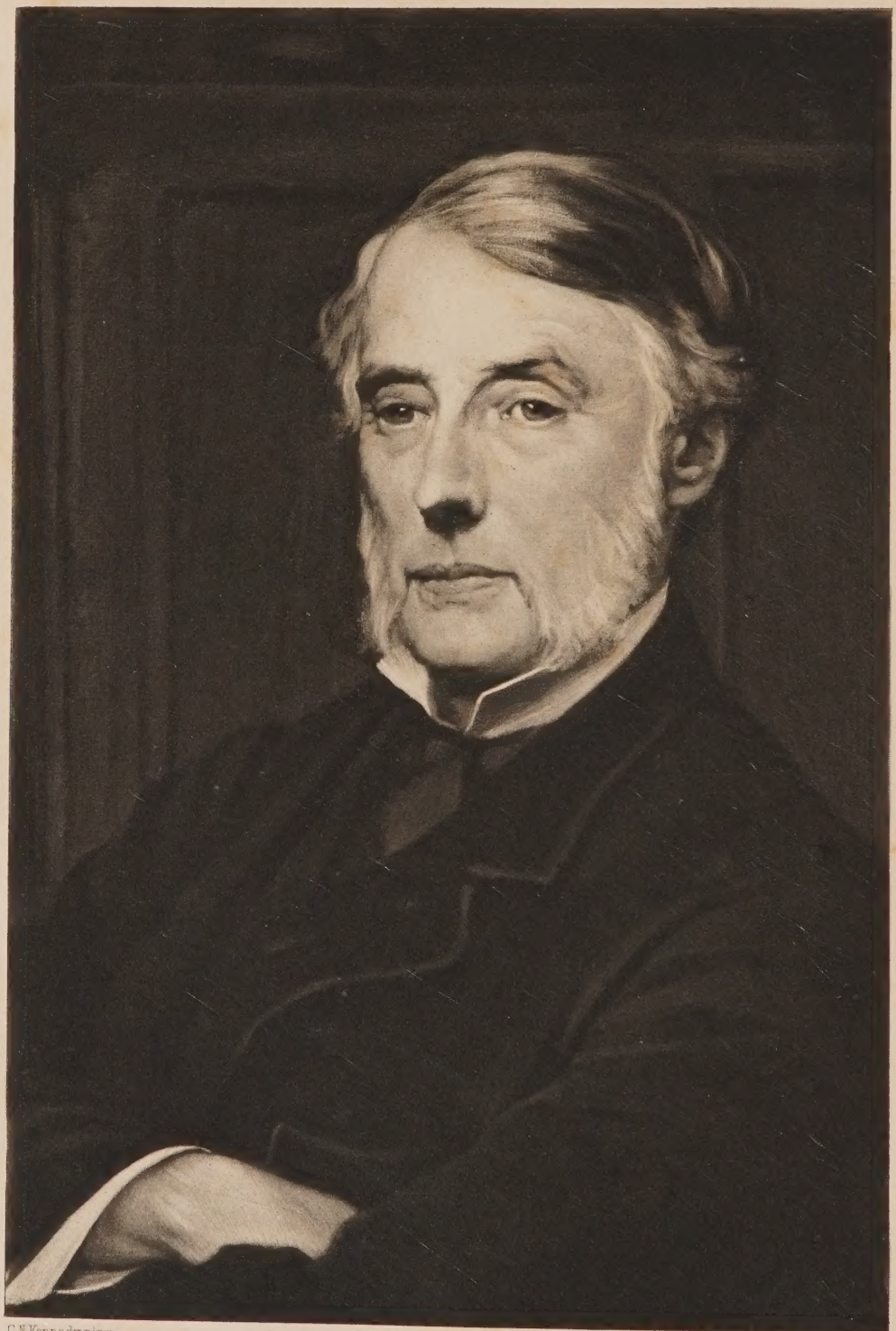

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JAMES HACK TUKE

A MEMOIR

COMPILED BY

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD FRY

HON. FELLOW OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD

London

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Preface

The task which I have performed in the following pages was not one of my own seeking. I doubted how far the life of a Quaker banker in a country town, or the shipment of emigrants from the barren and sad shores of Connaught, afforded much to interest the reading public: and I knew how hard it would be for any one, and how impossible for me, to draw a portrait which should communicate to the beholder any sense of the peculiar charm of the original. But many of Tuke's friends desired that some memorial should appear of his life; and Mrs. Tuke urged me to undertake the work. Hence my share in this memoir, which has largely been the making of selections from his letters and papers, and from notes made by Mrs. Tuke. For the labour I

possessed one qualification—a friendship of many years' standing with the dear friend whose life I have thus tried to present, and a great admiration for his beautiful character.

To some who knew James Tuke in middle life it will perhaps appear that the space occupied in the following pages by his Irish work is excessive, and that more ought to have been said in reference to his labours at home, especially in relation to the Foreign Missions of the Society of Friends in which he took a most important part, and to other work in connection with that religious body, and in his own neighbourhood. It may be doubted whether more details in relation to these matters would have been of much general interest ; but however that may be, I have in fact had no materials for a detailed treatment of these interests of Tuke's life, and I doubt whether any such materials exist.

"Of great men it may be truly said," so wrote Mr. Jowett, "that it does us good only to look at them" ; and perhaps of good men the same may be true ; if so, I may hope that the following

pages may not be without fruit in the mind of some one.

The reader will at once perceive how great has been the part which Mrs. Tuke has taken in this memoir; in fact she has been rather a joint-author than a mere contributor.

My thanks for assistance are due to her and to other members of the family; to the Rev. W. S. Green for interesting contributions in respect of the Congested Districts Board; to the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Sydney Buxton, Mr. H. A. Robinson (the vice-president of the Local Government Board in Ireland), and many others, for permission to use letters addressed to them; to Mr. James Knowles and Mr. Percy W. Bunting for leave to reprint extracts from *The Nineteenth Century* and *The Contemporary Review* respectively; to Miss Emily Davies, Sir George Young, Bart., Mr. Frederic Seebohm, LL.D., and Mr. Howard Hodgkin for other help in the preparation of this book.

E. F.

FAILAND, *October* 1899.

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CHAPTER I

1819–1846

Birth and parentage—Early years and pursuits—Friendship with Mr. W. E. Forster—Journey to America—Visit to Audubon—Emigrants on the move—Slavery—Free education—A Quaker Yearly Meeting in Carolina.

James Hack Tuke was born at York on 13th September 1819, and was the second son and seventh child of Samuel Tuke and his wife Priscilla (*née* Hack).

In 1629 one William Tuke took up his freedom in the city of York; he was one of the early converts of George Fox, and in 1660 was imprisoned for his Quakerism.

Thenceforward the Tuke family continued to live in York as Quakers, and as well known and respected citizens.

William Tuke, who, a century ago, was the

head of the family, was the chief amongst the founders of the York Retreat, an institution for the care and cure of the insane, which was conducted on principles of humanity, then almost unknown in such institutions, and which proved highly influential in bringing such principles to the attention of Parliament and the public. The care of this institution and the study of the problems of insanity became hereditary in the Tuke family.

Samuel Tuke, the father, as already mentioned, of the subject of this memoir, was the author of a work on this subject which attracted much attention, and was reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review* by Sydney Smith under the heading of "Mad Quakers"[1]: he was also the editor of Dr. Maximilian Jacobi's work on Asylums for the Insane. Moreover, he was a man of great capacity and influence in many ways; he was a leading member of the Society of Friends; he was a very influential citizen of York, and he was deeply interested in most educational and social questions, and took an active part in various societies and institutions for the promotion of the good of his fellow-men. The gravity and force of his character were strikingly expressed in his face and person.

[1] Sydney Smith's Works, vol. i. p. 313.

Two or three years after the birth of James, his father took up his residence in a commodious family house in a wide street outside the walls of the city (Laurence Street), opposite to an old church and a trough where the horses and cows of the neighbourhood came to drink. Behind was a large garden, very like what Tennyson has described, probably with reference to another Cathedral city.

> Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
> Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
> News from the humming city comes to it
> In sound of funeral or of marriage bells ;
> And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
> The windy clanging of the minster clock ;
> Although between it and the garden lies
> A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
> That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
> Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
> Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
> Crown'd with the minster-towers.

This house was Tuke's home till his first marriage.

His school education was received at a day school in York which was much frequented by the sons of North Country Quakers. Of what he learned there I have little or no evidence ; but it seems to me probable that his father and his

home did more for his education than his schoolmaster and his schoolroom.

In July 1828 Tuke lost his mother.

In or about the year 1835 Tuke left school and went into the counting-house of his father, who was the senior partner in a firm of tea merchants carrying on business in York, and then or later having a branch in Great Tower Street, London ; his confinement to the counting-house does not appear to have been close, and his diary shows that business did not preclude frequent expeditions on horse-back into the surrounding country.

Of these early years the best account which I can give is to be found in the following extracts from notes prepared by Mrs. Tuke :—

" My husband always said that his first conscious recollection was of the occasion when he and the rest of the children were taken by their governess to bid farewell to their great-grandfather William Tuke, who, in the early days of December 1822, lay dying ; on 6th December he passed away at the ripe age of ninety ; his little great-grandson James being his junior by eighty-seven years. The child remembered the walk to the house and passing the 'postern,' and then the house with the dark stair-

case, and the silent room where the old man lay already unconscious; but the whole memory was naturally vague.

"The children's life at home, though quiet and within very distinct limits, was happy and natural. Their father, full of work and of energy, of grave character and manner, loved his children devotedly and wisely. The mother was a wonderfully sweet and lovely person—the miniature of her which is in my possession represents a pensive, beautiful woman, with large blue eyes and a Madonna face, framed with golden brown hair over which a white Friend's cap is fastened, a snow-white kerchief is crossed on her bosom, and in her arms nestle two children, James, a hazel-eyed boy of about three, and Elizabeth, a brown-eyed baby with a little white cap tied under her chin; James has his hands thrust into a basket of flowers, and looks out on life with an expression of questioning wonder. All his memory of his mother was of sweetness, tenderness, and love, and he well remembered the awful blank and pain of her death, which occurred at Marsk on 16th July 1828, before he was nine years old. He never ceased to deplore the grievous loss of the mother's love in his childhood. His father did all that could be

done to fill the blank, but was himself well-nigh overwhelmed by the loss of the wife to whom he was so tenderly attached, and for the rest of his life 'went softly' in his loneliness. His son often described the sadness which was so deeply woven into his father's character. The sense of this suffering touched the boy's heart, and from the earliest times he felt a great longing to make him happy. The friendship between father and son was close and perfect, and no doubt the almost womanly tenderness of the boy's nature and sympathy helped and encouraged the lonely man.

"James's own opinion was that as a boy he had been rather tiresome and questioning, always wanting to know and learn about 'things,' though not quick or clever at lessons. Learning by heart was a great difficulty to him, although he had an admirable and precise memory for many things. He learnt to read young, and was a constant reader. Catlin and other delightful books about Indians were eagerly pored over; and some of these suggested to the boy a wild desire to adopt the plan of training his features in conformity with the fashion prevalent among the flat-nosed Indians. He set to work deliberately,

and for a certain time each day settled himself upon the spring-board, and with bent head so posed himself that his nose got gently hammered in the desired direction by each movement of the board as it rose and fell in quite a mechanical way, with the result that he succeeded (before the practice was detected) in making his nose permanently crooked, though the desired flatness was not attained. The ambition was bold and original, as the Tuke family had for generations been noted for the length and sharpness of their noses. It may have been with the view of counteracting a natural tendency that the plan was conceived.

"After the death of their mother, Samuel Tuke's sister, Miss Maria Tuke, came to live with him, to help take care of his twelve motherless children. Her nephew always respected the self-sacrificing devotion which she extended to him and the other members of the family, although his private opinion was that his Aunt Maria was not very partial to himself. Her particularity with the children in their early life had certainly only good results: she had indeed undertaken no light task in mothering this bright young family.

"In October 1831, the Tukes were visited by a

very severe outbreak of fever, which was contracted by Samuel Tuke and his daughter Maria during a visit to the school at Ackworth[1] where it was raging. One after another the children fell ill; the father writes: 'Poor dear Jemmy is now ill—much pain in the head.' The illness appears to have been a sort of typhoid, and lasted for many weeks, during which time 'Aunt Maria' devoted herself to nursing her brother and the little ones. They all recovered; but this illness was the beginning of the delicate health from which James suffered for a considerable time. When still quite young he frequently was laid low with dreadful headaches. He often described his difficulty at school in having to partake of the bread and milk breakfast, which was the ordinary diet, as it constantly meant for him a day of headache.

"In December 1831, Mr. Samuel Tuke and his sister took several of the children to Hastings for change of air, James being one of the party. During this visit he witnessed a scene that deeply impressed his mind. It was at a time when smuggling was not uncommon, and one day, when walking in the town, he descried a large boat which

[1] For this school, see p. 117.

had been seized by the 'Preventive men,' raised upon wheels, and being drawn by a number of horses to a place of safety. It was full of casks or kegs of spirit, a large crowd surrounded the boat, and 'Preventive men' with drawn cutlasses walked on either side. The crowd was very menacing, and the whole scene most exciting to the bright-eyed eager boy of twelve, who, coming from York, had no previous experience of seafaring life, except it might be in some book of adventure. The situation became more intense as some of the bolder spirits among the crowd actually leapt upon the boat and carried off some of the casks amid the triumphant cheers of their comrades, and in spite of the resistance of the 'Preventive men,' all armed as they were.

"At this time, too, he related how surprised he was when on one occasion being sent out to walk with one of the maids, she went to a shop to order some brandy for the house. 'Will you have it run, or duty paid?' was the prompt rejoinder of the shopman. With equal promptitude the maid replied 'Duty paid.'

"Sarah, the third daughter of Samuel Tuke, died during this visit to Hastings, at the age

of sixteen. She passed away in the presence of her aunt and sisters and of her little brother James.

"In 1832 James had a very narrow escape from drowning. The scene of the adventure was a farm of his father's called High Roans, so named from the Roan or Rowen trees (Mountain Ash) which grew there in considerable quantities. It was a few miles from York, near Sheriff Hutton, on the edge of a wild moor called 'Suet Carr.' Mr. Samuel Tuke used frequently to go there to look after the woods which he and his grandfather had planted, and to mark those trees which required cutting down.

"The children greatly enjoyed the out-of-door life in the sweet old garden of their home in York, and had many a game and much fun under the wych elm which grew in their playground. The gardener, 'Robert,' was a special friend and favourite of James. . . .

"On one great occasion James found a dead bird in the garden, and as Robert could not identify it for him, he took it to his father.

"'Father, what bird is this?'

"'Thou must find that out for thyself, my boy,' said the wise father. So, with the direct

object in view, the books were got down, and the name, habits, and peculiarities of the bird discovered by the boys themselves. The lesson bore fruit. James and his younger brother William became, in due course, very devoted students of ornithology, and spent many happy hours in the study and practical observation of the nature and habits of our English birds among the moors and dales and along the coasts of Yorkshire. Only observation though! Their father never would sanction bird's-nesting or shooting of birds. James was most exact in obeying these commands. William says *he* never thought it any harm to take one egg from each nest. So he occasionally took one, but James never would.

"His father made James very happy with the possession of a pony, which he used to ride to and from school; like all true Yorkshire boys and men he loved horses and riding, and as he grew up, he and his friend Henry Richardson of York occasionally went out 'quietly' with the neighbouring hounds. This caused some 'uneasiness' to some of the stricter Friends, and when his father told James that such was the case, and that it might interfere with his own influence as a minister, he, though not without many regrets, renounced

the delights of hunting and limited himself to riding and driving.

"In after life it made him very happy to think that he had been able to make this very real sacrifice in deference to his father's wishes.

"It is easy to picture quaint and pretty groups of the elder and younger children in the rooms of the old house in York, or among the paths of the garden. They were full of activities: botanising, painting, bird-stuffing, gardening, etc. Hannah and Priscilla married young, and Henry soon went out into life; but one can see the clever intellectual Maria strolling here and there with her book, or discussing a poet with James, over whom she exercised a very considerable influence. Gulie, the delight of the boys, with her merry, sweet ways and ready gifts of pen and tongue; and the pensive Elizabeth, with a quaint humour of her own, and her powers of mimicry,—which James also possessed,—which talent, among their somewhat satirical brothers and sisters, they were often called upon to exercise. 'Esther, a most managing little dame, quite mistress of poor William,' as the father writes, and the small Daniel, the family pet,—accompanied by his devoted attendant, Dorothy Browne,—each seems

to step out of the dimness, as one calls up the happy past, and once again to join the merry procession under the old elm.

"Then think of all the fun and adventures with the young maidens who used to come to tea from the neighbouring school. One dark enterprise, undertaken by James and his sister Elizabeth, when they dressed up as a pair of old friends and made an evening call upon a neighbour to '*make certain enquiries about a school for their boys*,' was hardly thought suitable for father's ears; but was carried out with the most complete and delightful success; and there were endless dressings-up, and representations of scenes from history, etc., which must have gone perilously near the questionable 'acting,' but much delighted the young folk. On the spring-board the whole family used to clamber and sit, and their voices used to swell in chorus of songs of their own composition, as they went up and down. No pictures hung upon the walls, and no piano or other instrument of music was there to enliven the winter evenings; but sweet faces and bright eyes lit up the old Quaker home, and the merry voices of the children made the music which was sweetest in their father's ears.

"James often referred to the amusing excursion with his schoolmaster, John Ford, in 1835; and some of the botanical specimens, which are mentioned in his little diary, collected during this trip in Yorkshire and Cumberland, are still in perfect preservation. . . .

"There is little doubt that when, in 1833, Samuel Tuke was requisitioned by nearly three hundred of his fellow-citizens to stand for York in the Liberal interest, his son James was not a little excited. Later on he took a very great interest in general politics and in the York elections, and often expressed himself as having been terribly shocked at the open manner in which bribery was carried on.

"One day, going into one of the committee rooms, he saw the agent sitting with a bowl of guineas on the table before him.

"'Well, Mr. Tuke, what can I do for you?' was the greeting. The reply may be imagined.

"Though railways were few and telegrams unknown in 1835, life went fast in a way, and at a very early age boys began the serious work of their lives. James was no exception to this rule, and at sixteen left school and entered his father's counting-house.

"After he left school, the boy's education may almost be said to have begun. He read widely history, philosophy, and poetry. He was devoted to Chaucer; Milton and the sonnets of Shakespeare delighted him; Cowper, Coleridge, and Keats had much of his love, and Shelley always entranced his imagination; but Wordsworth became his companion and friend. It is interesting to notice the very distinct influence which the Lake poet exercised on his thoughts and feelings. His sister Maria presented him with a complete edition of Wordsworth on his twenty-first birthday, and I have before me, while I write, the beloved brown volumes, his constant companions. The love of nature and humanity, fiery indignation at wrong or oppression, the strong feeling of patriotism, the *love* of England, and the conviction that it was the duty of England to be a sort of knight-errant of nations, 'the redresser of human wrongs,' was common to both, as were the grief and distress when, by slightest thought or suspicion, England fell short of their ideal.

"For Whittier, the friendly poet, he cared very heartily, and Tennyson, of course, stood high on his later list. He lived in his poets and longed for others that he loved to share their delights.

"He had a curious presentiment, which he regarded as a sort of warning, that at a particular spot on a road in the immediate vicinity of York he would meet his death by a carriage accident. He was the least superstitious person I ever met; but he held this belief always: he used to smile at it, but it remained.

"There came a time in his early manhood when all the complex problems of life, present and future, pressed heavily on him for solution; he described it as a time of heavy darkness, and suffered a large measure of pain and bewilderment of spirit. But his nature was too wholesome, and his faith in God and in the compassion of Christ too strong, to allow of his going under in the struggle. I gathered that in the necessity of work and the energy of living he eventually found the light, and by degrees the comfort, which much study could not give. He never went into particulars of this period of inward strain and strife, and avoided details or dwelling much on it. I think it did not last very long.

"Two friends he had for whom he felt a deep affection in these young days—David Dockray and George William Fothergill. The latter died early and was sincerely regretted by his friend

and by the sister, to whom Fothergill was greatly attached.

"His friendship with William Edward Forster was of later date, and was a source of very great interest to him, and many delightful fireside talks were enjoyed by the two at Mr. Samuel Tuke's house in York or in Forster's home at Rawdon.

"One evening at the latter place, they were discussing all manner of questions when Forster sprang from his chair, and shouting out 'Heap logs up, let the fire blaze out!' (from Paracelsus), gave a great kick to a log which was lazily smouldering on the hearth which sent the sparks flying, as it burst into wild flame. It lighted up his great figure and face, and James said he so often could see this scene in after years and nearly always thought of Forster thus.

"About this time James and Forster went together to spend a few days at the hotel at Ilkley. One evening a charade was got up in which the two joined willingly. James used to laugh heartily in describing the inimitable way in which Forster acted the part of a delicate old lady in nightcap and nightgown, he taking the humble part of the maid. The applause was rapturous.

"He was present when York Minster was burnt, and helped the band of volunteers who were engaged in removing the ancient documents, wills, etc., to a place of safety. On this occasion he was much struck by the conduct of one of the sentries who had been posted by the officer in charge of the military who were assisting at the fire. As the fire proceeded the position of the sentry became exceedingly dangerous from the constant falling of boiling metal from the roof, and Mr. Tuke advised him to move just clear of the building. The man saluted and said: 'Are you in the service, sir?' 'No!' said Mr. Tuke. 'Then I must do my duty, sir,' said the sentry in a quiet voice, and paced up and down as if nothing were happening. Mr. Tuke watched in great anxiety, expecting each moment to see the poor fellow horribly injured. But in a few minutes the officer came up and ordered the man to move to a safer post. Mr. Tuke related these little stories in so dramatic and vivid a manner that one felt as if one had been present at the scene."

Looking back in later life (16th April 1882) on his early days at York, and the surroundings amidst which he had grown up, he thus writes to

a lady, who had written something about the primness of Quakerism :—

"The 'prim' days have passed away nearly; here and there specimens of prim Friends exist whom you would love, but spite of your words. . . . I now and then regret that which has to some extent gone with it, 'simpler manners,' though, I trust and believe, not the 'purer life.' When I look back at the home life of my early days, I know well that there was, to some extent, that which would be called 'prim,' but there was a simplicity, a high aim and devotion to duty, coupled with a high intellectual life, which forbade all that was frivolous, or showy, or merely worldly, which, shall I say, I sigh for at times? On the other hand this 'monachism' in the world, this religious order without a priest, or rather holding Christ as its only priest, was often merely a formal life, and externals took the place of realities; just as I, in my heretical way, feel that your symbols have taken the place of the life, and the mere fact of participating in the outward bread and wine is almost substituted for the inward and spiritual eating and drinking of His flesh and His blood. Forgive my heresy."

On 23rd August 1845, Tuke sailed from Liverpool with a friend (Joseph Crossfield), on board

the S.S. *Great Western*, for a visit to America. After a very rough voyage of seventeen days and twelve hours they landed at New York on the evening of 9th September. Tuke proved a good sailor, and spent much of his time in attending to several of his friends on board who suffered severely—for amongst the 150 passengers were four good Quakers going on some message of peace to the United States. One of these formed, during the sea-voyage, a warm attachment to Tuke, which had a considerable influence on his after life. William Forster, the father of William Edward Forster (who, as we have seen, was one of Tuke's most intimate friends, and was afterwards so well-known as Irish Secretary), was a remarkable figure on board the steamer. The passengers soon after leaving put on their sea-clothes, "and none of them," wrote Tuke, "looked more grotesque than William Forster in his large light blue dressing-coat, nankeen trousers, and light-coloured travelling cap." He was a man who left a strong impression on those who knew him. He is described as "of a large and somewhat heavy frame, which seemed little fitted for bodily activity; a gait and manner which bespoke one who rather shunned than courted notice;

a head and forehead of such capacity as to suggest the idea of considerable mental power; an eye full of quiet intelligence and quick observation; a mouth indicative of gentleness and kindness, and altogether a countenance in which the pleasing and attractive expression of the features amply compensated for the lack of grace and beauty in their form." The good man suffered from a distressing hindrance to active exertion. A strange mental and physical lethargy at times enveloped him in a thick cloud, dulling his intellect, paralysing his will, and rendering him incapable for the moment of any severe effort of mind or body.[1] Such was the travelling companion on board the *Great Western* who most attracted Tuke's interest and affection.

In spite of the roughness of the sea during nearly the entire voyage, it was an occasion of great interest to Tuke. Of the passengers the greater part were Americans, including three Ministers or *chargés d'affaires*, recalled to America in consequence of the election of Mr. Polk to be President. The birds, including numerous flights of two species of petrel; the porpoises and grampuses and small whales; the

[1] Reid's *Life of William Edward Forster*, vol. i. pp. 8 and 9.

phosphorescence of the sea ; the glory of the nights and of the sunsets ; all these are noted by Tuke as subjects of abundant interest in the diary which he kept. In America he paid somewhat lengthened visits to many of the principal towns ; he was at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Richmond (Indiana), Cincinnati, and St. Louis ; he crossed over into Canada and visited Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto ; he passed many days or weeks in travelling by carriage, where now all travellers pass by railway. In this journey he received great hospitality, especially from members of the Quaker body, who were and are numerous in many parts of America. He saw much of the educational and charitable institutions of its great cities ; and, as might be expected, he gave especial attention to Asylums for the Insane, and the methods of their treatment pursued in the New World ; and he had many opportunities of advancing his favourite pursuit of ornithology. Moreover, he paid a short visit to the great ornithologist Audubon, in his house on the right bank of the Hudson, in almost as wild and prettily wooded a spot as could be met with. He found him in the verandah of his house facing the river in a Havannah swing with his cigar. "A profusion of white hair,

combed back from his rather retreating forehead and hanging down his shoulders, gave him a rather singular and picturesque appearance, which corresponded with his rough drab shooting-coat dress. He has a sharp, dogmatical way of expressing his sentiments, and his gray, clear, twinkling eye has a rather unprepossessing appearance. He is, however, a fine old man, and very hospitable."

Two passages of the diary kept by Tuke during this journey show the interest which the parties of emigrants moving westward excited in him, and are interesting, not only as pictures of a phase which has now, I suppose, entirely passed away, but because they relate to a subject with which he was in after life much concerned. The first occurs when travelling between Fort Wayne and St. Mary's in the course of his journey from Toronto to Richmond (Indiana); and the second relates to what he saw in an expedition of some twenty miles from St. Louis.

"Few sights," he writes, in the first of these passages, "can be more picturesque than meeting a family of emigrants moving,—to-day we passed some thirty or forty parties. One scene in particular, just on leaving Monmouth, pleased us much. Three or four waggons with their long, snow-white covers were

just emerging from the wood, coming up the hill out of a steep little mountain gorge, whilst crossing the bridge behind and descending the hill were the flocks of kine and sheep, pigs and geese, whilst two or three men with the loose horses were bringing up the rear; the men in their loose dresses and slouching straw hats, and a girl or two walking hand-in-hand beside the waggons complete the picture. It was a truly pastoral and beautiful scene, and reminded us of the accounts of the removal of the Patriarchs in the Old Testament. We should have been sorry to have missed so simple and picturesque a scene, and often as we passed them that day and afterwards, we could not help admiring them, and, looking back as they wound their way through the forests, wishing them in truth God-speed. We continued our way through the swamps and mire until about 8 o'clock we reached Mercer, a small village with a clean hotel kept by a German of the name of Itukes, forty-two miles from Fort Wayne; our horses, which had never baited, were no doubt as tired as ourselves. In the bar-room were a number of respectable emigrants leaving Pennsylvania for the northern parts of Indiana or Wisconsin. They complained sadly of the roads, and justly; we were

sorry we could give them no comfort about the road we had just come over. We talked to them a while whilst waiting for supper; one man—the picture of a strong sunburnt farmer with dark curled hair—was nursing a fair child of three or four years old who laid fast asleep upon his knee. I noticed the child's fair face, and he told me that its mother had died lately, and that he was taking it home to its grandfather. The child would not part with him during the day and sleep in the waggon, and he had therefore carried it all day! What a picture was this man and his child—*he* made no complaint, 'its mother had died and he was carrying the child to its grandfather'; *he* had lost his wife, and though he said nothing, no doubt the man who thus loved and cherished the child had fondly loved its mother. It was to me a secret rebuke. I learnt of this good man and his nice girl a lesson which I hope I may not easily forget, a lesson of patience and contentment."

When on the journey towards Richmond (Indiana) he writes:—

"Numbers of emigrants were just camping out for the night, and caused many beautiful and picturesque scenes, which the pencil of the artist can alone do justice to. We often pitied them, however, for

the women and children especially had a sad, worn, and haggard expression, and no doubt many of them would be a month or six weeks travelling, exposed to the hot sun by day and the cold frosts at night; and travelling all the while through districts where fever and ague abounded, it is not to be wondered at if many of them looked miserable and ill. When we reflect also upon the fatigue and labour, the care and difficulties innumerable, which each one must endure who goes into a new country, and there, amidst the endless forests or boundless prairie, erects for himself a home, and the almost unsurmountable disadvantages which his family are exposed to from the want of civilisation, one is inclined to regret for a moment that these persons should be so entirely sacrificed. But very different are the feelings which animate the mind upon reflecting that all the power and cultivation, that all the large cities and villages around us, are but the growth of yesterday. No doubt that party around yon blazing wood-fire imagine that they also are destined to raise a city and leave behind a name—they no doubt remember and have seen that their neighbour went into the west some forty years ago, and, amidst savages and wild animals, built himself a rude hut, and what

do they see now? A city with streets of magnificent houses where flourishes religion and education, where science and the arts, commerce and manufacture give employment to some eighty thousand beings? Can we then wonder at the sacrifice or really for one moment regret it—or think that these sturdy pioneers are to be pitied, or that the dreams and visions in which they will indulge can be too wonderful or too bright?"

It was inevitable that slavery should be a subject of great interest to such a traveller in the United States as Tuke. Writing in October 1845 from Louisville to his brother William, he says:—

"Louisville has the appearance of an active, business-like place, with a population of something like 36,000 persons, 7000 of whom are blacks, and of these some 700 only are free. It is the first slave town we came to, as we stopped here, whilst passing down the Mississippi. At dinner, where we meet from one to two hundred persons at long tables, some twenty or thirty slaves wait upon us,—no very pleasant feeling to me, I can assure thee,—and I should think there are perhaps fifty men and women and children, some very young, in this large and comfortable hotel. With the exception of one poor

fellow, very different looking to the rest, and whom a short time ago I heard the bar-keeper tell he would whip him if he was not back from —— in an hour, they have a particularly merry, laughing, but childish expression, and their physiognomy is far from impressing one with a good opinion as regards intellectual or moral feelings; the women especially have a most degraded appearance. What a curse this slavery is. Happily, it is now admitted by all the slave-holders in the *northern slave States* that *slavery is an evil:* this is forced upon them by a constant inferiority when comparing the bordering free States with their own—who outstrip [them] in every way—and it is the general opinion that Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland, and perhaps North and South Carolina, will before long adopt measures to rid themselves from this curse; but, alas, only on the ground of policy! . . . Slavery is a fearful and dreadful thing, and were it but to be the more impressed with this conviction it would, perhaps, be worth coming here. The slave who attends upon our room is nearly a Mulatto, and although he can hardly read or write, he is a thinking and intelligent [man], as far as the state of ignorance [allows] which their masters may be said to enforce; for they will not allow

them to go to school (at least but few will), and it is with difficulty that many of them get permission to attend chapel. He told us that there is generally one person (out of the forty or fifty slaves—men, women, and boys—employed in this hotel) flogged in a week, and that their master is very severe and inflicts three hundred lashes on their bare backs: even the children get seventy and more lashes, and this for the most trifling offences. It has really made us quite sick to hear of so much misery and horrid iniquity as there is in these slave States."

But the slaves do not put the birds entirely out of Tuke's thoughts, and at the same time he writes thus to his brother :—

"Turkey Buzzards are common enough. They have the most beautiful flight of any bird I remember to have seen; they soar for hours together. A beautiful blue bird is a constant attender upon our travels: when its wings are spread the deep blue is really dazzling. The cat-bird is constantly screeching; and a bright blue jay, as large as ours, are very common; also quails and prairie hens. But in passing through the boundless forest, few birds attract our notice so much as the varieties of gay woodpeckers, constantly aiding in the destruction

of the decaying veterans of the forest. I have often seen trees of 80 or 100 feet in height, and perhaps 15 feet in circumference, completely perforated from top to bottom, and as regularly as if riddled by shot. One of these birds in particular, considerably like our spotted woodpecker, with a brilliant scarlet head, and white back and tail, has a splendid appearance, and I love to watch it flying and tapping and listening, and then when it has no answer flying off again for further researches."

The free schools of the United States impressed Tuke most favourably; and in 1846 he read, at the annual meeting of a society called the Friends' Educational Society, a paper entitled "The Common and Free Schools of the United States." In this he wrote as follows :—

"The English traveller landing in the Northern or Eastern States will, above all things, be struck with the superiority of the masses of the people, as regards general information and intelligence. He will find, perhaps, that the driver of the first carriage which he has occasion to employ, will be able to enter into those feelings of surprise, which are excited in his mind, on his introduction to the new forms which greet him on every hand in the

New World. He will find that this driver, although not much overdone with civility, or 'hat honour,' is able to give him the information which he requires, whether it be with regard to the various products of the district, the names or qualities of the trees or plants which surround him, or the population, trade, and employment of the towns and villages through which he may pass. His intelligent questions also will fully prove that he is not ignorant of the country of his forefathers. You therefore forgive his egotism, whilst he tells you the amount of his earnings and his savings, how he hopes before long 'to set up for himself,' and, like his employer (for he disdains the term master), who, a few years ago, was a poor man like himself, to possess his 30,000 dollars and the best house in the town.

"At night, should the traveller have occasion to speak to the bar-keeper of the hotel where he may chance to stay, he may probably find him a man of general intelligence; one who has travelled far, not only in his own country, but also in Europe; and should it be needful to enquire respecting the coinage or circulation of different States, he will be able to give, not only the required information, but to enter into a particular

description of their banking system in general. The driver of the next day may be a man who, amidst his extraordinary ejaculations and epithets to his team, is giving you interesting accounts of the cause of the neglect and decay of these villages through which you are passing, and the disuse of its water-power, whilst the adjoining little settlement displays full activity and energy. The evils of a non-resident proprietor in the one case, and the advantages resulting from small freeholds in the other, are discussed in a manner which shows that he has thought not a little on the principles of social prosperity. In the check-taker on the railway, who unceremoniously seats himself beside you in the intervals of his duty, the traveller may find a well-informed man, of general reading and much local knowledge, whose information and suggestions are of great value to a stranger; he may find in a rude wooden 'shanty,' on the summit of the Catskill Mountains, amidst whose almost undisturbed and boundless forests the bear, the wild deer, and the rattlesnake are still undisturbed, an old man, placed there to superintend some rustic sawmills, who, in his solitary situation, beguiles his leisure by reading Hume's *England*, or Guizot's *History of the Civilisation of Europe.*

These are not mere pictures of fancy or imagination, but matters of fact which were observed by ourselves during the first week or two of our tour, and similar circumstances afterwards became so frequent, that they almost ceased to strike us."

To explain the following extracts and some other passages in this memoir, I must advert to the Quaker organisation. It is like that of the Presbyterians in that there is a succession of bodies, each embracing a wider area than the last; monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings (so called from their periods) amongst the Quakers taking the place of presbyteries, synods, and general assemblies amongst the Presbyterians. Each annual gathering of the Friends is independent of all the others, though often in correspondence with them. In America many States have their own Yearly Meeting; and the account which Tuke wrote after his return of his visit to the gathering for North Carolina may interest, not only members of his own community, but others who care to look at the organisation of Christian bodies in different forms, and under very diverse circumstances from their own, and in this case amidst surroundings which must, I suppose, nearly, if not quite, have disappeared even in America. He wrote:—

"The Yearly Meeting for North Carolina is held at the 'New Garden Meeting-House,' a large, solitary, boarded building, situated near the road which runs between Greensboro' and the Moravian town of Salem ; it is capable of containing from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons. Its lonely situation upon the verge of the forest, the growth of many ages, with no other house in sight, may well attract the attention of the traveller, who can hardly fail to turn his horse a little to one side and reconnoitre. Immediately behind the meeting-house — which is open on all sides to inspection, having neither fence nor hedge around it — may be seen a space of an acre or more in extent, cleared from the first growth by which it is surrounded, and protected by a rough Virginian or snake fence from the intrusion of the numerous hogs which stalk about it, disturbing the otherwise unbroken stillness of the place by their constant and unwearied rooting among the dry and sere leaves, which the hot sunny days and cool nights of this delicious 'Indian summer' are rapidly loosening from the trees. On nearer approach we perceive, by the little mounds of earth covered with the dark green leaves of a small species of periwinkle (or 'grave vine' as it is

here called), that this secluded enclosure is the quiet resting-place of the past and passing generations. . . .

"In the centre of this enclosure stands a noble oak, whose lofty branches wave high above its compeers in the surrounding forest; beneath its sheltering boughs may be seen one grave, distinguished from the rest by its unusual size and extent. . . .

"Here, some sixty years ago, the British troops, under Lord Cornwallis, had a deadly combat with the American forces—blood flowed that day—and war in all its horrors revelled among the ranks: the meeting-house adjoining was appropriated by our troops as an hospital for the wounded, and some blood-stains in the gallery are still pointed out to the stranger as the relics of those barbarous days. . . .

"Far other scene, indeed, does the gathering of a North Carolina Yearly Meeting present. It is perhaps the most picturesque and interesting scene that it ever was our lot to behold—would that we could do it justice.

"In the open space immediately around the building some hundreds of Friends have already collected, and are quietly awaiting the opening of

the doors; the men and women have separated, and each party throngs around its respective entrance. This number is constantly increasing, for from all sides of the forest multitudes are pouring forth; one is ready to believe that the very trees drop Friends instead of acorns! The shady, wooded paths seem alive with the innumerable figures which are trooping down them, whilst as far as the eye can penetrate into the deeper recesses of the forest, one form after another is constantly appearing, now momentarily hid from view amidst the darker stems of the noble trees. There in the distance, a cavalcade on horseback might be seen gliding in and out, now lost amidst the thick branches, then emerging into some more open part, and thrown into strong relief by the bright sunshine. The pacing action of their tall, bony horses, with high Spanish saddles and large saddle-cloths, adds not a little to their peculiar and foreign air. There a long procession of vehicles slowly wending their way, with such a variety of shape and construction as those only who have seen them can imagine, from the humble 'mad waggon' without springs, or light high-wheeled 'sulky' drawn by one horse, to the huge family waggon or old-fashioned coach of

some neighbouring planter. These scattered in all directions among the trees, as far as you can see, —the horses often not taken out of the carriages, and simply fastened to the nearest branches, there quietly wait, until they are again wanted,—add not a little to the peculiarity of the scene, for there must have been at least five hundred horses thus loosely picqueted. . . .

"At the farther side may be seen the women Friends scattered in various clusters, or seated in long rows upon the fallen stems of trees (not a few have babies or young children with them), their neat white cotton bonnets, with broad plaited crowns, glitter in the sunshine, like satin of the purest white, or in the distance stand prominently out from the masses of dark foliage in which they are enveloped.

"One aged and venerable form might have been seen there, upon whom, as he walked along, supported by two younger brethren, all eyes are turned. His step, although slow, is still firm, and his noble figure, enveloped in a drab mantle, seems but little bent, although it has borne the heat and burden of near ninety summers. Time has, indeed, marked deep furrows upon that expressive and cheerful countenance, and blanched

the locks which stray in considerable profusion beneath his venerable drab beaver ; staff in hand, he marches onwards amidst the assembled multitude, like some aged pilgrim, or the prophet, on whom all look with reverence, or (as in writing to a friend he says of himself) 'like an old veteran that has been engaged in many a struggle for his king and country, marching out with a heavy knapsack to try the issue of the battle,' until reaching the stone steps which lead to the entrance of the meeting-house, he there seated himself until the doors were opened. This was not long, and soon the house was filled to overflowing, for being a meeting for worship, many others than Friends had flocked from miles around to the 'New Garden Meeting.' The Governor of the State and many of the neighbouring planters were said to be there.

"Many ministers had spoken, and the meeting had sat full two hours, when Nathan Hunt arose ; his voice, at first feeble, gradually gathered strength and emphasis as he proceeded, and he was made able to speak for an hour and a half in a deeply striking and impressive manner. It was as the parting charge of one who felt that his work is nearly done, as the last solemn warning of the

Patriarch to his flock—but to describe this extraordinary and memorable meeting is impossible."

It is, I think, beyond doubt that this visit to America exerted a most beneficial effect upon Tuke's mind and life. It enlarged his knowledge not only of his favourite birds, but of the geography of the world,—of the forests and rivers of America. Above all, he had seen men and cities.

CHAPTER II

1845–1852

Failure of potato crop in Ireland—Famine Relief Funds—Visit to Ireland with Mr. William Forster—Famine in 1847—Second visit to Ireland—Pamphlet, "A Visit to Connaught"—Erris—Controversy as to facts in the Pamphlet—Second visit to Erris and postscript to Pamphlet—Mr. and Mrs. Ellis—First Marriage—Ill of the Irish fever—Partnership and removal to Hitchin—His home there.

In the late autumn of 1845, it was found that the potatoes were rotting throughout a considerable part of Ireland. But the early crop had been saved and the grain crop had been abundant, and though considerable distress existed in some parts, yet no great alarm arose. It was hoped that, as had often been the case before, scarcity would be followed by plenty.

In the summer of 1846 the potato crop looked remarkably well, and there was every prospect of an abundant harvest; but the plague returned, and nearly the whole crop was destroyed in a

single week. "On the 27th of last month," wrote the well-known Father Matthew in August 1846, "I passed from Cork to Dublin, and this doomed plant bloomed in all the luxuriance of an abundant harvest. Returning on the 3rd inst., I beheld with sorrow one wide waste of putrefying vegetation."[1] The wheat was barely an average crop, and the barley and oats were deficient. The money value of the loss of potatoes and oats was estimated by the Government at sixteen millions of pounds sterling. But no figures can express at all the real extent and nature of the calamity which had fallen on the unhappy country. The social and economic condition of Ireland when this blow fell upon her was, as every one knows, bad enough: if the famine had fallen upon a country rich and full of resource, it would have been enough to bring it to the ground: but falling as it did on a poor land like Ireland, its results were terrible beyond description.

The expectation of actual famine to millions of the people was not quickly formed in the mind; but as the reports came in from district after district, the real magnitude of the calamity forced itself on the minds of men, not in Ireland or England only, but in America, in India, and

[1] *The Great Famine*, by O'Brien, p. 67.

almost throughout the world. Various organisations sprang into existence for the collection of funds, and the distribution of food and clothing amongst the starving poor. A relief committee was formed in London amongst members of the Society of Friends, which raised a sum of upwards of £42,000; and a similar committee in Dublin, which distributed nearly £200,000 in addition to what they received from their English brethren. It is not easy to overstate the difficulties attendant upon this effort to relieve a starving nation; it was hard to say in what way the money could best be spent; it was difficult to discriminate between those who really required aid and those who did not; it was impossible to send great quantities of provisions into small ports or towns without diverting the existing currents of trade; it was not easy to find trustworthy and competent persons willing to undertake, in each locality, the actual work of distribution; and, as time went on, this last difficulty increased; for often those who had distributed relief came to require it. Fever and dysentery followed in the wake of famine, and the fever was especially fatal to the upper classes; and relief work could not be carried on without peculiar risk of contagion. Some sank beneath

their unceasing efforts to relieve the misery around them; and thus the difficulty of obtaining administrators of the funds grew as the famine lasted.

In the result, the fund raised by the Irish Quakers was distributed and applied in a great variety of ways—in direct gifts of money; in the supply of food, and, when the dysentery broke out, largely in the distribution of rice already boiled; in the aid of works involving spade labour; in the establishment of a model farm; in aiding the fisheries; and in grants to local industrial associations.

William Edward Forster, then a young and unknown man, had spent his autumn vacation in 1846 in a visit to Galway and some of the most destitute districts of Ireland, and had written home accounts of what he saw to his father, William Forster, whom I have mentioned as Tuke's fellow-voyager across the Atlantic,[1] and thereupon the good old man thought it his duty to go to Ireland and to visit the most distressed districts, with a view of obtaining accurate information as to the nature of the misery, and of devising the best means for its relief.

With what keen sympathy the course of the Irish famine and the efforts to relieve it were followed in Tuke's home may be gathered from the

[1] Reid's *Life of William Edward Forster*, vol. i. p. 171

fact (which I learn from the recollections of one who used then to visit the house as a schoolboy) that the luxuries of the table were studiously lessened during the famine—of course to leave more money available for help to the starving Irish. It was no wonder then that Tuke hastened to help ; and early in December he joined William Forster at Carrick-on-Shannon. Accompanied by Marcus Goodbody, an Irish Quaker, they travelled through Donegal in the midst of wild winter weather, and through deep snow which in many places made their journey very difficult. The object of these travellers was not merely to ascertain the state of things, but to find suitable channels for the distribution of the relief which was, as I have mentioned, being prepared by the Society of Friends both in England and Ireland. They found many heroic men and women in the different districts which they visited doing their utmost in the midst of the famine ; with these they conferred as they went along. Moreover, they endeavoured to get the resident gentry and the ministers of the various denominations to form district associations for the purpose of establishing soup-kitchens, corresponding with the relief committee in Dublin, and superintending the actual

distribution of food and clothing amongst the starving population. They enquired into the carrying on of the relief works established by the Government, and unfortunately found not only that the public works were totally inadequate to provide for the wants of the people, but that in many cases the wages of the men employed on the new roads were only paid with great irregularity. In addition to carrying money they brought with them supplies of clothing, and in some cases they had sacks of bread for distribution to the wretched people as they drove along. In this way Tuke, as the companion of William Forster, visited Carrick-on-Shannon, Ballinamore, Enniskillen, Pettigoe, Stranorlar, Letterkenny, Dunfanaghy, Gweedore, Killybegs, Donegal, Ballyshannon, and Sligo, and Ballina in Mayo.

The misery of the districts through which they passed was not uniform, but almost everywhere it was great; and the benefits which were conferred on a district by the residence of a good landlord, showed themselves here and there amidst the prevailing gloom. One or two extracts from a report drawn up by Tuke on his return to England, may suffice to show the kind of sights which met him :—

"Just before leaving . . . I visited a number of the poorest hovels. Their appearance, and the condition of the inmates, presented scenes of poverty and wretchedness almost beyond belief. One dirty cabin, not more than twelve feet square, contained seventeen persons. Two or three of them were full-grown men, gaunt and hunger-stricken, willing and wishful to obtain work, but unable. The women, crouching over a few embers of turf, hardly sufficient to emit any warmth, looked misery itself. Two or three half-naked children were lying in one corner of the room, on a little dirty straw, partly covered by an old rug. In a little space, partly separated from the room, were a number of cabin-like shelves, composed of rough sticks, upon which a little straw was spread. These were the beds of many of the family, and on these several other children were at the time stowed away in darkness and filth. One of the poor women told me that she was obliged to keep them there, as they had had nothing for them to eat until they received the meal which W. F. had desired to be distributed. In this house there was neither chair nor table, unless a little shelf, fastened to the wall, might receive the latter appellation. They had lived on one meal

of oatmeal gruel per day for some time past. Another hovel which I visited was barely four feet high to the top of the wall. I could not stand upright in any part; it was hardly nine feet square, yet in this wretched place, neither wind- nor water-tight, the floor of which was damp and filthy, we found a family, consisting of a widow and several children, who appeared to be on the verge of starvation. In another, hardly equal in size to this, was also a widow and a large family. They literally had no means of support. Like the rest, it was a real Irish dwelling; there were neither windows nor chimney, and the smoke found its way out, as best it might, by the open doorway, or through the chinks between the loose stones of which the house was built, and through which the keen winter's blast was blowing fearfully. In addition to the poor family who owned the house, I saw in one corner, crouched upon her knees over the little turf-fire, a very old woman, constantly rocking to and fro, and muttering to herself. Her matted gray hair hung raggedly over her dirty, shrivelled face, adding to her wild and wretched appearance. She was hardly clothed at all, so miserable were the tatters with which she was partially covered. Immediately

behind her, on the damp mud floor, a small pallet of straw was spread: this was her resting-place at night, and here she sat all day. It appeared that this sad object was no relative of the poor widow of the house, but, with noble kindness, she allowed her to remain here, and shared with her the last morsel. Surely it might be said of her, as of the widow of old, 'She gave more than they all.'

"We then proceeded to Killybegs, arriving late in the evening. One of the poor men whom we spoke to on the road, exhibited in an affecting light the gradual, but rapid declension of the farmer to a state of pauperism and want. He told us that he was not able to procure work on the roads, in consequence of still having a cow and a little corn left; he had a wife and large family; he thought the corn would last them a week or ten days, and that then the cow must go, that for it they might get as much as would purchase two hundredweight of meal, which would last them about a fortnight, and then all their little resources would be gone. This is, alas, no solitary instance, but there are thousands daily brought to this dreadful extremity! This poor fellow, small as were his means, said, without

the slightest intention of display, that out of them he had been contributing to the relief of those poorer than himself."

Looking back after many years upon this visit, Tuke wrote :[1]

"Of this visit of mercy undertaken by William Forster, which extended from the late autumn of the year 1846 to April of 1847, no adequate account has ever been recorded. To the younger men who, from time to time, went out for a few weeks to assist in the work, it was no light task ; but for a man of William Forster's temperament, advanced in years, and whose intense sympathy caused him to realise suffering with an acuteness into which few could enter, the daily strain of living and working in the midst of scenes of death and starvation was at times almost overwhelming.

"Miserable accommodation, bad food, the exposure suffered in the course of long journeys on outside cars in snow and rain, were all borne without a murmur, spite of delicacy of health at times really serious in its nature.

"Thus I recall whilst travelling in Donegal, when the horses could no longer drag our car through the snow, and we had to walk along the mountain-

[1] *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, fourth month, 1889, pp. 162-163.

road, assisting William Forster as best we could, that owing to the force of the storm his difficulty of breathing made it needful to lay him down at times on his back in the snow to recover strength; and yet with undaunted courage he pressed on, his sense of the depth of the suffering around him dulling his own need for rest and care. I have often thought in looking back how strange and remarkable it was that, among the many experienced men of his time in England, one man alone, and he advanced in years and in poor health, should have so strongly felt the burden of this misery as to be impelled to devote many months of that terrible season to the task of organising local relief committees for the relief of the starving multitudes in the west of Ireland."

The year 1847 opened with even a darker prospect than 1846; it was becoming apparent that the system of aid by payment of wages on relief works had broken down; and after much discussion and the consideration of various suggestions, Government had recourse to commissariat operations in lieu of relief works.

The crop of 1847 was miserable, and the autumn set in with promise of a more wretched winter; and Tuke felt impelled again to do

what he could for the famine-stricken people of Ireland. Accordingly in September 1847 he left home and made a journey through Connaught and other districts of the west. At Galway he was much interested by the fishermen of the Claddagh, and in some of the Roman Catholic institutions of the neighbourhood.

Here is a passage from his journal whilst in Connemara during this visit :—

"We went a little out of our way to visit Lough Inagh—the most solitary and unfrequented of the 300 lakes of Connemara. Lough Derry-Clare, which runs into it, is more beautiful, and reminded me of Lake George, as the edges are beautifully wooded, and it contains several most lovely little islands ; the whole is surrounded by the lofty mountains well known as the 'Twelve Pins of Connemara' ; they are nearly 3000 feet in height.

"We walked some distance across the bog to obtain a view of Lough Inagh, and on returning found a group of children and girls around our car, who had been attracted by the novelty of the scene, from a little village almost hidden in a ravine in the mountains.

"One of the girls, dressed in a ragged frock and bare-footed, was a daughter of 'Jack Joyce's'

brother, and her father owned the land around us, over mountain and bog for miles. Although not beautiful, there was a classic grace and elegance as well as ease of manner about this bare-footed Connemara lass, which I think I never saw surpassed in the best society. Had she been well dressed she would have graced the drawing-room of the first lady in the kingdom. Who can wonder when Nature has done so much for the Joyces, that they should feel themselves the lords, as they formerly were the owners, of Connemara?

"But the beauties of Connemara are sadly marred, and as we approached Clifden we saw enough of misery and wretchedness to dispel all other visions. 'There's the usual sign of Ireland's poverty,' said our driver, as the poor-house rose before us, and we soon stopped at an hotel in the dirty town of Clifden."

In November of the same year (1847) Tuke addressed to the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends in Dublin, a letter entitled "A Visit to Connaught in the Autumn of 1847"; in this paper he did not confine himself to a narrative of what he had seen, but entered upon a discussion of the methods of relief, or rather of cure. He dwelt on the great quantities of land, especially

in Mayo, capable of being reclaimed ; he dwelt on the cry of the starving Irish for work ; he discussed the probable working of the new Poor Law (in June the Royal assent had been given to a new Poor Law Act for Ireland) ; he advocated the encouragement of fisheries and of textile works in the west of Ireland, and the necessity of improved communication between east and west, and he urged that aid should be given to arterial drainage.

To one who follows Tuke's mind and labours in regard to Ireland, it is interesting to compare this first sketch of remedial measures with his later views. For the most part the plan indicated in this first essay has been carried on by the Congested Districts Board ; but in the matter of the utilisation of waste-lands his further experience led to a change in his views.

To explain the nature of the work which was carried on by Tuke during this visit of 1847 I must give a few extracts from his pamphlet :—

"I must be allowed to dwell at some length upon the peculiar misery of this barony of Erris, and parish of Bellmullet, which I spent some days in examining. Afflicting as is the general condition of Mayo—fearful as are the prospects of the province

in general, there is here yet a lower depth in misery, a district almost as distinct from Mayo as Mayo is from the eastern parts of Ireland. Human wretchedness seems concentrated in Erris, the culminating point of man's physical degradation seems to have been reached in the 'Mullet.' It may seem needless to trouble you with particular descriptions of the distress I have witnessed, for these descriptions are but repetitions of the far too familiar scenes of the last winter and spring, although the present seem aggravated by an earlier commencement; nevertheless, such a condition as that of Erris ought, however painful, to be forced on our attention until remedies are found and applied.

"This barony is situated upon the extreme north-west coast of Mayo, bounded on two sides by the Atlantic Ocean. The population last year was computed at about 28,000; of that number, it is said that at least 2000 have emigrated, principally to England, being too poor to proceed to America; and that 6000 have perished by starvation, dysentery, and fever. There is left a miserable remnant of little more than 20,000; of whom 10,000, at least, are, strictly speaking, on the very verge of starvation. Ten thousand people within

forty-eight hours' journey of the metropolis of the world, living, or rather starving, upon turnip-tops, sand-eels, and sea-weed ; a diet which no one in England would consider fit for the meanest animal which he keeps. And let it not be supposed that of this famine diet they have enough, or that each of these poor wretches has a little plot of turnips on which he may feed at his pleasure. His scanty meal is, in many cases, taken from a neighbour hardly richer than himself, not indeed at night, but, with the daring of absolute necessity, at noon-day.

"On entering the houseless and uncultivated region of Erris, the traveller is reminded of the wilds of Canada : for some miles hardly an acre of cultivated land or the appearance of human residence greets the eye. Yet this district is reported by the Waste-Land Commissioners as peculiarly capable of improvement. After some miles ride I found a resting-place for my horse, and leaving him to bait, explored, in the mountains, a village upon the property of Sir R. Palmer, a non-resident proprietor, who is said to have an income of many thousands from this country, but is doing nothing to improve his estate, or to give employment to this starving portion of his

tenantry. Most of the inhabitants of this village were owing a year and a half's rent for their 'sums' of land (uncertain quantities), for which they generally paid from £3 to £8 per year. The condition of the people was deplorable; and the last year had not left them the means of meeting this demand. The landlord's 'driver' was pursuing his calling, seizing almost every little patch of oats or potatoes, and appointing keepers whose charges, amounting to 45s. for the fifteen days allowed between seizure and sale, are added to the rent, and unless the tenant can raise a sum sufficient to satisfy the landlord and his bailiff, his whole crop is liable to be 'canted' and himself and family to be evicted.

"One poor widow with a large family, whose husband had recently died of fever, had a miserable patch of potatoes seized, and was thus deprived of her only resource for the ensuing winter. What could she do? The poor-house was thirty miles distant, and it was full. Though many of these ruined creatures were bewailing their cruel fate, I heard nothing like reproach or reflection upon the author of their misery, and the bailiff told me that he had no fear of molestation in pursuing his calling.

"In this village fever was terribly prevalent, and the food such as before described, but wanting the sand-eels and sea-weed. Advancing further in Erris, the desolation and wretchedness were still more striking. One may indeed, at times, imagine oneself in a wilderness abandoned to perpetual barrenness and solitude. But here and there, scattered over this desolate landscape, little green patches appear unexpectedly where no other sign of man presents itself to you; as you walk over the bog, and approach nearer to the spot, a curl of smoke arises from what you suppose to be a slight rise on the surface.

"To use the graphic language of a late European visitor:[1] 'Let the traveller look where he is going, however, or he may make a false step, the earth may give way under his feet, or he may fall into —what? into an abyss, a cavern, a bog? No, into a hut, a human dwelling-place, whose existence he has overlooked, because the roof on one side was level with the ground, and nearly of the same consistency; if he draws back his foot in time, and looks around, he will find the place filled with a multitude of similar huts, all swarming with life.' Of what is this human dwelling-

[1] Kohl [*Ireland*, London, 1843, p. 6].

place composed? The wall of the bog often forms two or three sides of it, whilst sods taken from the adjoining surface form the remainder, and cover the roof. Window there is none, chimneys are not known; an aperture in front, some three or four feet in height, serves the office of door, window, and chimney—'light, smoke, pigs, and children, all pass in and out of this aperture.' The moment a stranger is observed the inhabitant retreats within the dwelling; and if you would converse with its occupant, or explore its interior economy, it is needful to follow him. Do not be afraid, however, for although the only decently dressed man who may have visited him before is the landlord's driver, the inhabitants of these bog-holes are a quiet, harmless race. Stoop low enough, or you may carry away the door-post; it is perhaps safest to enter on all-fours, as I have had to do,—the darkness and stifling turf-smoke for awhile prevent the use of the eyes, and, unable to distinguish whence comes the welcome which accosts you, of 'God-speed your honour,' you instinctively grope forward; beware, however, of too suddenly regaining an erect posture, or your hat may appear through the roof; for in no part does the height exceed five or six feet. Accus-

tomed by this time to the darkness, which the inmates in vain endeavour to dispel by lighting small reeds or the pith of rushes, you are able to discern the size of this human burrow; and in a space from seven to ten feet square (I have measured them even less) you may find a family of six or eight persons, men, women, and children, in this filthy stinking hole, kneeling or squatting round the peat-fire, or lying on the damp ground. As for furniture, there is none; one or two broken stools and the 'boiling-pot,' and in some, a slightly raised space, upon which is spread a little damp dirty straw, oftener upon the cold ground, and a ragged coverlid, constitute, in many cases, the whole. Surely, then, the inmates must be clothed in skins to protect them from the cold and damp? Alas! no; rags and tatters are their only garments, and nakedness even is the portion of some, who are obliged to remain in-doors or borrow from their neighbours. I asked a poor inhabitant of one of these hovels near Bellmullet, whose dropsy-swollen body showed the effects of 'the hunger,' what he and his family, six or seven in number, had to subsist on? In reply to my question, he pointed to some withered turnip-tops lying in the mud at the door of the cabin.

'Upon these.' 'And what else?' I asked. 'Yonder's one of the family seeking for sea-weed on the beach,' said he, stretching out his skinny arm in that direction, where his daughter was busily engaged. 'And are there many so badly off?' 'Yes, worse, aback in the mountains; they are dying there every day.' How could worse be, when he seemed to be enduring a daily death? But indeed I knew that there were many worse off 'aback in the mountains,' and that deaths from starvation had actually occurred (pp. 18-22).

. . . . .

"At Bellmullet, the capital of the district of Erris, a crowd of almost naked perishing creatures were congregating in the streets, in a state of 'perfect destitution,' as the landlord of the inn assured me; they had no homes, no shelter, no land, no food; they slept at night in the streets, and begged for support during the day, of neighbours hardly richer than themselves. He told me also that 'six persons had died in the streets in the few previous nights'; and I am sure that several whom I saw there are now beyond the reach of earthly calamity. The ghastly smile which momentarily played on the countenances of these living skeletons, at the prospect of a little

temporary relief, I cannot easily forget. It rendered still more painful the expression of intense anxiety and bitter misery which was exhibited in their livid and death-set features" (p. 23).

An incident with reference to this pamphlet, told in Mrs. Tuke's notes, is worth recording :—

"In writing his pamphlet, *A Visit to Connaught in* 1847, he had the great advantage of his father's criticism and wide knowledge. Owing to pressure of business, they could only work at night, and used frequently to sit writing in the library till the early morning hours warned them to leave off. Once they agreed that it was really very wrong to work so late, and fixed one o'clock as the proper time to stop. For one night the new rule obtained, and then they found it impossible, and, like many another new rule, it was never again regarded.

"The 1847 pamphlet was almost completed, when one evening Samuel Tuke suggested to James that some fresh arrangement in the construction would materially assist the whole work. It meant practically re-writing the seventy pages. But feeling convinced that his father's conclusion was right, the son set to work and re-wrote the whole."

This pamphlet contained certain statements made on the authority of informants with relation to the estate of a Mr. Walshe. These statements were assailed as inaccurate by Walshe himself, and also in the House of Commons by Mr. George Poulett Scrope. Thereupon Tuke (February 1848) came to London to consult some friends who sympathised in his work, and was by them introduced to some of the leading men of the day,—Sir George Grey, Mr. Brotherton, and Mr. Cobden amongst others. This was probably the first occasion on which his acquaintance with Ireland brought him into relation with Englishmen of affairs. Acting on advice received in London, Tuke made up his mind forthwith to return to the far west and personally to enquire further into the matter; and with characteristic thoroughness and disregard of his personal comfort, he at once left England in the dreary winter and travelled again to Erris. What made this conduct the more noteworthy was that a young lady to whom Tuke was then engaged to be married, was at the time staying with his father and sisters, and his visit to Ireland of course robbed him of the pleasure of her society.

The result showed that Mr. Walshe had better have left Tuke's original statements alone. The

evidence which he collected showed so fully the substantial accuracy of what he had said that Mr. Scrope was convinced, and so stated to the House of Commons. To the second edition of his *Visit to Connaught* Tuke added a postscript on evictions in Erris, giving the results of his enquiries on the spot. After correcting an error in date of an immaterial kind, Tuke thus describes what he saw on Walshe's property, which he visited in company with Mr. R. T. Hamilton, the Poor Law Inspector, whose intimate knowledge of the people was of great service in this and other enquiries in the district :—

"At Tiraun, the property of J. Walshe, I counted eight or ten roofless houses very recently thrown down, out of about twenty which had composed the village, and thirteen heads of families in the village are receiving relief under the provisions of the Poor Law.

"From Tiraun we proceeded to Mullaroghe, also the property of J. Walshe, which presented a scene of devastation almost beyond belief. It was literally a heap of ruins. I tried to count the roofless houses, and after proceeding as far as seventy, gave it up in despair, for not only had the roofs been thrown down, but in many cases the gable-ends and the walls of the houses demolished, so that

nothing remained but a heap of stones. In front of the houses still remained the manure-heaps, and all around were scattered the broken remains of looms, bed-frames, stools, straw-mats, crockery, and rafters. The inspecting officer informed me that when he visited the village about three weeks previously, he saw in many houses the looms and various articles of furniture still remaining; and found in one wretched cabin, which was now roofless and uninhabited, ten people lying ill in various stages of fever and starvation. After searching about in the ruins for a considerable time, we found three houses where, as it appears by the Townlands Assessment Book in 1845, 102 families were rated. Seventy-two heads of families from this townland are now receiving relief under the Poor Law.

"A few miserable objects were still lingering about this desolated village imploring relief. They told us that about a week before Christmas, and subsequently, to a very recent period, 'the younger Mr. Walshe, with two drivers, had come and pulled down the roofs of their houses about their heads, and forced them to leave the place.' Let me give this statement in the touching words of a poor woman, one among the many hundred people who were thus turned out upon the world without

shelter or means of support. Her evidence was taken down in the presence of three most respectable witnesses, one of them a clergyman of the Church of England. Lest this unfortunate victim to the eviction system should be further injured, I will not give her name. 'She was living in Mullaroghe with her husband, when the young Mr. Walshe and two drivers came about ten days before Christmas. The first day they made a "cold fire"; the second day the people were all turned out of doors, and the roofs of their houses pulled down. That night they made a bit of a tent, or shelter of wood and straw; that, however, the drivers threw down, and drove them from the place. She could compare it to nothing else than driving cattle to the pound. It would have "pitied the sun" to look at them as they had to go head foremost under hail and storm. It was a night of high wind and storm, and their wailing "*chordee*" could be heard at a great distance. They implored the drivers to allow them to remain a short time, as it was so near the time of festival (Christmas), but they would not, and were all scattered up and down the country, like sheep upon the mountains. She had lived there all her life, also her father, and the father of her mother. Her mother had died about three days after

Christmas, from cold and hunger, in a place called Barrack, and she would not have done so had she been at home. They pulled an old chest to pieces, and made a sort of coffin in which they buried her.'

"The main facts of this evidence were fully confirmed by the testimony of at least twenty distinct witnesses whom we examined. One poor man told us that his house was pulled down whilst he was absent for the relief meal, and that when he returned he found himself a homeless wanderer.

"The day previously to our visit, a poor man on the sea-shore, close to this village, picking up sea-weed or shell-fish to appease his hunger, was seen to stagger and fall. Another poor man who resided near the place went to him and carried him into his hut, but it was too late. A friend of mine, who made a circuit of this part of the Mullet the same day as myself, found him lying dead on the sand-bank, his form worn and emaciated to the last degree. Upon enquiry the following day, it turned out that this poor man was one of the ejected tenants of Mullaroghe, and the husband of the woman whose evidence I have given above.

"A little distance from Mullaroghe is the village of Clogher, also belonging to J. Walshe. Here, again, the same melancholy scenes of devastation

and destruction met our view, rendered, if possible, more distressing from the very recent date of the work of demolition, as many of the houses had only just been unroofed, and scattered around them, or within their naked walls, were seen various implements or articles of domestic use: looms, fishing-nets, bedding and straw-beds, bed-frames, large dressers and strong wooden chests, iron boiling-pots, crockery, etc., all wasting and left to ruin in the rain. Several of the families who had been evicted were still lingering around their hearths, unwilling to leave the homes of themselves and their forefathers. They were objects of the greatest misery, and almost naked. One family, consisting of a woman and four young children, presented a perfectly appalling picture, so worn and emaciated I could not bear to look at them" (pp. 62-64).

What Tuke saw at Aughleen, a feeding-station between Mullaroghe and Clogher, where the Poor Law officers were endeavouring to relieve the people, he thus describes:—

"Here were collected three or four hundred (I counted as many as 300) emaciated people in various stages of fever, starvation, and nakedness; the majority of whom were the evicted tenantry of Mullaroghe and Clogher. Many, too weak to

stand, were lying on the cold ground ; others squatting on the bare turf to hide their naked limbs. Some of the children and old people were in a dying state, and, wretched as they appeared, I was informed by the vice-guardian, who had visited every family in the district within a few days, that the worst had not made their appearance, as many were too ill to crawl out of their hiding-places or cabins.

"Priest Moyles pointed out several parties whom he knew to sleep out at night. One was an old man near seventy, who was too weak to stand for any length of time. Another, a family consisting of a man and his wife and three children. Numbers of the people assured us that they often had to sleep out in the ditches, as it was impossible for the other houses to take them in, and if any one was sick, they would not let them in when they had room. They told us that when they could obtain shelter, four or five families were crowded into one cabin, thus no doubt spreading fever and disease in all directions. The most destitute and death-stricken objects we examined in this crowd acknowledged that they received the proper allowance of meal, but that the cold and exposure to the inclemency of the weather was killing them. Mr. Hamilton, the Government Inspecting Officer

(let me call special attention to this point), who heard these statements, confirmed their truth, and stated further, that all his efforts to keep the population from starvation and death had been baffled by the system of eviction which has been and is pursuing, as there was no shelter for them anywhere, and the temporary workhouse, in course of completion at Binghamstown, could, even if ready, accommodate but a very small portion of the evicted people" (pp. 65-66).

It is difficult even now, long years after the events, and after manifold enlargements of the rights of tenants introduced into Ireland by legislation, it is difficult, I say, to read this story of evictions without feelings of intense indignation and shame. Ireland was visited with a calamity of unparalleled magnitude: England and America, and the better sons of Ireland herself, were joined together in self-sacrificing efforts to lessen the starvation and misery of her poor people: and here were landlords who availed themselves of the arrearage of their rents caused by the famine, to turn out of house and home their wretched tenants, and to give them the plain alternative of death, or the miserable help which alone their helpers could afford them.

It is almost needless to say that the publication of this pamphlet and his interest in Ireland involved Tuke in much correspondence. Amongst others, he was applied to by a Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis, for information with regard to the plan which they entertained of settling in Ireland with a view to helping by their example to improve the condition of the peasantry. This benevolent scheme they actually carried into execution, leaving their English home and settling themselves at Letterfrack in County Galway, where they lived for many years, till they were compelled by ill-health to return to England. Many years later (in *Irish Distress and its Remedies*, 1880, p. 70), Tuke thus refers to this experiment :—

"When James Ellis went to Letterfrack, the police-barracks, one or two houses, and a few cottages were the only buildings in the place ; now it is a thriving-looking little town. He combined in his character the qualities which always seem to me needed to govern Ireland and cure its maladies —justice, kindliness, firmness, industry. His belief that the exercise of these qualities would benefit Ireland, led him, in rather advanced life, to leave his comfortable home in Yorkshire, and settle in what was then regarded as an almost unknown

country. Here he and his wife lived for many years, until ill-health compelled them to return to England; not, however, before they had effected an entire change in the aspect of the property, and exercised a moral influence in the district, the effects of which are distinctly recognised and felt to this day. I had not been long in the village before I heard this: 'The people still pray for good Mr. Ellis. He is always called "good Mr. Ellis." Yes, he was a true friend to the poor; but he never gave anything to the men who could work, unless they did something for it. He employed the people in reclaiming the land, or he would set them to pick up the stones to build walls, or the children to gather flowers or roots for his friends. He was always teaching them the great lesson of work.' 'To this day,' said Mr. Mitchell Henry's steward, 'I can tell Mr. Ellis's boys; those he brought up are the best labourers I now have, and the best of the old men, too, all learned to work under him. He was the man for improving Ireland.' "

On 3rd August 1848 Tuke was married at the Friends' Meeting-House, Bardfield, Essex, to his father's ward, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Edmund and Elizabeth Janson of Tottenham, the

young lady already alluded to. She was a woman of a sweet and gentle nature, somewhat shy but never, as her husband used to say, allowing her shyness to prevent her from doing what she thought right; her education was probably wider than was usual for women at that time, as she had studied Latin, German, and Italian, and had some knowledge of mathematics, and she read much. She entered fully into all the interests of her husband's life. Tuke and his bride settled in a house near to his father's, in Laurence Street, York, and here were born his two eldest children, of whom one died in extreme infancy.

During the potato famine many of the wretched Irish, to escape death in their own land, came and spread themselves over various parts of England. Many flocked as far as York; and Tuke's father, as a guardian of the poor, obtained a vote of the Board for the erection of a temporary wooden building as a hospital for those who were suffering from fever; for no one would let a house for the purpose. When the temporary erection was prepared, there was still a difficulty as to where to place it, a difficulty solved by Samuel Tuke's offering for the purpose a portion of a field near his own house, his tenant who sold milk conclud-

ing that "the coos would not take the fever." Here many a poor sufferer died, and here, notwithstanding the terror of the infection, they were frequently visited by Samuel Tuke.

One night the news spread that some Irish were in distress somewhere within hail; in fact, a man, his wife, and child were sheltering under a hedge, for after travelling about for weeks the fever had come upon them, and, as they could get no admission to any house, they took the only shelter they could find. Hereupon James Tuke took them out a blanket and some old carpet, and sent them some straw for the night; but the poor man died in the morning, and his wife and little girl were taken into the hospital. When the poor man's things were being taken away, the child burst into tears, crying "Oh, my daddy's knife; my daddy's knife." Tuke was deeply touched by the scene, and what was more, he caught from the poor man whom he had helped the dreadful fever, and but for the devoted care and nursing of his young wife he would have had small chance of recovery. For months he was an invalid; indeed he used to say, "I got the Irish fever in 1848, and have had it with more or less severity ever since."

On 1st July 1852 Tuke became a partner in the old banking firm of Sharples and Company of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, and thereupon removed with his wife and little daughter Alice to a house in the main street of the town of Hitchin known as Bancroft. In 1859 he removed into another house, also in Bancroft, which continued to be his home till his death. Tuke's wife aided him in all the charitable interests in which he soon became involved in his new home, and herself conducted a mother's meeting, and made herself much beloved by her poorer neighbours.

"The house in Bancroft," writes Tuke's widow in her notes, "was a very beautiful, quaint, old, dark red-brick house of many gables, begun in the fifteenth century, and from time to time added to. It had been the 'Woolstaplers' Hall' of Hitchin at the time that England owned Calais, and did much business with France in the woollen trade, and the house always seemed just the right setting for its master. In common with the other important houses in the town, it had two great gateways at each end of the street-front for the wool-carts to pass through. There were endless secret cupboards and mysterious passages in the old house, and the panelled portions were very charming. But it was most difficult to

a stranger to find his way about, and one of the regular evening amusements was to see the guests start for their rooms, which they could seldom reach unaided.

"Every room was approached by a separate stair, and the danger of this to the old or near-sighted may be imagined. One belated guest, who had sat up late one night smoking, declared that he had been obliged to make seven fresh starts from the hall before he reached his appointed chamber.

"The furniture of the house was quite in harmony with the old structure, being chiefly of oak, and the collecting of it had been a source of great interest and pleasure to its owner.

"The house also contained a large collection of English, Oriental, and other china and earthenware, and Mr. Tuke's knowledge of the different varieties and their history was accurate and extensive. Wherever he went he generally procured some little specimen of china, and used rather shyly to produce it, as our house was already full to over-flowing.

"He used often to say, 'I have quite given up collecting; I have no more room.' The last additions were an old Delft plate and a modern

Delft pot, which he picked up during our visit to Holland in May 1894, when we went to see the tulips in bloom. This was our last holiday excursion together, and was most delightful."

CHAPTER III

1853–1875

Voluntary *v.* State-Aided Education—Anxieties—Wife's illness—Freedmen's Aid Union—Death of first wife—Miss Tuke's Recollections—College for women—Relief work in France—Paris during the Commune—Death of eldest daughter.

In the year 1853, when a measure in reference to State aid to popular education was before the public, Tuke again reverted to the subject of the Free Schools of the United States, and he wrote and published a review of Siljeström's work upon this subject,[1] which was read at the annual meeting of the Friends' Educational Society in this year. He set forth the advantages which the author had indicated as resulting in America from the union of local action and State influence; but he went further, and contrasted these results with the state of things then existing in our own country; he

[1] *The Educational Institutions of the United States*, by J. H. Tuke. (York: Hunton, 1853.)

showed the insufficiency of the results of purely voluntary education, and he considered and answered, or endeavoured to answer, the objections then popularly argued against State assistance. It is clear from this paper that Tuke's mind was strongly inclined in favour of at least Government aid and supervision in the matter of education.

In July 1853, in company with his brother-in-law, Mr. G. S. Gibson, he took a tour in Ireland, this time for pleasure: he revisited the west, was at Westport, Gweedore, Donegal, Sligo, Ballina, Letterfrack, and also in parts not so familiar to him—at Belfast and Killarney. The questions connected with education in Ireland were, perhaps, those which most interested him on this tour. He noticed with natural pleasure the improvement which had taken place in the condition of Donegal since his previous visit.

The following year (1854) was one of not a few troubles and sorrows to Tuke. It was a year, he wrote, when reviewing it at its close, "of unusual anxiety." At the beginning of the year his father, to whom, as we have already seen, he was tenderly attached, had had a seizure which left him greatly enfeebled till his death in October 1857. Then came the illness and absence of one of his

partners and the consequent stress of business; then came war, with a time of depression in property and stagnation in trade; then great anxiety as to the health of his wife and three of his sisters. "I do most earnestly desire," he wrote in his diary, "that they [these trials] may have the intended end, that instead of leavening my spirit more to the world, they may tend towards withdrawing it from its trammels and toils . . . and that I may dwell more upon the abounding mercies granted me than upon the trials which I have enumerated. . . . May that most beautiful text of Isaiah, 'I will mention the loving kindness of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord according to all that the Lord hath bestowed upon us,' be often before and ever uppermost in my thoughts."

In or about the year 1862, his wife showed symptoms of pulmonary disease, and a residence in warm places was recommended; and this circumstance for several years greatly influenced his life, necessitating as it did frequent residences in the Isle of Wight, Bournemouth, and the Riviera for his wife and family, and continual journeys for himself; and after her death, the inherited delicacy of two of his daughters had for years the like effect upon his habits.

In the spring of 1865 the accounts which reached this country of the condition of the negro population of the Southern States of North America were very distressing, and created great sympathy in the minds of those who were interested in the welfare of the negro. A committee was formed by members of the Society of Friends for the relief of these poor blacks, and a considerable sum was raised which was distributed through various agencies in the United States. Tuke had retained many friendships in America, and was kept fully informed by correspondents of what was going on in the emancipation of the negroes. In the business of this committee, therefore, it was almost a matter of course that Tuke should take an active part. In the course of the following year (1866) this Quaker organisation was merged in a more general one (the National Freedmen's Aid Union of Great Britain and Ireland) which had been established largely through the powerful advocacy of the Duke of Argyll.

On 22nd January 1869 the long protracted illness of his wife was ended by her death at Bournemouth, and the great sorrow to which he had so long looked forward fell upon him and his children. Those to whom Tuke's loving and

tender nature are known can alone understand the depth of this grief. But he was not the man to abandon all work or all hope by reason of a sorrow, however great; his sister Esther was his frequent companion in his widowed home, and his eldest daughter Alice lovingly did all that was in her power at once for her father and his younger children.

Of the general tenor of Tuke's life during the years 1868 to 1880 the following picture has been drawn by his younger surviving daughter, Miss Margaret Tuke :—

"My first vivid recollections of my father begin about the year 1868. We spent two winters at Bournemouth, and he was only with us from time to time. I well remember the delight with which his return was welcomed by young and old, the even greater delight for some of us when he would take us down to the beach and direct our digging operations, or, with one small daughter clinging to each hand with trembling joy, chase the waves in and out until, to the general consternation, one unusually large wave would wet the feet of the overbold trio. This was the bright side of the picture; the other side was darkened by my mother's increasing illness, until the day

came when there was great quietness in the house, and when early in the afternoon (January 22, 1869) my father came into the room where we were all gathered and made known our mother's death to us, simply saying, 'I must be a mother as well as a father to you now.'

"For the next ten years (1869-1879) these words seem to have formed the motto of his life. It was not only the more important concerns of our lives, character, or lessons, household arrangements, or health for which he cared, but he was always ready to plan our smallest pleasures, whether in the choice of ponies or bantams, flower gardens or dolls. He was himself our best playmate when time allowed. The red-letter days in the lives of his younger daughters were those in which he could give them a painting lesson, or help them arrange pictures in the big family scrap-book. Yet the smallest word of reproof from him had more effect with them than the punishments of others, and his decisions were paramount.

"In looking back it is difficult to understand how he was able to give so much time and thought to all these things, whilst leading a life almost over-full in other ways. The Bank was of course a constant quantity. Then came the affairs of the

town, in which he always took a leading part. He it was who in early days had helped to start coal clubs, soup kitchens, evening classes, the Friends' adult school: and in all such works he continued to take a lively interest, as well as in the town Infirmary, of which he was for many years treasurer. Outside these, came his interests as a member of the Society of Friends. His regular attendance of monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings;[1] of the Meeting for Sufferings in London[2] (so called, as we firmly believed in childhood, because 'papa always came back with a headache'); of the Ackworth School[3] and Flounder's Institute Committees, which took him away once a month for many years; and his work as Treasurer of the Friends' Foreign Mission Association, engrossed time and thought. Nor did these absorb all his energies, since political and social questions were closely followed and eagerly discussed by him.

"Such leisure as he had was given to natural history, the garden, old china collecting, reading

[1] For the meaning of these expressions see p. 33.—E. F.

[2] This is, in fact, the standing executive body of the Society of Friends. Its original duty was to look after the imprisonments and other sufferings of the Quakers; hence its name.—E. F.

[3] See p. 117.—E. F.

aloud (above all, poetry), riding, and driving. In these last, especially riding, he found at that time the relaxation which the garden gave him in later years. Many and delightful have been our rides with him on summer evenings or spring afternoons or winter mornings—now to seek a rare orchis, now to listen for the first nightingale, now to investigate the state of the crops. He had great pleasure in horses, and a great scorn for any one who did not know a good horse from a bad!

"The strain of this busy life was relieved by frequent travel. When once away he was indefatigable in filling the time full with seeing all that there was to be seen—sometimes almost to the despair of less energetic companions; and this, although he was often prostrated for days at a time with the severest of headaches. I think that he enjoyed the English tours most of all, where flowers and birds were his intimate friends. In what seemed to me a confused medley of song, I have known him distinguish the notes of six or seven different birds, some of them not heard by him for years. Abroad, the fact that he could not converse readily with the people was a great annoyance to him; he always had so much to ask and

inquire about. He loved, too, the soft, subdued colouring of English scenery, as of all delicate and subdued beauty, while his great dislike was for everything glaring or vulgar.

"In looking back it seems to me that my father gave us very little direct religious teaching, though always insisting on religion as the fundamental part of life. Nor did he say 'Be this and that,' but rather by his whole life and conversation showed what he would like us to be. Always moved to pity or indignation by suffering or cruelty himself, he could not understand how others could remain indifferent. Two other things he found it hard to condone—close-fistedness and slipshod work; his innate generosity making the one, his love of perfection the other, abhorrent to him. But when in contact with individuals, his sympathies always went out to them, and brought out the best in them, even when he disapproved of their conduct.

"One point in these ten years remains to be noted, and that is the sadness of them for my father—a sadness which could not be forgotten through all the varied occupations. The three years' illness, followed by the death of my sister

Alice (September 19, 1875), who had been a thoughtful companion to him and a mother to her younger sisters, must have been an untold anxiety and grief to him. The sorrow lived, patiently though he faced it, and believed it to be ruled for good.

"I have tried to note down what seem to me the most marked features of the ten years from 1869-79, since they stand apart to some extent from the later years of my father's life. For in 1880 came the Irish famine, and with it began his closer connection with Irish affairs—his frequent absence from home, and consequent dropping of some of the old work, though of none of the old interests. After this, too, came his second marriage, and the happiness and companionship which it brought him, and which, with the devotion of his daughter Frances and the interest and success of his Irish work, helped to drive away some of the old sadness while adding to the old sympathies."

A little glimpse of the sadness of which his daughter speaks may be seen in the following extract. On one of these occasions when his wife was absent from him for health, and the little ones were with her (February 1868), Tuke had

been on a visit to his brother-in-law and his sister (Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Gibson) at Saffron Walden, and after returning home writes thus to them :—

"The house feels so dull and lonely when one has been used to the many voices in all directions —and when a load seems always to rest upon the heart with nothing to help to relieve it. My visit to you was quite a solace to me, and I feel most grateful for your kind loving sympathy. At times the shadow which seems to be covering my life appears inexpressibly dark, but at others, the sense of the love of my Heavenly Father gives me strength to believe that if He does not remove it, I may trust Him to guide me, and that He will make even this to be light about me. But how hard it is to us to place ourselves entirely in His hands and to leave all there—especially when this threatens to touch that which we, dear G., can both speak of, the depth and tenderness of a wife's love, which, deepening and increasing with years, was never half so dear to me as it has been of late. But I must stop."

In or before 1869 some friends of the higher education of women had set on foot a project, under the name of a "Proposed College for

Women," which subsequently blossomed into Girton College, Cambridge.

In the very early days of the project, the promoters, whilst shrinking from any attempt to establish the College within University precincts, were desirous that the students should enjoy the advantages of University teaching, and it was hoped that this might be in great part secured by placing it at Hitchin, midway between London and Cambridge, where it was intended to build on some suitable site, when such could be obtained. In the meantime, it was determined to launch the scheme in a hired house. In their search for a possible habitation, which proved to be a matter of no small difficulty, Tuke's valuable help was unsparingly given to Miss Emily Davies and her colleagues. When at last a suitable house was found and taken on a lease, Tuke continued to be their unfailing friend. To the small body of strangers—a mistress and six students—who met at Benslow House, Hitchin, in October 1869, the cordial welcome received from Tuke and his family and other kind friends on the spot, was a boon which is still remembered. As the work proceeded, the distance from the University was found to be a serious disadvantage, and it was

decided to erect the permanent building in the immediate neighbourhood of Cambridge. Whilst the building there was in progress, the work of the College continued at Hitchin, and all through the four years there they were cheered and encouraged by Tuke's ever-ready sympathy and support. At a later time, when the College had outgrown the anxieties of infancy, Tuke described his own part in the movement as being that of having "helped to rock the cradle." After the removal to Cambridge, his association with the College became less intimate, but he remained in sympathy with its objects, and in 1887 signed a memorial to the University of Cambridge in relation to the admission of women to degrees.

Through the autumn of 1870 the sympathies of England were keenly awakened by the sufferings of the victims of the calamities from foreign and internal foes by which France was desolated, and the misery brought on unoffending multitudes. The Society of Friends accordingly collected a fund known as the War Victims' Fund, and placed it under the care of a committee which was occupied from October 1870 to April 1871 in its distribution. These operations were carried on in three separate sections, first, the Metz

district, including Alsace and Lorraine and districts farther south; secondly, the Paris district, *i.e.* the environs of the city included in the Department of the Seine; and lastly, the Loire district, being the region extending from Le Mans, Châteaudun, and Orleans in the north, to Tours in the south. Through this machinery upwards of £70,000 of money, and about £6000 worth of garments, blankets, and bedding were distributed. Thirty-seven men and women (called by the committee commissioners) undertook the laborious and, in some cases, hazardous duty of the actual distribution. Amongst those who laboured in the Paris district was Tuke, who left England on 6th March 1871, three days after the evacuation of Paris by the Germans. On his return he gave a conversational lecture on his experiences to his fellow-townsmen. To the crowded room which excluded from the audience many who wished to hear him, we owe a request which resulted in his revising and publishing the shorthand notes of what he then said. By means of extracts from this paper[1] I shall let him tell his own tale, which embraces some of the most remarkable events of the possession of Paris by the Commune.

[1] "A Visit to Paris in the Spring of 1871."

Three days after the Germans evacuated Paris, "I found myself," wrote Tuke, "in the train with a large number of French ladies and gentlemen, who were going back to their own land, after spending the winter as exiles in this country. At Boulogne a still larger number joined the train, many of whom had come from Calais; there were also large numbers of Gardes Mobiles going back to their homes. In my carriage were six French ladies and a poodle, and one gentleman; and as we had also to stow there the whole of our luggage, none being allowed in the vans, you may imagine we were in close quarters. We did not say much for a long time. Naturally many hearts were very sad at the thought of having spent six long dreary months in exile, and not knowing what they might find had taken place during their absence now that they were returning to their native land. We were soon reminded of the presence of the invader. At Saint Valery the spiked helmets of the Prussians filled the station, and a shudder ran through my neighbours in the carriage; one poor old lady in particular was much alarmed. At Abbeville again we saw hundreds of Germans. The station at Amiens had the reputation of possessing the best buffet in

the world, but we could scarcely get anything there, except a mouthful of bread and some very weak soup. Some of our companions left us at Amiens, but we were joined by other French people, and the whole way to Paris was spent by them in abusing the Germans. Nothing could be said bad enough for them; they were robbers, they were assassins, they were *maudits*, in short, everything that was bad. One could hardly wonder at this, for wherever we went the Prussian had made his mark. In addition, it was 'Fumez, fumez, toujours fumez,' alluding to the invariable pipe or cigar of the German. At Creil, where the French had destroyed the bridge, we had to make a detour by Pontoise, where we had to leave the train and cross the bridge of boats on foot. We must have been a quarter of a mile in length as we marched along in procession from the carriages, every one carrying his bag or portmanteau, reminding me of a colony of ants moving over the ground, each one carrying a grain of corn. Another hour in the train and we approached Paris in the twilight, and then ensued a great scramble to obtain conveyances. Horses were very scarce, for 70,000 out of 100,000 had been eaten during the siege. I was fortunate enough to get hold of

a small carriage, and was very much struck as I went through the half-lighted streets with their dull and gloomy aspect, scarcely any shops being open. I arrived at my destination at the hotel in the Rue Saint Honoré, over the door of which 'Ambulance' in large red letters was still visible. 'Ambulance' was a word which one saw inscribed on a vast number of houses, showing the immense extent to which people had been wounded or sick, and some of the largest hotels in Paris were converted into hospitals during the siege.

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"Going into the quarter of St. Germain, formerly one of the most aristocratic parts of the town, we noticed that many of the houses showed decided marks of the bombs. I may mention particularly one very good house, which had been the residence of a medical man, and the owner of which was busy with his architect. He looked at us surlily at first, thinking, perhaps, that we were Germans, but when he found we were Englishmen, he was most civil, and showed us, among other things, how the bomb had fallen and exploded in the cellar of his house. Happily nobody was killed, though a large portion of the front of the house was blown away by the explosion. Near this was

another house into which a bomb had fallen, belonging to a friend of his. When he found out what our mission was, he gave us many particulars, and on coming away presented us with a piece of the bomb which had fallen into the house. Walking along we noticed other houses which had suffered in the same way. Then we made calls upon persons whose friends in England had entrusted us with letters to deliver to them, or had requested that we would endeavour to see them, and assure them of the sympathy and kindness felt for them in England. I shall never forget those interviews. It proved to me that people in well-to-do circumstances had suffered during the siege as much as, perhaps more than, the poor, because, as we all know, people in that position, who are accustomed every day of their lives to certain luxuries, do suffer, when deprived of them, to a greater degree than those who are accustomed to live more hardily. And, seeing that the rations in Paris were distributed in equal quantity and quality to everybody alike,—the dark brown bread, like this, a three days' ration, which I hold in my hand—the horseflesh (which, of course, I could not bring away with me)—the wood—all which were doled out in certain quantities on production

of tickets,—we cannot wonder that great suffering was produced among the class I have indicated. One lady especially, I remember, who had moved in somewhat high circles, when she found we were disposed to listen to her grievances, gave such a history of the misery, of the suffering, of the bitterness and horror of their position during the long winter, as I shall never forget. She and her daughter had been obliged to live upon horseflesh and black bread, which was to them, I have no doubt, as disagreeable as anything could possibly be. As they said, 'We really could not eat it, but often lived for days upon a few lumps of sugar or a little chocolate; then we could not get the wood to burn, so that we had neither warmth nor food.' This shows what sufferings were endured by what I may call the middle class. Others were doubtless literally starved, and there were hundreds who, if they did not actually die from absolute want of food, died because they had not what they could take to nourish them.

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"Leaving Paris for a while, let me describe, in a few words, the work we had to do, and the district in which it lay. This was the district called the 'Department of the Seine,' extending from the

fortifications of Paris (with little exception) to the Prussian batteries, say five to seven miles all round the city. It comprised in its area seventy-one communes or parishes, in each of which was a village or town with its mayor. These towns varied in size and occupation from a single agricultural village of 500 inhabitants to extensive manufacturing towns of 10,000 or 20,000. I have said, with little exception, for Versailles and St. Cloud were under the care of the 'Bishop of Versailles' Committee,' and St. Denis and neighbouring villages, though aided by grants from the 'War Victims' Fund,' were under the efficient care of Mr. Bullock, of the '*Daily News* Fund.' The population of these seventy-one communes was not less than 320,000—very nearly the same as that of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire. We may judge of the magnitude of the calamity which suddenly fell upon this population from the fact that 88,000 of them were receiving rations during the siege—in round numbers, a population nearly equal to half that of our own county. A glance at this map—the blue squares showing the Prussian forts and the red the French just outside Paris—will readily show that the inhabitants situate between the double fire of this fighting ground were com-

pelled to leave their homes and fly, or retire within Paris, and consequently about 250,000 did so, very few of whom were able to bring in any means of supporting themselves. The suddenness of the notice to quit, and the alarm and terror caused by the rapid march of the Prussians upon Paris, compelled them also to leave behind the larger portion of their household furniture and valuables, and tools or articles of trade, the whole of which have been destroyed or taken by the French or Prussian troops.

"Let me now give you a brief outline of the condition of these communes as we found them on our visits from day to day.

"We were fortunate enough to obtain one of the few horses which could be had. We had it from a livery-stable keeper, a very respectable man, who had been a coachman in the service of Napoleon, and he entered into our work with interest. He had two horses left out of fourteen; the other twelve had been eaten. They were excellent animals, worth from £80 to £100 each, and he had not received more than £40 for them. He gave us a capital dogcart, and drove us out himself. Passing through one of the fortified gates, where the barriers, as at other places, ran in

and out in a zigzag course, what a scene of desolation presented itself! For 500 yards outside the walls of Paris every house that existed (with one or two exceptions) was laid low. The only thing I can compare it to is, that it seemed as if some great mountain torrent had swept all round the beautiful city, carrying everything before it in its resistless course. The loss inflicted upon private individuals is enormous, for the owners of the houses had considered themselves as secure as we do here. When the fortifications were built, the people who lived in their vicinity had notice given them that if circumstances required their houses to be destroyed they should receive compensation, but those who built after having received that notice were to have no compensation. Nobody dreamed of Paris being beset, and no one thought of its being taken, least of all the Parisians themselves. M. Thiers, by advising the erection of fortresses, proves to have inflicted the greatest possible curse upon Paris, for by what possible conditions could a city, containing a million and three-quarters of people, be supplied with food during a long siege when, as was to be expected, all communication with the outside was cut off? So, through following the recommendation of M. Thiers, Paris in-

flicted upon herself misery ten times greater than would have been caused had the Germans marched straight in on the 18th of September instead of sitting down round it for 132 days.

"We cross over this mass of broken rubbish, with ruin all around us; beyond it you see the ends of the houses still standing, many where the bombs had been thrown completely through them. Then you come, perhaps, into a long street, where nearly all the houses are built four and five stories high, as the people lived in what we call flats. Nearly every one of these houses was broken in and smashed. Let us stop and go into one. Here is a large house at the corner with the front smashed in, and the people are repairing it. It had been a large wine-shop, but all the man's stores of every kind and all the out-buildings were destroyed. Going up the broken staircase we find that everything has been ruined, with here a scrap of a mantelpiece, and there a stove left standing amid the scene of havoc. 'And by whom was all this destruction done?' 'By our soldiers.' 'What, by French Mobiles?' '*Oui*, *oui*,' said the owner, 'it was all done by them.' A mile or two farther, through a ruined, unsown country, and we are in the German lines; and there is the German picket,

with their blue uniforms and bright helmets. Fine fellows they are, and what a contrast to the dirty Frenchmen! though, of course, not more agreeable for the French themselves to look at. We see German faces peering at us out of the windows, but hardly a Frenchman is to be seen. The town is extensive. We stop at a large house, over which is inscribed 'Fabrique de Faïence' (Pottery Works). It is partly in ruins, and the beautiful articles manufactured were strewn about in the direst confusion—broken models, broken figures, and the whole contents of the place where the work was carried on in ruin, while the factory and house and grounds were nothing better than a pigsty, abounding with filth in every direction. In one room we found a poor woman who had returned to the wreck of the house, and asked her where she had come from. She replied that she had been in Paris all the winter, and had now just come out to look after the remains of her property. While we were there, a working man came in with a small quantity of flour in a blue handkerchief, which he left, and then walked away as if half ashamed of his good deed. The poor woman, too, looked ashamed at being the object of this small but touching act of charity, and it was

evident from her demeanour of mingled pride and gratitude that she had seen better times. Her husband, it appeared, was still in Paris, most likely one of the National Guard. Her son had left at the beginning of the war, and she had not heard of him since, and did not know whether he was alive or dead. A little farther on we found the owner of the works, in the usual blue dress, hunting about in the ruins of his house. 'I have just found,' he said, 'a letter from my son, who left me at the commencement of the war, and it was only a few days ago that I learned he is a prisoner at Dantzig.' What sorrow, and misery, and desolation we had stumbled on in these two families! This man, with his extensive works all demolished, the labour of his life destroyed, and his son a captive in the hands of the enemy; and the poor woman, surrounded by the ruin of her home, not knowing whether her child was alive or dead!

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"I will now say a very few words as to the political state of Paris. We all know that when the armistice was signed, M. Jules Favre insisted that the National Guards should retain their arms. Perhaps it was scarcely possible for a more fatal error to be made. Count Bismarck, who saw what

the proposal meant and was likely to lead to, objected to it, but at the last moment he gave way to this little bit of French pride. What we see now is the result of that error. Many of the National Guards were taken from the very off-scouring of the lowest parts of Paris; these were all armed and put into regimentals, and were considered to be the defenders of Paris during that long and remarkable siege. Having been idle so long, they got to love their franc-and-a-half a-day and their regimentals and food, and did not like, when Paris had surrendered, to go back to their work. They saw that the surrender meant for them that they were again to be reduced to the ordinary rank of citizens, who earned their daily bread as honest men ought to do. They accordingly took possession of one or two points in Paris, and Montmartre was one of these, which is situated to the north, and being on a very high point commands the whole of Paris. There were a certain number of guns stationed upon this height during the siege, and some more at Belleville. The regiments of Montmartre and Belleville kept the guns which were left upon those two points; for, although the Government had been talking about it for a long time, they never attempted to fetch

them away until after the insurgents had formally taken possession of them. Then the Government did determine to take those guns, and to put an end to the discreditable state of things that existed. Well, as we all know, these men resisted those in authority, and they kept Paris in a state of uproar and alarm. Very early in the morning of that Saturday, which we shall all remember as having brought us the account of the outbreak, two or three regiments of the line were ordered to go and take the heights of Montmartre and bring away the guns. The result was that, when the regular troops reached the spot, they fraternised with the National Guards, against whom they were sent, and would not fight against the Republic, but gave way to the representation that they were asked to contend against their own interest. Then came the terrible scene enacted on the morning of 18th March. At a very early hour we were disturbed by the sound of the rappel. It is never pleasant to be awakened early in the morning, but it was particularly unpleasant to be roused by such a sound, which I can compare to nothing I have ever heard before—now loud, now tempestuous and angry; beseeching and imperious by turns, it resounded from one end of the city to the other; first the

drum and then the horn, and this lasted for an hour or two, calling upon every National Guard to go out and defend Paris. We soon heard some firing, and when we met at breakfast there were rumours of fighting in the streets, and assassination of officers. But in such times rumours fly about of the most contradictory kind, and you know less on the spot of what is actually going on than people at a distance can learn from the very accurate reports in the newspapers.

"When we went out in the streets after breakfast the scene was most remarkable. Paris was a huge camp, the National Guards were everywhere in possession of the squares and streets. Along the Boulevards we saw men marching with fixed bayonets, following officers with drawn swords, and a company of artillery going very slowly indeed, if it intended real fight. A little while afterwards a picket passed beating drums, and we heard the people call out, '*Le Général!*' It was General Vinoy, who was inspecting the troops going to their different points, to see that everything was in order. He was hissed and hooted, and I thought that a very poor sign at the beginning of the day. But we did not know then of the murder of Generals Lecomte and Clément Thomas. I had

occasion to call at Rothschilds', the bankers, that morning. I wanted a small sum of money, but they told me I could only have ten pounds in gold ; what else I wanted I must have in notes of the Bank of France. They were in much alarm ; they did not know what would happen, and they told me they believed that the troops of the Line would all fraternise with the National Guard. The gentleman who manages the English department in the bank said, as indicating the state of feeling which prevailed among the lower classes, that a few days previously one of their clerks was told by a man of that description, 'We were not going to fight the Prussians, but we shall be going down your street very soon, and we shall know how to fight *you*.' This, he said, showed the kind of feeling which prevailed among the men composing the National Guard of Belleville and Montmartre against the richer parts of Paris.

"Afterwards I walked down the Rue Saint Honoré, and to the Hôtel de Ville, which may be said to correspond with the Mansion House in London. There I found immense numbers of persons collected, and numbers of the National Guard, who were still thought to be loyal, mixed up with regiments of the Line, brought in to defend

the city against the insurgent National Guards. We afterwards met large numbers of excited troops of the Line, singing and shouting in the most frantic manner, some with pieces of bread stuck upon their bayonets, others with the flag of the Commune hoisted ; they had left their officers and joined the mass of insurgents. It is impossible to conceive such a state as Paris was in that day. Wherever you went there were soldiers—men of the Line here, National Guards there ; Francs-tireurs, Garibaldians, Marines, Cavalry, Artillery—every class and grade of military men moving about here and there without any kind of order, and without any leader. It was indeed a most curious scene. There were altogether in Paris that day about three times as many troops as we have in the whole British Islands. There were 40,000 regulars brought in, nearly 200,000 National Guards, besides many others who had come in of their own accord. We walked up to the Place de la Bastille, where there was an immense commotion. The people were as busy as ever putting immortelles on the statue, and it seemed, from their eagerness to do this, as though the one great aim and object of their lives was to get into the procession and lay an immortelle at the foot of

the statue. I confess I did not like the look of the crowd, though they did not take any notice of me. The people mocked and ridiculed the troops as they passed by : '*Quels soldats !*' one was calling to the other."

Ten days later Tuke's narrative proceeds :—

". . . I had occasion to go that morning (28th March 1871) to the railway station with Mr. Norcott, in order to obtain the delivery of a large quantity of peas, which the Lord Mayor's Committee had kindly sent over for distribution, to be sown in the little gardens in the suburbs. We often had the greatest trouble with the officials to obtain the delivery of our stores, and it was impossible not to be amused, angry as we were, at the almost endless trouble to which we were put. Sometimes as many as fourteen or fifteen different officers had to be gone to before we could get some little thing done. For instance, you would have thought that as all the goods were for the relief of the French, the railways would have brought them free, and delivered them without delay ; but no such thing. Then came the question of octroi. Everything that comes into Paris pays a very heavy octroi duty, but this, happily, we managed to escape, though not without infinite trouble.

"We had spent an hour or two in seeing the different officers, first one, then the other, but to no use. At last we were told that the chief of the station, who was away, would be back in about twenty minutes. Mr. Norcott proposed that instead of waiting there for this official, we should fill up the interval by paying a visit to the rebels in the neighbouring camp of Montmartre. We drove up to the barriers, but then were obliged to stop the carriage. That carriage had itself been requisitioned from the Reds for our work, and they had provided Mr. Norcott with a special pass to go where he liked. At the top of the Butte of Montmartre a picket stopped us, but after examining the pass allowed us to go on. We went to the house in the Rue Rosiers, where the two generals had been killed. It was filled with men armed to the teeth, who showed us the spot in the garden where those murders had been committed. Cannon were placed at the end of the garden overlooking Saint Denis, where 20,000 Prussians were ready at any moment to return to Paris. Though we were among a set of men whose appearance was certainly very much against them, we were very civilly treated. One poor fellow came up to me with his head bound up, and said, 'You are English.

We are very much obliged to you. The English are very good'—*très-gentils*, as he said. These very fellows had just been murdering their generals, and were a most unmistakable set of ruffians, but I thought this was a striking testimony of gratitude in its way, although coming from so unsavoury a quarter.

"Crossing the narrow street into their camp, we saw numbers of cannon, mitrailleuses, and mortars, all ready at a moment's notice to pour death upon Paris, just as if a battery were planted here on Windmill Hill to pour destruction upon the town of Hitchin. While standing there, one of the insurgents invited me to look through a field-glass which was fastened to the wheel of a gun-carriage. First he directed my attention to Romainville, six miles distant, and I could see there the Prussians very distinctly, evidently watching the very place where we were standing. From the Prussian fort, six miles distant, a touch of the glass, the movement of an inch or two, and they showed me their own friends encamped at Belleville, only a mile and a half distant.

"We drove back to the railway, and found that the high official had at last come in; but he was much too great a gentleman to attend to such

insignificant persons as ourselves, and our visit to the station was attended with no success. So we said we would go to the Hôtel de Ville and complain to the authorities there of the difficulties we had in getting possession of our sixty sacks of peas. There were the carts in the yard, but we could not get these officials to give us permission to load them with the provisions which we had come over from England to distribute among their own suffering poor.

"So we drove off to the Hôtel de Ville, to see what help we could get there. The massacre in the Rue de la Paix was about this time going on, though we knew nothing about it. Reaching the Hôtel de Ville, an officer of the Commune met us, saying, 'You have arrived at the right time.' The fact was, he wanted our horse and carriage, so he jumped in as we jumped out. We walked across the Place, and again there were soldiers everywhere; but we were English, and therefore allowed to go in. We met some officials whom we knew, but again we were stopped, and bayonets were crossed to bar our further passage. But at last we were ushered into the grand chamber, where sat the commanding officers of the Army of the Central Committee of the Commune. The *salle* was a

magnificent room, half as long again as this room, but not so wide. There was a guard of dirty-looking National Guards in attendance: there seemed no order among them; one was eating a bit of bread, another was smoking a pipe; and I noticed three or four little boys-in-waiting, sitting on the handsome velvet chairs, at least one of whom was taking an early lesson in learning to smoke. Besides the National Guards, there were Garibaldians, Francs-tireurs, Marines, men of the Line, people of every rank and kind. We stood before these great people, with our humble request that they would give us an order to get our peas removed from the station for the relief of their own countrymen! All this seems very ridiculous, but still the scene which we thus had an opportunity of observing was most striking and remarkable. Everybody was, of course, 'citoyen.' One 'citoyen' after another came up to receive orders, and then went away to execute them. The generals were certainly men of no rank or experience. One whom I saw there was cashiered in a few days because he was suspected of having some leaning for the Versailles party. Unpolished as was their general appearance, they were exceedingly civil to us. Some of them talked English—one Hungarian

medical man, who had been with Garibaldi through all his campaigns, who spoke eight languages, was very fluent. He said he had just been appointed head surgeon-in-chief to the staff for Paris. He said, 'I have orders to inspect all the hospitals in Paris, but they will not find me a horse, so I shall not go to any one of them.' I asked him, 'Who is that general?' and he replied, 'Oh, he is nobody. What soldiers these are! They cannot fight—they are no men.' I remarked that it was rather strange that with such opinions of those about him he should hold such a position. He answered, 'Well, I have plenty to eat and to drink, and I always carry a revolver ready for use, for I know my life is not safe for a moment among such fellows.' Here was a specimen of the officers and men of the new republic! Such a strange medley of uncouth, remarkable faces I never saw. Here was one with retreating forehead and long hair and sallow face, reminding one of Carlyle's description of Robespierre, 'the sea-green incorruptible.' Another put me in mind of the 'tile-bearded Jourdain.' And there was scarcely a man present who would not, for some peculiarity or other, attract notice in an ordinary crowd. I went to the window and looked out, where the sun was shining

on the Place below filled with soldiers and brass cannon. One of the men said to me, in broken English, 'Is it not an admirable sight—more beautiful than Leicester Square?'[1] But I pointed to a corpse that was being carried across the square on a stretcher, and asked him, 'What is that? We do not see that in Leicester Square.'—'Ah, ah, nothing!' said he lightly. But it was the body of some one who had been shot, doubtless that of the poor fellow of whom we read next morning in the papers, giving a report of the massacre in the Rue de la Paix, 'Un inconnu tué, a été transporté à la Morgue.' How often have I thought since of that 'unknown dead,' and wonderingly mused upon the story of that life whose end was thus briefly summed up, and of the misery and uncertainty which may be comprehended in it!

"My certificate, which a few days before had received the signature of 'Jules Ferry, Maire de Paris,' and the official seal, was now endorsed on behalf of the 'Comité Centrale' by 'Fortune Henry,' and stamped 'République Française: Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,' and giving a free pass to 'Citoyen James Hack Tuke,' the 22nd March 1871. The General offered to send us

[1] In the pamphlet "Charing Cross," but apparently a slip.

back with an armed force to the railway station, and enforce obedience to their order at the point of the bayonet, but we thought we had seen enough of our 'Red' friends for one day, so we asked them to send the order instead, in accordance with which we obtained possession of our stores next morning. Coming back to our hotel, we found the doors were closed, and our landlady anxiously waiting our return, rejoiced that we had escaped from danger. Then we heard the story of the massacre in the adjacent street."

On 19th September 1875, Tuke suffered a great loss in the death of his eldest daughter Alice Mary, to whose long and gradually increasing illness I have already referred. Her death was keenly felt by her father, to whom she was peculiarly dear; she had a great sweetness of temper and manner and a devoted love for her parents, which after the death of her mother, when she was nineteen years of age, seemed concentrated on her father. On her mother's death "she at once," wrote her father, "took the position of the head of the family, and young as she was, and shrinking from any assumption, her great power and loving, unselfish devotion to the duties that fell upon her

made themselves felt by all by whom she was surrounded." To her younger sisters she was almost a second mother.

To his brother, W. M. Tuke, he wrote :—

October 2, 1875.

"I have more than once thought of writing [to] you since you were here, but in one way or other our time seems to have been occupied, and it is difficult to settle down to anything. It is natural no doubt that it should be so, for (as thou wilt have experienced) when the whole of your spare time has been employed in one direction and your thoughts constantly directed into the same channel, the mind cannot at once exert itself in other ways when the all-absorbing attraction has gone or been taken from you. How wonderful the mystery of life is! we seem to know so much and yet so little, and our knowledge seems to end so sharply and abruptly, except so far as we see or know by the eye of faith, and there are times when it is difficult to have that spiritual consciousness which at other times is so sustaining and helpful.

"Dear sweet Alice, what her tender love and care for her poor father has been words cannot say, and I can scarcely bear to realise that all that

'wealth' of love has been taken from me. And yet I feel as if I could never for one moment really wish her back again, and the sense of the serene peace and perfect unshaken trust in her Lord which was given her during those last suffering days is a real balm to my wound, and assures me of her happiness in the presence of Him who loved her and gave Himself for the remission of her and our sins. God is love, and if He out of His inexhaustible fountain gave me one little drop to love my child with, how much better is it for her to be with Him, 'the Father,' who is the source of all love."

CHAPTER IV

1879–1882

Ackworth School—Condition of Ireland—Relief Committees—Visit to Ireland—Pamphlet on Irish Distress—Visions at Knock—Plan for emigration to Manitoba—Visit to America—Religious difficulty—Petitions for relief—Visit to Ireland, October 1881—Plan for emigration—Visit to Ireland, February 1882—Paper in *Contemporary Review*—Meeting at Duke of Bedford's—"Mr. Tuke's Fund."

Amongst the institutions connected with the Quaker body in which Tuke and his father before him had taken a lively interest was a school at Ackworth in Yorkshire, which had been founded for the better education of children of Friends in June 1779. A centenary celebration was held on 26th and 27th June 1879, at which Tuke was present, and at which he read a sketch of the life of Dr. John Fothergill, F.R.S., who was the principal founder of the institution—a man of great celebrity in his profession and his day, and whose

life was sketched by Hartley Coleridge in his *Biographia Borealis*.

The autumn of 1879 foreboded distress to Ireland, and as the season advanced, the distress became more apparent; the rain was continuous, and Ireland was threatened with a double calamity—a potato famine and a peat famine: for the potato crop was a failure, and as there was no sun to dry the peat, a fuel famine seemed imminent. Pauperism had increased, the deposits in the banks had decreased, the exports had shrunk, the consumption of luxuries had fallen off, the railway traffic had lessened, and bankruptcy amongst the farmers had grown more frequent.[1]

Thereupon, two very influential committees for the relief of the distressed districts were formed in Dublin; one which had the care of the fund raised by the exertions of the Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of the then Lord Lieutenant, and the other which superintended the Mansion House Fund. The Quakers in England were again anxious to do what they could, but without establishing any separate fund. The small committee of that body which had the matter in charge were desirous of better information than

[1] *Annual Register*, 1879, p. 189.

they possessed with regard to the actual state of things in the west. This and the deep interest which he felt in the so-called Irish question (a question not easy to answer) induced Tuke to visit Ireland again in her distress. His objects were primarily to enquire into the actual extent of the misery and into the working of the machinery set on foot by the two committees in Dublin, the one of which took the Union and the other the parish, as the unit of relief areas, and also to make further inquiry into the causes of the chronic poverty then existing. He also carried with him some contributions from his friends for the aid of immediate and pressing need. Accordingly he left England in February 1880, and at Dublin placed himself in communication with the two committees, who both warmly accepted the services which he proposed to render to the common cause. They, as well as the Constabulary authorities in Dublin, did all in their power to aid him in his inquiries.

A letter to his daughter Frances, dated Dublin, 21st February 1880, gives an account of how he found things in that city :—

"Yesterday was spent in seeing the authorities —Poor Law officials, heads of various departments,

etc. etc., from whom I have bundles of papers and introductions large enough to enable one to settle the affairs of a nation, but alas! not of Ireland. Of course I saw both the Mansion House Committee, and the Duchess of Marlborough at the Castle, where I was ushered into a large room where the ladies only were at work. Then Lord Randolph Churchill took me into his room and showed me all that they were doing—the endless reports from the districts, etc. etc. etc. He is working immensely hard, and when I left, as his mother (the Duchess) was not at home, he said she wished me to call again this morning at eleven o'clock to have a little talk with her. . . . This I of course did, and I wish I could give you a little idea of the very interesting interview I had, in which she entered with a depth of feeling into her work, which was really very touching, telling me that for some weeks before she began it, she had 'felt as if the Spirit was moving her to it,' and that she felt it a very deep and solemn responsibility, in which his Grace shared. Whilst we were talking, the Duke came in, and spoke very pleasantly about the work going on, and told me that the authorities had directions to afford any help I might need in the country. Naturally I thought it was time for me

to leave, but the Duchess begged me to stay after he went out, and again entered into the question of remedial measures, into which I have not time to enter, except to say that she has most practical ideas on the subject; as she said, 'You know my father was a very practical man' (the old Marquis of Londonderry), 'and I inherit his nature and must carry out thoroughly what I am engaged in.'"

Leaving Dublin in the company of his nephew, Henry T. Meynell, and his friend, Howard Hodgkin, Tuke spent some six weeks on a visit to Donegal and Connaught in the months of February, March, and April (1880). He from time to time communicated what he saw and learned not only to the English committee with which he was most directly in communication, but to the two committees sitting in Dublin. He also addressed the public through the columns of the *Times*, and subsequently through the pages of a pamphlet which he published under the title of "Irish Distress and its Remedies: The Land Question. A Visit to Donegal and Connaught in the Spring of 1880." This pamphlet, as its title implied, was by no means a mere narrative of his journey in the west country, but contained a

discussion of many of the points then pressed upon the attention of the public.

In the course of this visit Tuke revisited many of the places at which he had been in 1847, and notwithstanding the pressure of distress, very acute in some places, he marked the great improvement which had taken place in the interval.

"It would be wrong," he says in his pamphlet, "not to notice that, except in the very small farms, there are signs of real and permanent improvement in the country. As we drove back to Ballyshannon, I could not but recall the miserable objects I saw one Sunday morning in 1847, digging over the bare ground for a chance potato, and the corpses of the dead carried, without ceremony or funeral, to the grave. From Ballyshannon, nearly all the way to Donegal (a most beautiful drive along the lovely Bay of Donegal), the improvement was marked. One village looked poor, and no doubt was so. At another a fair was being held, and certainly the farmers were quite as well dressed as any small farmers would have been in England. Trade was bad; 'no one could pay,' we were told, and cows were difficult to sell at £3 : 10s. to £5 or £7. But the change in the cattle was wonderful; the long-horned,

ragged beasts have disappeared, and neat, tidy little beasts have taken their place."

Again, speaking of Carrick-on-Shannon, he writes :—

"Contrast this town with its aspect in 1847. It is market-day, and the streets are filled with well-dressed men and women, who buy and sell their little produce, and give to the passing visitor no idea of want or misery. In 1847 the streets were haunted by famine-stricken men, women, and children, imploring food in vain. Especially do I recall the children, with their death-like faces and their 'drum-stick' arms, so thin that they looked as if they might snap in two if you took hold of them. In the overcrowded workhouse, dirt, disorder, and death reigned. There were no organised committees for administering relief. Look now at the workhouse, not full, and all its inmates in perfect order and cleanliness, well-fed and well-cared-for. Not that there is no want or destitution now, but well-organised committees in connection with the great Dublin funds, whose monthly grants amount to many hundreds of pounds, are in constant session ministering, as some think with too liberal a hand, to the wants of the suffering population.

Some outdoor relief is also given by the Guardians. Ladies' committees, too, are at work, giving employment in knitting and sewing to many poor women who would otherwise be idle.

"Nor is this all. In addition to the ordinary duties of the Guardians, the very onerous task of carrying out the details of the 'Seed Potato Act,' which has just come into operation, tells very heavily upon the Chairman and other members of the Board. Large placards were posted on the walls giving a short, clear abstract of the Act, and the needful instructions to the small ratepayers who can claim its benefits."

But whatever improvement there had been, the misery still was great. "This town-land," he says, writing of Meenacladdy, "stretches over a wide extent of wet bog-land, bounded on the west by a wild rocky coast, against which the waves of the Atlantic were dashing half-way up the cliffs in huge masses of foam; on the other side the bog-land extends towards the mountains of Donegal, whose slopes were covered with the snow recently fallen. Imagine, over this wild waste, little dwellings scattered at wide intervals, some of rough stone and some of mere peat sods, scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding sur-

face ; add to this the blinding squalls of sleet or snow which swept over it, and some idea may be gained of the district we explored. A few of the dwellings were, of course, on the road-side, but the access to many was over the wet bog where there is no road. I doubt not we must have presented an amusing picture, as, with the priest at our head as guide, his long coat flying in the wind, we jumped from sod to sod to avoid deep holes of mud, or over ditches filled with water, not without failures in our unwonted attempts. Of the destitution and misery found in these bog-dwellings, I feel, after a lapse of twenty-four hours, that I can hardly bring myself to write. It is not merely the unusual distress of to-day, arising from the causes which I have enumerated, but the everyday life, the normal condition of hundreds, nay thousands, of families on the west coast of Donegal, and of many other parts of the west of Ireland, which oppresses me. But on this normal condition—this everyday contest with existence and hardships—I must not dwell here. The question involves considerations and issues too vast for any hasty notes. But let me put down, if I can, the condition of a few of the dwellings we entered.

"A turf dwelling, near the road, which my friends, who were not acquainted with the west, could not believe was a human habitation. The end of the house towards the road was not more than four or five feet high, but, as the ground sank rapidly on the other side, you were able to find an entrance through a low doorway. Within, at first, all appeared dark, the peat smoke which filled the room blinding us. When a little accustomed to the smoke, we saw, by the light which strayed in through the opening in the roof where the smoke ought to have gone out, but did not, a woman and several children crouched around a small fire. There was neither chair nor table in the place; probably one small stool was all they possessed in this way. The bedstead was covered with a little ragged coverlid, beneath which some straw was spread on the wooden frame; the children, or others who could not find room upon it, lay down on the bare rock or earth of the floor, in the thin clothes they wear all day, with a little straw or hay beneath them. The family had no resources left; had it not been for the 'meal' they must have starved. The man, who seemed an industrious fellow, was working on the bog, in spite of the weather, seeking to cultivate a little

ground for the coming season. He had 'no baste left, neither cow nor sheep, only three or four fowls.' He had been to Scotland for the harvest last autumn, but had come back without earnings, and now, in debt for meal and rent, he was beaten."

Here is a picture of a visit on the Connemara coast :—

"A rough boat was at last manned by five men with three oars, to row us over the inlet to the little village of Camus. I wish I could produce that rocky coast and wild miserable village, or rather introduce it into England for a while, so that English people might realise how, in these remote places, so many thousands of people are living. Half a mile away, and I will venture to say no one would think it possible that any human being could live or even find foothold on this rock-strewn shore ; but, by degrees, you see the little 'smokes' arising, and here and there little dark strips of land, which show that the ground is being prepared for the potatoes they *hope* to obtain, for they have none left to plant. Then you see peering above the rocks little dark heads of men, women, and children, who, attracted by the unusual sight, come out of their cabins to reconnoitre. As you walk among them on landing,

they watch you with curious eyes; they do not beg, and cannot answer your enquiries, for most do not understand, and few can talk, English. They are a race of wild people, poorly clad, and living with the cattle in their houses, often lying on the damp ground on hay like them. No distribution of meal had taken place last week, and several families were sitting round small quantities of the smallest (old) potatoes I ever saw, and with nothing else to eat with them. In one house which I entered, three children, under one covering, ill with fever, were lying on the ground; others also were ill."

By way of relief from the continued story of distress and misery, I may introduce the following curious bit of narrative addressed to his daughters at home, and dated March 1880:—

"At Knock, a dirty, small cluster of houses, with a church on a hill with tall tower, an apparition, 'vision,' is stated to have appeared last August, when the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph and a figure dressed as a Bishop (called now St. John) were seen with an altar, etc. etc., depicted in the evening upon the east end of the church. Much excitement was caused, and the people near called others to see it, and in some

way or other, it seems to have been connected with the cure of a young woman in the town shortly after. This was attributed to the miraculous efficacy of the Blessed Virgin, and the report began to spread far and wide that miracles of healing were performed. Other visions also appeared, and strange lights, brighter than electric were seen in the church. A blind man had his sight given, the lame threw away their crutches or sticks, and boys given over by the doctor were cured by the prayers and intercession of the Virgin. This has now continued for some weeks, and I must describe what we saw. As we approached the village, we saw an unusual number of persons about, and both the road and muddy space around the church had the appearance of a fair going on—numbers of cars—booths where books, images, etc., were sold, in addition to a crowd of pilgrims who were walking round and round saying their prayers, kneeling here and there, and especially towards the east end where the vision appeared. Here probably a hundred persons were in various attitudes of prayer, some prostrate on the ground, calling out loudly, 'Oh, Mother of God, Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, hear us,' etc. It had been

found needful to cover the wall of the church for about eight feet high at the end with boards, to prevent the people cutting out the mortar from this, as it was feared they would attack the stones also and make a hole in the wall, the object being to take away small crumbs of this holy wall for their friends, or as relics. Spite of this precaution, a man had climbed up and was cutting out the mortar with a knife, whilst the poor people below held their hands or hats, etc., to catch the sacred portions. Nor was the east end the only place, for others were attacking the mortar in more accessible places and carrying it off in paper, etc. One man said he had come from Scotland to see the place, and was much benefited through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Joseph and St. John, but if he had not been, he should have been satisfied that his prayers would have been heard and he helped in another world. At the east end, on the boarded portion, several crutches were hung up, as we so often have seen them in Italian churches, and a large frame, like a crib in a farmyard, was placed a little distance from the church, in which over fifty or sixty sticks had been thrown by persons who had come lame, and walked away better without them! One on

which the word Liverpool had been cut (as is done on an Alpenstock) was specially noticed to us. In the church more than a hundred persons were devoutly saying their prayers, and as we entered, a low murmuring note resounded throughout the building.

"Near the church is the girls' school, and a few girls were at work spite of the crowds around. The mistress and her assistant, very respectable young women, quite believed in the 'miracles,' as they called them; one of them had seen something, and both as firmly believed in the healing as they would in any ordinary fact. We also spoke to the head constable, Poure, who said he had seen, at any rate, one case (which on enquiring into did not seem to me so miraculous as Aunt Emma's cure, for instance, at Torquay), but he quite thought it to be attributed to the prayers, etc., of the boy and his father. His men, he said, had seen some strange lights in or on the church, and he had no doubt of the *bonâ fide* nature of this strange apparition. I confess that as I heard it described the day before by another priest, it gave me the feeling that it was like the effect of a dissolving view, especially as he said there were lights running up and down the wall (just like the

last scene in a magic lantern). Many of the people were men from England or Scotland, as well as Ireland, all, whether well or ill, most devoutly believing in the vision.

"It is a strange affair, and I feel it quite impossible to account for, unless in the first place some trick has been played, but now it is clear that some who come (one in a hundred perhaps) think they are the better for it. No priest was with the people, but I was amused with one car-load of people, four nuns with black bonnets and veils, looking so much like four good old Friends' bonnets."

To return to Tuke's pamphlet on Irish Distress: so much has changed in Ireland since 1880, that it would be tedious as well as useless to discuss at length his views of the evils and the remedies. Suffice it to say, that he dwells in detail on the contrast presented by the estates of good resident landlords and of absentees; that he notices the recognition in the language and customs of the country of the tenant right; that he describes the evils arising from the want of fixity of tenure, that he rejects with some warmth the theory that the Irish are, when properly treated, a lazy people, and that he discusses the two rival projects of

emigration and "scattering" with a strong leaning in favour of the former. In fact he was, as he subsequently wrote, "strongly impressed with the necessity of assisting families to emigrate in order to lessen the fearful crowding of those who were attempting to live on small patches of land."[1]

This pamphlet had a great success. It ran through six editions: it attracted much notice in the press, and it was quoted with great respect in more than one debate in the House of Lords. The thoughts that found body in the Land Act of 1881 were then in the air.

On this and on all occasions of his visits to Ireland, Tuke greatly attached to himself those who worked with him; and his correspondence contained abundant proofs of the affection for himself and the stimulus for work which he aroused amongst the various persons with whom he was thus brought into contact.

Some evidences of gratitude for these labours found their way to Tuke. An illiterate scrawl lies before me which, I am sure, touched him much when he received it: "All Mrs. Carol's tenents and the children also send their blessings to Mr. Tuke."

[1] Report on Assisted Emigration, 1891, p. 3.

The importance of emigration had impressed itself on Tuke's mind as the result of this tour. In September (1880) he met at the table of his old friend Forster (then Chief Secretary for Ireland), Sir John Macdonald, the Prime Minister of Canada, and Sir Alexander Galt, the Resident Minister in this country for the Colony, and they discussed together the prospects of a scheme for emigration to Manitoba, then an almost unknown country.[1] Accordingly, Tuke determined to investigate for himself the results of the previous emigrations of the Irish, and the fitness of the north-western districts of Canada for Irish settlers; and in consequence, he sailed in the autumn for America with two of his daughters.

He visited Philadelphia, Ottawa, Toronto (where he felt himself "almost in the old country"), Baltimore (where he speaks of "an aristocratic air . . . in striking contrast to . . . the other American towns"), and Washington (where he was greatly interested in a private interview with President Hayes). He went also to Iowa and Minnesota; and he visited the North-West of Canada with a view of ascertaining whether a proposal of the Canadian Government to place a

[1] Reid's *Life of Forster*, vol. ii. p. 274.

large number of families on that part of their territory, could be safely carried into execution. Tuke, whilst at Ottawa, had interviews with Lord Lorne, the Governor-General, and with the Premier and other members of the Dominion Government, and took part in the preparation of a plan for the emigration and settlement of Irish families, which had the approval of both the English and the Dominion Governments. This ultimately fell through, chiefly in consequence of the Canadian Government's declining to be responsible for the collection of the instalments by which the advances to be made by the home Government were to be repaid.[1]

In his paper entitled "Irish Emigration," published in the *Nineteenth Century* for February 1881,[2] Tuke gave an account of his visit to the States of Iowa and Minnesota, and to our own province of Manitoba in the North-Western Territory. In Minnesota he notices that many a poor Irishman had found a home and an honourable future, under the "Catholic Colonisation Association directed by the splendid energy of

[1] Report upon Assisted Emigration, 1891, p. 4. Tuke's "Reminiscences of Forster," *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, 1889, p. 170.

[2] pp. 358 *et seq.*

Bishop Ireland," and that in Manitoba the Canadian Governments held out most liberal inducements to any who would come and till the soil. He described the great prairie region of North-Western Canada as a waste of fine agricultural country, nearly ten times as large as all Ireland. He then entered upon a detailed consideration of the probable results of immigration into this country, which evidently led to the conclusion in his mind that a well-devised scheme of Irish emigration might be carried into execution with great benefit to both countries: this he thought should be assisted by the English Government; and then came the question by what machinery this should be done—a question which he had discussed with the Governor-General, Sir John Macdonald, and other leading members of the Canadian Government. Three schemes had been suggested,—the joint action of the Imperial and Dominion Governments, a colonisation association to be subsidised by the home Government, and an Imperial emigration commission,—but into this discussion it is not necessary now to enter; for none of the plans ever reached maturity. The way in which, in this essay, he met the difficulty likely to arise from

the Roman Catholic Church is too characteristic to be omitted.

"There remains," he said, "one other point to be noticed, and that not an easy one. In my pamphlet on 'Irish Distress and its Remedies,' I mentioned what is well known, that the Irish priesthood of the Church of Rome frequently object to emigration. It is not necessary to ascribe this, as is often ungenerously done, to their pay depending on the number of their flock, which makes them reluctant to lose any parishioners. The pay is poor enough; and they earn it, for whatever be their failings, the priests look after their people. What they urge is, that in the great American cities men and women become alike demoralised, and lose their simplicity. Their clerical brethren write to them to send no more out. Better, they say, that they should starve at home than run the risk of ruin there. But Bishop Ireland's Association meets this difficulty. The priests go with the people and enter into their interests. Schools and chapels are opened at once, and strict rules are enforced against the sale of spirits. I am glad that I am again supported by the opinion of Lord Dufferin when I say I am convinced that, if there is to be successful emigration

on a large scale from western Ireland, it will be needful for the Government to unite with the priesthood, and to give them every assistance in providing for the religious care and oversight of their people. If priests could be sent with their flocks, it would be money well laid out to afford them a free passage, and a grant of land in their new settlement. In Canada this would be looked on as a perfectly natural arrangement.

"I fear that some of those whose sympathies I should like best to enlist in favour of organised emigration, may take exception to this recognition of the Roman Catholic Church. I can only ask them fully to consider the question as I believe I have done. Conversions from the Romish Church have not been very frequent in Ireland, and are not in the future likely to be more successful among a half-starved peasantry in Connaught than among prosperous settlers in Manitoba. It must surely be admitted that the people are likely to learn more good than evil from their priests, and that in the prairies it is better that they should have their priests than be altogether without religious teachers. At any rate, I am not now proposing any scheme for conversion, but a scheme for lifting up a very poor and miserable class of

people who exist almost at our doors, and making them into prosperous and independent farmers and labourers."[1]

Relief work in Ireland, sad and wearisome as it was for the most part, was not unrelieved by its touches of humour. Mr. H. A. Robinson, a local Government Inspector, and one of Tuke's zealous coadjutors, had been employed in the distribution of seed potatoes purchased by a fund of about £1000, which was, in the spring of 1881, raised for that purpose by members of the Society of Friends; and under date of Bellmullet, 4th April 1881, he wrote to Tuke as follows:—

"I have been daily intending to write and thank you for your very kind letter, but the seed business here has not left me a moment I can call my own for the last month. The number of letters I receive from people asking for seed, averages about six hundred a day. I have forbidden all notes being sent, but it is no use; the people have the most firm belief that 'a writin' is infallible; and, as I will not receive them, they resort to strategy and skilful subterfuge, and pop the 'writins' through the windows, under the doors, and into every available nook and cranny where

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, February 1881, p. 370.

there is the remotest possibility of their meeting my eye. Last week they were sent in the shape of parcels, but that cheat was soon discovered; and this morning, when I took in my boots from outside the hotel door, the toes were crammed with these mysterious missives.

"Yesterday evening, as I was working in the hotel, the whispering outside the window and the scraping of feet apprised me that an outrage was about to be perpetrated, the window was lowered carefully from the outside and a hen was thrust in; there was a hope hurriedly expressed from without that my 'honour would accept it,' and then a stampede of the successful delinquents. It needed only one glance at the graceful gift to see that the hen was the unwilling bearer of about thirty 'writins.'

"The 'writins' themselves are extraordinary specimens, and any of the people that are unable to write repair to a certain scribe, the efficacy of whose effusions is acknowledged.

"The epistles vary in style.

"No. 1, which is the work of Paddy himself, generally is to this effect:—

"'The Barer, Pat Togher, has a long, wake, and helpless family, and hopes, Mr. Robinson,

that your honer will give me a few hundreds of seed potatoes, otherwise he will become an incubus on the Union.'

"No. 2 is the scribe's work, the charge for it is one penny, and it launches forth into expressive language about donning the Union garb and being a charge on the rates.

"No. 3 style costs 2d., and is highly recommended. It commences, 'Right Honourable Colonel Robinson,' and pathetically alludes to the land which is lying waste.

"No. 4 is warranted, and costs 4d., it is enclosed in an envelope and marked 'immediate,' while for 6d. a memorial may be obtained with a large 'humbly showeth' and a still larger 'whereas,' which is literally smothered in flourishes. (This memorial is of known power, and on several occasions has elicited rejoinders from a gintleman at Dublin Castle, saying that it had been afther recaving the consideration of the Lord Lift-inint!)

"I think, however, I have managed to put an end to the 'fetish' of the scribe, as all persons with letters I have told to wait till Friday.

"I never saw any people so overwhelming in their protestations of gratitude as they are to 'them that's sending the potatoes.' If ever you

come to Erris again, or if your co-subscribers come, you will meet with a warm reception.

"Rivers will be netted for you, mountains will be poached in your honour, poteen will be publicly made for your especial delectation, and God help the unlucky landlord, policeman, or *gauger* that will *dar* to interfere with the grateful acknowledgment of a thankful peasantry, to the grandest gintleman that iver kem amongst them."

In August 1881 the Irish Land Act of that year received the Royal assent. It contained a clause authorising the application of a sum of £200,000 in assisting emigration; but it required that this should be done through the medium of contracts with some State colony, public body, or public company, and the loan was to be made on good security: these and other requirements rendered the clause, to Tuke's great disappointment, entirely inoperative. The sum was never touched, and the section authorising its application was repealed in 1891 (Purchase of Land (Ireland) Act 1891, sect. 35).

The autumn of 1881 again saw Tuke at work in the west of Ireland—for the purpose of making further enquiries as to the feasibility of sending out families, and as to the wishes of the people on the subject.

One letter to his sister Esther, dated Bellmullet, County Mayo, 8th October 1881, may show how Tuke felt in working over old and familiar ground.

"Here I am once more in this remote corner of the west of Ireland. It is thirty-four years since I was here before in the dreadful winter of 1847, when I had to come down here to substantiate the statements made in my 1847 pamphlet about those terrible evictions of the Mullaroghe people; and this is the little sitting-room in the small inn, into which last spring the people pushed the hen to Mr. Robinson, with forty begging letters under her wings, for the 'pitaties' without which they and their small families 'would become an incubus on the parish.' That £1000 which we raised last spring[1] has been the salvation of these people so far as their bodies are concerned; would that it was their souls also that could be as easily reached! In the market under our windows are groups of men and women—the country women with bright kerchiefs over their heads, and dark brown or red skirts, and often minus shoes and stockings. Many are selling fish, and we hear them chaffering and counting them out in Gaelic. Others have

[1] This was the fund in the distribution of which Mr. Robinson was employed.—E. F.

baskets and donkey-loads of potatoes, the result of the seed sent in spring, which has produced a wonderful crop. To-day there is a great surplus, and they are selling at 3d. per stone—2s. per cwt. —in the market. If thou wast here thy pencil would be busy, or brush rather, taking sketches of the picturesque groups in the grounds. As I walked among them a short time ago, I heard them saying, 'That's the good gentleman that sent us the seed—long life to him,' etc. And this morning our landlady told me, 'The people would have made an illumination if they had known you were here; it was too late when you came, it was thought, but to-night there is to be a bonfire and I know not what else'—which will be a nuisance.

"I have had a long talk with 'Father ——,' the priest of a wild country district, with about 900 parishioners spread over mountain and loch, among whom Irish is the chief language; he was wanting help for his schools, or rather to establish schools, for many districts are without. The priest is a simple sort of man, with the vice probably of his parishioners, fondness for 'potheen,' which they distil largely. He is the man who, often falling a victim to the glass, became a teetotaller and

destroyed all his whisky, and when a few days after some gentlemen called, bewailing his condition that he could not offer them anything 'moist,' he wound up by offering them a Seidlitz-powder. Does dearest Maria recollect my coming down here in 1847, just after I was engaged to darling E——, when the landlords were so angry with me for what I had written that they threatened to horsewhip me, and my letters were directed James Hack, so as to prevent my name being known? Now the tables are indeed turned, and the people horsewhip, *i.e.* shoot, the landlords. The condition of the country in this respect is most serious, not so much in actual killing, but in the many attempts and combinations for this object, as well as the non-payment of rent, among the people. Yesterday, during our long, weary car-drive of sixty miles across the bogs of Erris, we halted at the end of about thirty-five miles at a gentleman's house, who most kindly gave us lunch and food for our horses. He was living alone, and always armed, and his words as we left in the drizzly, dull evening for the rest of the journey were, 'Good-bye, gentlemen, you're the only people here who can travel without *fear* of being shot!' no doubt an exaggeration, but with sufficient truth in it to give food for much

thought about the state of a people within thirty hours of London."

The position of things in the west of Ireland in the winter of 1881-82 was this: the various charitable funds and extra Government assistance given to tide over the two previous disastrous years were exhausted, and the people were left face to face with their poverty. Few rents had been paid, notices of eviction were served in all directions, and scores of families were turned out of their miserable holdings to linger on the roadside in such shelter as they could find or could put together. His visit to Canada during the previous year had convinced Tuke of the enormous demand then existing for labour, and of the prosperity of the greater part of those who had previously left Ireland. To his mind, which, as we have seen, had long been brooding on the subject, it appeared clear that the emigration of suitable families, with arrangements for their voyage, their reception in America, and their transfer to selected destinations, was at any rate one remedy which might be attempted; but how was it to be done?

In July 1882 Tuke was again in Galway making further enquiries into the condition of the west.

To his daughters he wrote from Glendalough House on 26th February 1882 :—

"The mist and rain shut out the lovely view from this little house and give a dismal enough aspect to the 'face of Nature,' perhaps somewhat in unison with the sad scenes I witnessed two days ago a few miles from here, near Carna. Seventy or eighty families have been evicted here by Mr. Berridge. They were turned out of their little houses just after Christmas, and since that have been living by the roadside or crowded together in other huts, and now many have made for themselves little 'housheen'—how pretty the diminutive is. These are literally trenches cut out of the soil against some huge stone or boulder, which serves for a wall on one side, and the sods cut out for the other wall or roof. The door is the only means of giving light, and serving also for a chimney in many. In these bog-holes men, women, children, and babies are living—five or eight in a family—lying on the straw generally, though in some the old bed has been built into the hovel, and in one case the dresser formed the end and gable of the dwelling. In one a poor man was ill, in another a child, lying on the bare ground. The ground wet and saturated with filth around, completes the picture—no,

nothing but an experience could complete the picture, or rather the reality—and I think the most pitiable part of the scene was that of strong men crouching down with the children over the bit of scant fire, absolutely idle and helpless—week after week, day after day, with no resource but the gloomy reflection and sense of misery and despair as to the future—for what is to become of them? Into the house they will not go, really I believe they would die in these 'housheen' rather than do so. I tried to persuade one man who was ill and whose wife expected to be confined soon, who had five children, to go in, but all to no use. At present they have a little food, some relief being given by the Union, and some having a little money left. They offered one year's rent, but owing three, it was refused.

"I am here with Mr. Robinson, whose kindness and desire to serve these poor people it is delightful to see."

Glendalough, from whence the last letter was dated, was a place to which Tuke was specially attached: of the Easter Sunday of this year, 1882, spent there, Tuke thus wrote:[1]—

"And how would such a quiet day as this Easter Sunday on which I write be valued by the

[1] "With the Emigrants," *Nineteenth Century*, July 1882, pp. 140-142.

thousands who have sought in an infinite variety of places—too crowded alas !—to gain the rest and refreshment for brain and body which the perpetual strain of our great cities increasingly necessitates ! Perhaps a solitude too great for most, but the beauty of the surroundings and the charm of this Connemara scenery prevents its intense solitude, at least for a day or two, from being oppressive. There are, I need hardly say, no tourists in Connemara now, though, as the boatman urges, 'any gentleman might lie down and sleep peaceably in the woods.' One 'fishing gentleman' had been for a few days at the hotel, and gone. Except an official passing now and then, no one had been staying there since my visit a month ago. To-day, basking in the full sunshine, how lovely, in its first touch of spring, is the scenery around ! Look from the window across the little slope of grass with the fringe of trees to the left, just budding into life. How perfect is the stillness of the loch, with the shadow of the big mountain reflected on its bosom ; how beautiful even the wide stretch of bog beyond, to-day illuminated and rejoicing in the sun up to the very foot of the steep slopes of the Connemara Pins ; their gray sides, devoid of herbage, almost glittering in the sunshine, whilst

the sharp, clear outlines are thrown forward in bold relief against the pale blue sky. Not unlike in shape and colour, I have often thought, to the outlines of the lowest range of the Alpine spurs which touch the shores of the Mediterranean at Mentone.

"But with this sunshine it is impossible to remain indoors, and a few steps take you into the rocky wood which nearly surrounds the hotel, and thence into the wide, open, elevated plateau of bog and moor which stretches for miles to the southern coast of Galway. But as you pass through the strip of wood it is impossible not to be struck with the variety and exquisite beauty of the mosses and ferns (just showing their new fronds) which everywhere abound, luxuriating in this moist, mild climate. There, too, in the rocky crevices the Saxifraga (London Pride) and the Hymenophyllum abound, with other rare ferns.

"And beyond this belt of wood, which ceases so suddenly that you are assured you are indebted chiefly for this rarity to the hand of some former possessor of the estate, you are on the bog. It is needful carefully to pick your way, to avoid the swampy holes, in order to reach one of the rocky heights which stand boldly out of the turf around.

And when there, what a panorama is spread before you!

"To the west the chain of little lochs which flow through the valley past Ballynahinch and its old robber castle till they find an outlet among rocks and surge on the Atlantic coast. Northward the chain of the Connemara mountains, commencing at the coast, which almost fills up the more distant horizon, and as the eye sweeps along their bold outline they drop down in the valley in which Lough Inagh—the loveliest of Connemara lakes—is lying; and, again retreating further inland, the heights of Maamturk fill up the eastern distance. How snug and peaceful the scattered cottages of Lasoghta look—almost the only sign of human life visible—with the green patch beside them marking the strata in which the marble quarries of Connemara are *found*, rather than worked.

"Immediately below you the fringe of green larches dips down to a tiny lake almost embowered in their branches, and then, again, other small lochs, their outline partially hidden by the trees on this side, but ever beyond the miles of brown turf bog, all to-day illuminated by the sun.

"Except the slight breeze which ever haunts a height in the stillest day, there is perfect calm;

not a cloud to show that we are in Ireland. The magpie, flying high in the air in perfect enjoyment of the day, descending suddenly, as by some unseen ladder, with its tail outspread, utters its sharp cry to its mate on the nest in the larches beneath, and the plaintive 'wee-wee' of the sandpiper and harsher note of the oyster-catcher are the only sounds which break the stillness of this perfect day, which breathes nothing but peace. There are those to whom, alas! this sunshine must seem, in some degree, a bitter mockery. But it is with the people, and not with the scenery, of Connemara that I am now concerned, and I can imagine some one asking, Is this one of the congested districts from which it is needful to remove a population too numerous for the land to support?"

In April 1882 Tuke published, in the *Contemporary Review*, a paper entitled "Ought Emigration from Ireland to be Assisted?" and in it he brought to bear his knowledge both of Ireland and of America; of the Irish as seen in Connemara and of the Irish as seen in Manitoba. It was a powerful argument in favour of assisting emigration from the West Coast. He pointed out that in the five counties washed by the Atlantic Ocean, Donegal, Mayo, Galway, Clare, and Kerry, a population of a

little over a million was living upon 158,000 holdings, of which nearly half were rated under £4, and nearly another third of the whole at £10 and under; and that on such holdings as these human life cannot decently be maintained without some additional source of income, which never was forthcoming. "It matters not," he said, "whether a tenant has fixity of tenure or being a peasant proprietor has no rent to pay; he cannot, unless he has some other source of income, live and bring up a family on a small farm of ten or fifteen acres."[1] He went on to show that, for tenants of such farms, the Land Legislation had in fact done and could do nothing; that to purchase their holdings was beyond their power, even if the fee simple would have been any blessing to them; that reclamation was too costly and the land too poor; and that there remained, in his opinion, as the only remedy, emigration to a more favoured land. He then proceeded to show the inadequacy of existing legislation, whether under the Land Act of 1881, or the Irish Poor Relief Act; he confuted, with details drawn from his own experience, the assertion that the people had no desire to emigrate; he showed the success which

[1] p. 695.

had attended many cases in which voluntary emigration had been assisted, especially in the Catholic colonies of Minnesota and Iowa under the guidance of Bishop Ireland, and the colonies under the management of Mr. John Sweetman; and he dwelt upon the labours of Mr. Vere Foster in aiding the emigration to America of young Irish girls.

The plan which he advocated was the use of the Poor Law Boards as the agencies to conduct voluntary emigration, and the passing of an Act empowering the Treasury to make special advances to the Unions, for the sole purpose of aiding voluntary emigration, the amount advanced to be repayable in twenty-five years at a nominal rate of interest.

In the concluding paragraphs of his paper, it is not difficult to see that Tuke was already anticipating opposition from some who posed as Ireland's greatest friends. "Surely" he said, "if any of the so-called 'leaders of the people' of Ireland, had any article to dispose of, at present valueless in Ireland, but priceless in America, they would not hesitate to transfer or take it there. To them 'Ireland for the Irish' would then indeed be deemed a meaningless cry. But is it less

meaningless when that article is labour, and the alternatives beggary, or independence and comfort?

"Much false and merely sentimental talk has been indulged in by certain parties, to the infinite injury of the impoverished people. Who ever affects to speak of 'banishment' or 'expatriation' in reference to the multitudes of Englishmen who yearly go abroad to 'seek their fortunes,' and who, following in the footsteps of their forefathers, have helped to colonise and civilise the world? And in the greatness of such enterprises have not Irishmen had their full share? Who regards with pity the founders of that great Western Commonwealth, whose descendants welcome with open arms all comers from the Old World?

"We may justly regret the necessity which the changed conditions of agriculture, or the impoverished soil and climate and small holdings, or any other causes combined, impose upon Irishmen to leave their native land; but to oppose the departure of thousands, who are unable to obtain a decent livelihood in Ireland, to a country which offers them land at the lowest price, and at the same time gives the highest price for the labour they have to dispose of, seems alike short-sighted and impolitic. Just as well might they oppose

the exportation of the thousands of tons of Irish potatoes now leaving for New York, and proclaim that they should be left to rot at home.

"Unpatriotic do you call it? It is the law written on the human race; the law which drew Abraham from his native land; the law which, written on the minds of the great Aryan family, led them to descend from their eastern homes to people and fertilise the plains of Europe; the law which led Columbus and Vasco da Gama, and a host of others, to search for and to point out the great New World; the law which has impelled and is now impelling tens of thousands of people of all nationalities in Europe to surge forth with increasing volume, in that great wave of humanity which breaks upon the shores of the Western World, not to devastate, but to fertilise and bless. And in that vast gathering of all European races which goes to form the great American nation, Ireland may well be proud to have contributed her full quota; and, spite of some omens to the contrary, the world may be congratulated that both the sentiment and the vivacity of the Irish race will thus be perpetuated, and will help to mould the character of the great English Republic of the future."

Tuke's efforts were at last beginning to tell:

several public men gave much thought to the subject, and communicated with him; and on 31st March 1882, a meeting of several influential persons was held at the Duke of Bedford's house, and by his invitation, to consider the question of emigration from the west of Ireland. Amongst others, Sir Alexander Galt, the representative in London of Canada, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. Whitbread, and Mr. Rathbone, took part in the proceedings. A letter was read from Mr. W. E. Forster, at that time Chief Secretary for Ireland, warmly approving of the object of the meeting, but holding out no expectation of Government aid, at least at first. Tuke at this meeting gave an account of his recent visit to the west of Ireland, and argued for emigration of families as the effective remedy. He pointed out that it was better to assist emigrants to places where work could be obtained for them, than to attempt a system of colonisation; for the experience of Father Nugent and Mr. Sweetman had shown that emigrants placed on settlements are apt to leave their locations for the big towns and the high wages, and that the cost of colonisation per head was four times as much as that of simple emigration.

Tuke's plan met with hearty approval; a considerable sum was subscribed on the spot; a committee was formed, and Tuke was requested at once to visit Ireland to select emigrants and carry into effect the necessary local work. The fund established at this meeting was subsequently known as "Mr. Tuke's Fund."

CHAPTER V

1882–1883

Preparations for emigration—Plan of the work—Sailing of emigrant ships—Second marriage—Renewed labours in 1883—Clothing of emigrants—Difficulties—Incidents of the work—Arrival of emigrants in America.

At the end of the last chapter we left Tuke placed, by the liberality and co-operation of friends, in a position to try the experiment of assisted family emigration on which he had so long set his heart; he was on the threshold of the work, with a view to which he had made such prolonged and careful studies of the condition of things both in Ireland and in America.

Immediately after the meeting at the Duke of Bedford's house, Tuke was in Liverpool making enquiries for emigrant ships, and thence he went to Ireland and spent seven weeks in the business. The operations were confined to the three poorest Unions of the west: Clifden in County Galway, and

Newport and Bellmullet in County Mayo. He placed himself at once in communication with the relieving officers and other Poor Law authorities, and drove over the country making enquiries as to who was desirous to emigrate, and visiting the people who had been evicted in the early part of the year. One day arriving at Rosturk Castle, he found a great number of applicants, chiefly from Achil Island, already awaiting him. In one week 1276 persons had got enrolled as candidates for emigration.

It is evident that to carry through the scheme of emigration which had thus started into existence required an extensive organisation. There was the selection of the proper people ; the bringing them at the right moment, neither too early nor too late, to the place of embarkation ; the provision of proper clothing; the procuring of proper transit across the Atlantic ; and at the port of arrival, of proper care and means of transport to the actual places of abode. All these things Tuke did, and did with success : in no instance was any family too late, though some only arrived in the morning of the day on which the steamer left. He had lists of candidates prepared from the different districts of the Union, and these he went

through with the Clerk of the Union, and finally settled who should go; he gave to the selected ones notice of the time of their departure; he got the emigrants into Galway just in time to start—transporting men, women, and abundance of little children, over a country without a railway in it, and for distances usually from fifty to sixty miles; he provided for their clothing; he procured the calling of special steamers in Galway Bay; he entered into arrangements with the Government of Canada which, through its agents, met and provided labour for the comparatively few emigrants who went to Canada; and through a personal friend he made provision that the emigrants arriving at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia should be looked after. On 4th May his first consignment sailed from Galway.

This sailing of the first emigrant ship from the west with Tuke's emigrants may be almost considered as an epoch in the work. Of it he thus wrote:—

"You will, I know, have been much interested to hear by telegram of the successful departure of the 350 emigrants in the *Nepigon*. She arrived here about seven, and lay in the bay nearly a mile from the quay. The tug, with its first freight of

200 poor Connemara people, was soon alongside. The confusion and searches for missing children, bundles of clothing, etc., were considerable, though perhaps not greater than might have been expected. The wish to change the place of destination on the tickets, the anxiety to know that the ticket was all right on the part of those who could not read, the sense that they were committing their all and their future to an unknown and distant world, doubtless troubled and disturbed many, and led to an endless amount of questioning and little difficulties. Then, again, some families who had been expected to come did not arrive, and others had been substituted ; two or three brought other members of the family (or near relations), who had not been put down, earnestly begging for them to be accepted at the last moment. One girl went into a paroxysm of grief because a sister was not allowed to go with her, and when she was admitted went into another because a brother was not allowed. This was too much ; and she became so excited that she and her bundles were at length replaced on the tender. But, on the whole, the affair was very well and quietly ordered. The greatest trouble really was, that after all we had done to clothe the people, many came up utterly

unfit to travel. The £3, £5, or £6 allowed had not been sufficient; and had it not been that Father Stephen went back in the tug, and then returned in a sailing-boat with two or three bundles for the captain to distribute towards the end of the voyage, many would have left very poorly provided for."[1]

A fortnight later he writes :—

"The third and largest batch of Connemara emigrants, numbering in all 430 persons, had, with the invaluable aid of Major Gaskell, been gathered together, and by car, or omnibus, or hooker,[2] were, with no little difficulty, collected in readiness for the *Winnipeg*, appointed to sail the following morning. Punctual to her time, at five the following morning, her steam whistle told us that she was in the bay—that all hands were needed. It is not needful to describe that which is involved in the collection from the lodging-houses, the exchange of tickets, the transfer of so many men, women, and children from the tug to the steamer, and the final shake-down on board. Suffice it to say, that with the aid of Major Gaskell, two Dublin gentlemen who became interested in the

[1] *Contemporary Review*, April 1882, p. 15.

[2] A boat used on the coast of Connaught.—E. F.

work, and gave us much valuable help, the officers of the ship, and our own hard-working assistants, it was done after six hours strenuous toil, and with cheers the emigrants left—left on their voyage of discovery to the New World. Through the kindness of Father Nugent of Liverpool, the Rev. J. O'Donnell, R.C. chaplain of the Liverpool Workhouse, had been induced to take charge of them." [1]

The continued demand for emigration, and the success of the first shipments, induced the Committee of the Tuke Fund, in June 1882, to memorialise the Government to lend some assistance towards their work. It was in consequence of this representation that in the Arrears Act of 1882 a clause was inserted whereby a part of £100,000 was made over to the Irish executors for emigration purposes.

The work of emigration not only brought to Tuke abundant labour and pressing cares; it also brought him a great blessing and happiness in the person of his second wife.

Miss Georgina Mary Kennedy, a daughter of Evory Kennedy, M.D., and Deputy-Lieutenant of County Dublin, had for some time taken a warm and practical interest in emigration; the possession of

[1] *Contemporary Review*, 1882, pp. 15-16.

common friends and a common interest made them acquainted. A great moralist of antiquity has said that every friendship is formed about something: the something in the present case was emigration.

On 9th November 1882, Mr. Tuke and Miss Kennedy were married in London in her father's drawing-room, as neutral ground between a Church and a Quakers' meeting. They spent some time in the south of France, from whence they were recalled by the serious illness of Tuke's daughter, Mrs. Lindsell.

Of the £100,000 voted by Parliament for emigration purposes, more than a quarter was by the Lord-Lieutenant placed at the disposal of the Committee of Mr. Tuke's Fund, and in addition he requested them to undertake the charge of the Union of Bellmullet, and parts of the Unions of Newport, Clifden, and Oughterard. Tuke, now accompanied by his wife, thenceforward his assiduous fellow-worker, was again in the field of labour, and after conferences in London and Dublin with various authorities, he was found on 13th February 1883 at Westport, County Mayo, where he met his old fellow-labourer, Major Gaskell, and two new labourers in the persons of Mr. Sydney Buxton and Captain

Ruttledge Fair. The district placed by Government under the care of the Committee was divided into three parts, and the care of these was assigned as follows: Oughterard to Major Gaskell, Bellmullet to Mr. Sydney Buxton and Captain Ruttledge Fair, and after the first season to the Captain alone; the Union of Clifden was the district which Tuke undertook. In this work he spent more than three months, assisted by Messrs. Hodgkin and Higgins during portions of the time. "The amount of detail in connection with the emigration work can," wrote Tuke in his report, "hardly be estimated, and caused a strain and perpetual tension of mind and body, only made possible by the sense of the benefit which was conferred on these poor people, and which they so evidently felt and constantly acknowledged." [1]

One of the difficulties which showed itself in a pronounced form this year was that of procuring suitable clothing for the emigrants. This was met by the establishment, at each of the local centres of the work, of a clothing store, from which the emigrants were supplied with suitable clothing.

"The work of clothing the emigrants," writes Mrs. Tuke, "was perfectly organised and carried

[1] p. 74.

out by Mr. C. Taylor Kelly of Messrs. Pim's of Dublin. The garments, etc., were supplied by Tuke's old and valued friends the Pims, and were admirable both in make and quality. The difficulty of organising this branch of the work was extreme, and frequently obliged Mr. Kelly to travel all night on cars, in order to be up to time at some remote centre. Once in later times, when the work was 'boycotted' in one district, Mr. Kelly had to travel with his goods stored round him on one of the rough country carts a distance of thirty or forty miles."

Of the method of carrying on the emigration work in 1883, Mrs. Tuke writes as follows :—

"A large blue list of candidates was prepared by the Relieving Officer and sanctioned by the Clerk of the Union. Mr. Tuke, with his secretary, Mr. Hodgkin, and I went carefully through this, with the help of the Relieving Officer and any other reliable local authority, priest or doctor, etc. The emigrants were then interviewed when possible at their homes, but as this often involved too much time, generally in some local centre, the 'Board-room' at Clifden, Dispensary at Letterfrack, or our inn at Carna, etc. Mr. Tuke sat at the head of the table and enquired of each emigrant

about his means, holding, family, clothing, in fact asked all possible questions; his secretary sat at one side taking notes of the replies, and I at the other noting certain particulars—Mr. Tuke himself making notes also. The lists were then carefully compared, and discrepancies marked, enquiries made, etc., and then the pink shipping lists were made out. Necessary clothing and its cost was also listed, and every particular recorded. And from these pink lists the money orders and amounts, passage tickets, etc., were taken. One of my duties was to try and detect what were called by the people themselves *sobstitutes*, as I was supposed to have the faculty of seeing family traits, etc. According to the rule laid down by Mr. Tuke and the Committee of the Fund, the families of the emigrants had to be chosen for their fitness, not only in health, but there had to be a certain proportion of bread-winners to helpless members, and this rule was very strictly kept. Sometimes the people, knowing this, would substitute one or even two strong young people—a neighbour's boy or girl—to make up the proportion, and these were what were called the *sobstitutes*, and of course had to be eliminated, as, on landing on the other side, they would have

been off to work on their own account. By means of the above plans of work, three lists were kept, and at any moment we could refer to them for every particular—size of holding, amount of stock, crop, or cattle, were all entered and verified. The system was complete, and we frequently had to prove it, as questions were continually being asked in the House of Commons. Often on our busiest days, telegrams from Sir George Trevelyan, or whoever was the Chief Secretary, would come asking those questions, the answers to which had to be hunted up and wired at once. The kindness and consideration of Mr. Tuke's manner to the people was wonderful, considering the amount of work that had to be got through, and the frequent difficulty of the conversations, having often to be carried on through an interpreter; he was always so firm and gentle with them, and won their confidence at once. I never saw him impatient, though he was often tried.

"Sometimes, owing to the long distances that the emigrants had to be brought to Galway for the sailings, it was very late at night, or early in the morning when they arrived. When the sound of the wheels or creaking of the carts announced the arrival of one of these belated parties, Mr. Tuke

seemed to realise their advent even in his dreams; and how often I have seen him by the early morning light peering through the windows, and calling out to the drivers where to go with their people. One night I remember so well—when Mr. Hodgkin (his faithful and most untiring helper) had had the care of the arrangements, and one of these late parties arrived in Galway—Mr. Tuke was up in a moment and going to call Howard Hodgkin, when it suddenly occurred to him that he did not know which room he was in. 'Never mind,' he said, 'I'll find him out'; so he proceeded, in the most inhuman manner, to knock at every door down the passage, to the great wrath and loudly expressed indignation of their occupants. I never heard anything so comical, door after door was knocked loudly at, and sleepy swears came in response; but in the end Howard was found, and Mr. Tuke returned triumphant."

Of a shipment of emigrants in 1883, and of the needful preliminary labours, Mrs. Tuke's notes give us the following picture :—

"*Glendalough, Monday, 19th March* 1883.—Carriage at the door at 10, and off we start on a bright undecided morning to Letterfrack by Lough Inagh and through the pass by the Lakes. Snow on the

summits of all the high mountains and the whole scene lovely. Only passed two men in the twelve miles' drive! and this is a 'congested district.' Letterfrack soon after 12. Met Father M'Andrew (very civil and advising) on the road. S. Joyce, relieving officer, and Peter King ready, and Mr. Kelly, our clothing inspector, waiting at the inn. Mr. Tuke and I and the others set to work hard at lists till 4, when we allowed ourselves a break for lunch (tea and bread and jam most refreshing). Mr. Kelly had meanwhile arranged the clothing in the 'Court House,' where he and I received the accepted emigrants, and gave them their sailing tickets, etc. Hard, anxious work this selecting is, and we had so many more applications than could be granted for the steamer of the 23rd. Those that are *elect* are so happy and thankful. They are to come in to-morrow for clothing! Worked till 7.30, then a hurried dinner. Soon after 8 the police sergeant and a constable came by appointment to see Mr. Tuke, and we had a curious interview! The sergeant, very tall and thin, with a striking face and quiet manner, walked to the door, ran his thumb along to see that it was close shut, then the conversation began, carried on in whispers. The sergeant took from his breast

pocket a list of names of persons who were suspected by the police of complicity in some of the recent murders committed in this district. This list he handed to Mr. Tuke, who immediately compared it with his list, and noted any names that were on both. None of the names on the police list were to be sent abroad. No name was spoken, as few words as possible were uttered, and with the same silence and mystery the sergeant and his constable left ; and indeed these precautions were not unnecessary, as everybody in the place seemed to be more or less in the ring. Mystery and anxiety were on every face, and men looked over their shoulders to see who was within earshot before they would answer a question! Let me give some instances of the condition. The bright-eyed, ragged little girl who was employed by the Post Office as telegraph messenger, was sister of the two young Walshes of Letterfrack, one of whom was hanged for the murder, under peculiarly painful circumstances, of a shepherd on the hill above, named Lydon, and the other was imprisoned for complicity in the death of Kavanagh, the constable who had been engaged to investigate the Lydon business. The nice, gentle-looking maid who waited on us at our inn, and

the man who drove the hotel car, were brother and sister of a very pleasant-spoken lad, who, now under suspicion of the murder of Kavanagh, was subsequently arrested and imprisoned, but full proof was wanting. This lad applied to Mr. Tuke for help to emigrate, but of course it could not be given at present, though he was sent out later on. A number of young men who had asked most urgently for emigration help when we were here last month were not forthcoming this time, and it transpired that on its becoming known, in the meantime, that James Carey had turned informer about the Phœnix Park murders, many of them who had belonged to the Patriotic Brotherhood, of which there had been a strong branch here, had scraped together some money and fled to America for fear of unpleasant revelations. It was proved at the trial of the Phœnix Park people that the connection was very close between the 'Invincibles' and Letterfrack. Two shopkeepers of this place came to Mr. Tuke with a long list of their debts and debtors, fearful that some of the latter might be emigrated. Mr. Tuke went through the list, and happily did not find any of his people on them.

"*Tuesday*, 20*th March*.—Immediately after breakfast Mr. Tuke and the relieving officer worked

again at lists and interviewing, while Mr. Kelly, Peter King, and I distributed clothing to the 120 people who are to start in the *Phœnician* on the 23rd. It was hard work. Mr. Kelly checked lists and 'clerked.' Peter King talked and marshalled, while I distributed, sometimes knee-deep in shifts and petticoats. We were in the Court House. The people entered at one door and passed out at the other. Some families had to be clothed from head to foot, having nothing fit for use of their own. Others only wanted part clothing. They showed wonderful honesty generally in saying what they had and what they required, and were in most cases very grateful, only one very ugly girl declined one of the hats as 'too dowdy.' Frequently, when leaving, the heads of the families turned back from the door, shook hands warmly, and thanked Mr. Kelly and me for all our trouble. Mr. Tuke meanwhile was hard at work settling accounts and arranging landing money. By 5.30 the last family was clothed, and we all helped to pack up what was left for transportation to Clifden for next week's start.

"*Wednesday*, 21*st March*.—Mr. Tuke and I finished up lists and estimates, and he gave final exact instructions to P. King and S. Joyce, who are

to be in charge of the emigrants' cars on the long march to Galway on Thursday—over fifty Irish miles! Mr. Kelly takes the clothing to Clifden to-day, and goes on himself to help Major Gaskell, who will, Mr. Tuke fears, be sore pressed at Galway.

"At Clifden, Mr. Tuke had long talk with John Burke at the Union, and received there a deputation of ten shoemakers to present an address of thanks for employment given. They had contracted to make 160 pairs of boots for emigrants, but alas! Mr. Kelly, who was not to be deceived, discovered that a considerable number of the Clifden hand-made boots were 'pegged' boots from Northampton! We had to take Mr. Kelly, and a lot of emigrants' blankets, on our carriage to Glendalough, as his car had failed him.

"*Thursday*, 22*nd March*.—Left Glendalough, 11. Looking out on the road for emigrants. Found the Galway cars waiting at Recess for the 'Letterfracks.' A gray, bitter March day, so different from the blue lakes, red-brown bogs, purple near mountains, and distant snows of last evening.

"Mr. Tuke ordered tea for the perished car-drivers. About 12, two cars appeared with families on them, so we started for Oughterard, leaving the rest to follow. Miss Murphy, the innkeeper at

Oughterard, gave us her usual welcome, and her inn was as pleasant as ever. Two kind fishing gentlemen from Glendalough were so keenly interested in our proceedings they vanished out of two doors, and reappeared each presenting a handsome cheque 'to help the good work.' Got on to Galway at 5, and found Major Gaskell and Mr. Howard Hodgkin already at work. I was set down to write landing money-orders. Mr. Tuke flew about in every direction seeing to everything. Peter King and the Letterfracks turned up at 9, and were seen safely to their lodgings in Galway.

"*Good Friday*, 23*rd March*.—Came at last; our first sailing. All hard at work completing lists at 1. Father Kane of Rossmuick appeared with Mrs. Nee and seven children in tow; had £15 in hand from husband to fetch her to Boston. Sudden consultation. Could it be done by 2? Yes. Off goes Major Gaskell with the ladies to a shop. Mr. Kelly takes the boys to the store. 10 A.M. word came, *Phœnician* passed Slyne Head; arrive Galway 1.30. Rushed down to the quay with Mr. Tuke, calling at the store to see Mr. Kelly 'fitting on.' A large crowd assembled on the quay, and the tender, 'Citie of the Tribes,' waiting for Mr. Tuke's people. Got on bridge of tender, where were

Captain Browne of the *Phœnician* (the well-known Atlantic Browne of the Allan line) and others. A long wait while the people hustled and hugged each other, and the police shoved about. At last, half our people got on board, and off we go. Bumped against the pier, knocked off a beam, and steamed away in the sunshine over a glassy sea towards *Phœnician*, which stood up grandly out of the water.

"Half an hour brought us to the big ship, and we were on board in a moment. Then Peter King marshalled our people on board the 'Citie,' and we stood by the gangway, and as ours came on board we handed each head of family his note for 'landing' money. Then the tender went back to shore for the rest of the emigrants. The luggage meanwhile came off in hookers, and was hauled on board.

"Mr. Tuke inspected the ship with Allan's agent, Mr. Grant. Mr. Hodgkin and I visited, with the head steward, the emigrants' quarters. Then all on deck, and talked with our people, all arrayed in order. A rope was drawn across the deck. The purser stood on one side with Mr. Grant and Mr. Tuke, while on the other stood the ship and shore doctors, and each head of family was given his ticket-paper, and each emigrant was examined

by the doctors as he or she passed. Then the people were cleared to one end, and the sea kits, blankets, and mattresses, piled on deck, were distributed. Then the 'tender' came up with the second party, and in about an hour the *Phœnician* got up steam, and we cleared off amid cheers and farewells, and great waving of hats, hands, and handkerchiefs. 'You and Mr. Tuke are like a father and mother to us all,' said one poor woman as she wrung my hand at the last."

Another vivid picture out of the west of Ireland during this emigration work is thus drawn by Mrs. Tuke in her notes :—

"During the emigration work, one day we had been at an outlying village in the district interviewing emigrants from 12 till 6 P.M., during which time hundreds of people had been imploring to be 'sent out of their misery.' A finer set of people I have never seen. Whole groups of men, standing six feet and over, with dark eager eyes, and keen well-cut features, with women and children to match, all clothed in the home-made white flannel of the district — such men as, had they been Prussian instead of British, would, in the days of old Frederick Wilhelm, have been kidnapped for the King's Guard, and all having hardly

any 'English,' with whom we had to converse through an interpreter. At last, after 6, we started on our way home, and had gone a mile or two when we met the priest on his car, who stopped us, and the following conversation between him and Mr. Tuke took place :—

"*Priest.* Well, Mr. 'Tchuke,' I'm glad to see ye well, but you're doing a lot of mischief in this place!

"*Mr. Tuke.* How is that, Father X——? pray tell me.

"*Priest.* Well, in consequence of the emigration of all the young and strong, the bone and sinew of the place, about *one hundred* families have had to go into the Clifden Workhouse quite lately.

"*Mr. Tuke.* A hundred families, Father—500 persons! that is a serious charge, especially as we do not send *singles!* With very few exceptions, all our people go in families.

"*Priest.* Well, I'm quite sure *fifty* families have gone into the Union, 'anny way!'

"*Mr. Tuke.* Fifty families, Father—250 persons!

"*Priest.* Well, I'm sure of that number; it's Gospel truth.

"*Mr. Tuke.* Well, Father, I shall be in Clifden

to-morrow, and shall make it my business to find out the exact number in the Union from A——.

"So, with nods and wreathed smiles, we parted. The following day we went to Clifden and saw John Burke, the Clerk of the Union, a wonderful person in every way,—a tall man, weighing about seventeen to twenty stone, always to be found standing at his desk, hard at work. He had a strength of character and a courage rarely to be met with anywhere, but most unusual in the west of Ireland.

"*Mr. Tuke.* Well, Mr. Burke, I am sorry to hear of the great and sudden increase of persons who have come into the Union lately from A——.

"*John Burke.* What do ye mean, Mr. Tuke? We have no sudden increase of people from A——.

"*Mr. Tuke.* But Father X—— assured me only yesterday that 250 persons have come in quite lately.

"Mr. Burke turned over the A—— list with his finger, and remarked: 'If you want to know the exact number, we have just the usual 25 old chronic cases from A——, and not a soul more.'

"So much for 'Gospel truth.'"

Another glimpse of the work may be gathered from the following extracts of a letter from Tuke to Mr. Buxton :—

"BELLMULLET, *Friday* [*May* 1883].

"You may like to have a line from this place to-day, as Captain Fair will not be able to write before the post leaves. Yesterday was passed, as all days before the sailing of the ship are spent, in an infinite variety of interviews, 'doings and undoings,'—emigrants who wished not to, others who at the last moment wished 'to lave by the next ship'; husbands who wished to leave the 'wake' family 'behint'; wives who wanted to go without the husband, who declared he would not go: 'couldn't make up his mind, and why, because he was entirely wake and wanted to be abed for a fortnight,' had vowed to 'perform a station' before he left home, 'had some earnings owing to him which he would lose,' and many other possible or impossible reasons for not going as the wife and family wished him to do. Then a long scene between a virago country shopkeeper and dolt of a husband, who sat dumb whilst his wife harangued and abused Fair because he would not stop Mrs. Somebody who owed her £6, and had sold any amount of stock. The defendant, an old Irish-speaking woman, voluble, and denying all charges, while her daughter-in-law, with pale, rather nice face, stood between them—final dismissal of

parties — neither satisfied, and shopkeeper and company not triumphant but abusive.

" . . . And now for this morning. All yesterday our anxieties were quickened by a high wind and rain all night; at three, however, Captain Fair—what a splendid fellow he is—was at work routing out the people, and soon after six was himself off to Elly Bay, where the embarkation took place. Here I followed with the learned Professor. How picturesque the grouping of the people on the beach amidst the huge red and brown chests, the final hugs and embraces, and the trim man-of-war and coastguard boat coming backwards and forwards from the gunboat—no sign of steamer then. Captain Fair arranging all, with Nolan and Richards to assist, and the four men appointed to the work. It was raining all the time, but it did not damp the good temper and liveliness of the people, who showed no signs of grief. Then, when all were safely put in the boats, Fair and others left for the gunboat; for myself, only to shake hands with Captain Sutton and thank him for his kind attention to the people. As the day was so wet and dull, no object seemed gained by going farther."

It has already appeared that in the course of

the work occurred many incidents, some calculated to wake laughter and some tears. I will give two or three more. The first application for emigration Tuke thus describes in his paper "With the Emigrants":—

"Taking a stroll on my return, to be rid of the stiffness caused by a long car journey, I met the Relieving Officer of the district, who was seeking me. A woman (always the first here) had come beseeching and imploring help from him. She had sold her little heifer and all her belongings, and just raised enough wherewith to buy the tickets, costing £16, which she produced, for her husband, herself, and her child, for the steamer on Friday, and hadn't a 'penny' to take them fifty miles to Galway, or pay for the 'kit,' or 'lave a halfpenny' when they landed. Would I give her help? They were most industrious people, he said; the husband a 'splendid' workman; and the woman was here. Would I see her? Yes; and a very tidy, pleasant-looking young woman was introduced. Relieving Officer: 'Now, tell the gentleman the story; every word must be truth. Whist! what's the use of crying? Don't you see the kind gentleman means to help you? he's taking down the notes'; and so I had the story over again. 'Well, how

much would it be?' 'Well, indeed, if a sovereign could be had it would be great help. There was the car to Galway, a pound; and they were very short of clothing, and they had nothing for the journey nor on landing, and they had friends in Ameriky (burst of tears, stopped by Relieving Officer) somewhere—Alleghany County, Pennsylvania.' 'Well, how would they get there?' 'She didn't know; but if the good God helped them to Boston, she must lave that.' Then I summed up the very lowest that all these would cost, and hearing from the landlady of the hotel that her story was quite true, and that she had been a servant with her, I told her I could give £6 for the whole, so that they might not be stranded in the streets of Boston. She hardly took it seriously at first, it seemed so unreal. She had asked for a sovereign, and had £6 promised. 'Well, then,' at length she burst out, 'then it's the Lord Himself as has sent you to me this day, praised be His holy name!'"

The following are from Mrs. Tuke's notes:—

"On one occasion in 1883, when we were busily engaged in the emigration work, and were sitting solemnly in the Board-room at Clifden interviewing emigrants,—Mr. Tuke in the middle taking notes, and I at one side doing likewise,—a poor man

came up, very anxious to go—and to go to Boston. Mr. Tuke greatly objected to sending people to the cities, requiring evidence that they would be sure of a reception there first. The poor fellow got more and more alarmed as to his destination, and pressing forward with clasped hands called out, 'Och yer honour, sind me to Boshton. Sind me to Boshton. Shure I've got *fhourteen* furst coushins in Boshton.' "

"One day in 1883 we had been engaged all day interviewing emigrants, when a tall, dark-eyed girl from one of the neighbouring islands presented herself. She stood about 5 feet 10 in height, and was a splendid creature,—quite an ideal emigrant,—and seemed very anxious to go. Next time we came round Mary C—— did not turn up for the tickets and clothing distribution when her name was called. The local people giggled, and then it transpired that in the interval Mary (who had long been enamoured of a local swain, who had not come to the point as he should) had brought him to book and run away with him, *not he with her*—as the manner is—and they were now married and, let us hope, happy ever after.

"*Saturday*, 28*th April* 1883.—We went on board the *Phœnician* and *Buenos Ayrean*, seeing

our people off. After a long visit to the latter, we got off, and were standing on the bridge of the tender exchanging last words with the people, when suddenly John Connelly rushed across the gangway from the ship, and thrust into Mr. Hodgkin's hands and mine a bunch of sea-weed (such as the Connemara people eat with much relish); he had taken it from his own pockets, which were literally bulging out with it. He did it most gracefully—the sea-weed was all he had to give in recognition of what he thought our kindness to him. He was back again like a flash, the gangway was drawn in, and with a hearty cheer for us from the emigrants on deck, the *Buenos Ayrean* went on her way."

As will have been seen, the work was not accomplished without much valuable assistance rendered to Tuke—especially by Major Gaskell and Mr. Howard Hodgkin in the actual shipment of the emigrants, and by Mr. George Melly of Liverpool in the providing shipping for their accommodation. Nor was the work done without its drawbacks and vexations. At first the Clifden Union had agreed to join in the good work and hand over £2000 to aid in the emigration of the poor from their Union; but after Tuke had made arrangements on the faith of this agreement,

specially benefiting this Union, the Board of Guardians rescinded their previous resolutions and contributed nothing to the work. Again, the Committee of the Fund had proposed to assist only those who could obtain a substantial part of the cost of emigration either from Boards of Guardians or local or private sources; but the poverty was so great that Tuke was compelled to ask for and obtain the waiver of this condition. Again, though the Clifden Board of Guardians ultimately refused to aid the work, the shop-keepers, the so-called "grocery men," fearful of the loss of customers, or of the escape to a happier country of their debtors, opposed the scheme, and used their position as guardians to determine who were and were not to be assisted, and often caused Tuke considerable annoyance and loss of time. But, as we have seen, neither one nor all of these obstacles really checked the carrying on of the good work.[1]

The *modus operandi* for this second year (1883) was not very dissimilar from that of the previous year; but on this occasion all emigrants were sent to Canada, unless they could prove that they had

[1] In his paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for July 1882, entitled "With the Emigrants," further particulars of this visit to Ireland are given by Tuke.

friends in the States whom they could join; and this year steam-vessels visited not only Galway Bay but Blacksod Bay, whence the emigrants from the northern part of the district could be more conveniently sent. In April the Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Spencer, came from Dublin to see the embarkation of emigrants on board the SS. *Phœnician*.

The watchful care with which the United States regard the entrance of all persons who are likely to become a burden to the State is well known, and had to be considered by Tuke and his friends; but so carefully did they make provision against this difficulty that in no case was a "Tuke emigrant" turned back. The following passage from the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of 11th May 1883 relates to the batch of emigrants which, under the superintendence of Captain Ruttledge Fair, were embarked on board the SS. *Phœnician* bound for Boston, and gives an interesting picture of what happened on each occasion as a ship-load of emigrants reached one of the ports in the United States. Those who have felt any interest in the sending forth of these poor emigrants will want to know something of their experiences on the other shore of the ocean :—

"The ticket which is given in Ireland to an assisted passenger conveys him to his ultimate destination. The Montana-bound party, for example, did not have to get anything more in the shape of a ticket or the like when they reached this port. These points of destination are not invariably a matter of option on the part of the assisted passenger. He has the option of remaining at home, but if he takes passage he must go to a point where the agent of the assisting parties has information that employment can be found on arrival. In general, the desires of the emigrant can be met; but now and then one of the voyagers, on arriving here, is heard to express preference for some other destination than that of his through ticket. In general, they are assisted beyond the price of the passage by a gift outright of money, in varying sums of from ten shillings to £12. This is given them when on shipboard by the purser or other proper officer of the vessel. The ground of discrimination does not clearly appear in its full extent, but usually the sum bestowed has proportion to the distance to be travelled after reaching port on this side, and to the size of the family. It is probable that the Transatlantic agents have information in some cases that the emigrating person or

family has some pecuniary means, and for that reason reduce the gift, or, as happens in a few instances, withhold it altogether. As the immigrants pass through the gangway of the vessel here to the wharf, each person, or each head of a family, is detained by the superintendent of alien passengers or his officer long enough to ascertain and make memoranda of the name, destination, and other particulars, including the amount of money in possession. He also exercises a personal judgment in the matter, so that in case of anything appearing to raise a doubt in his mind the party is detained till the general mass has been catechised and passed along, when these peculiar cases are further investigated until the officer is quite satisfied that all is right.

"More often than anything else, the circumstance that attracts the officer's attention is the youthfulness, and so the dependency, of the children of the family. The subsequent scrutiny is directed both to the present and prospective resources of the head of the family. So far, it has turned out in nearly all, if not every case, that the party has a reasonable sum to provide for the ordinary contingencies of the journey, and on arrival at the ultimate point will be met, and if necessary assisted,

by relatives or friends there. For example, during the gangway inspection of yesterday, the officer's attention was arrested by the general appearance of the family of John Tougher and wife, each of whom is 37 years old. Their children ranged in years thus—15, 13, 11, 9, 7, 5, and 1, and they had besides two other small children of another family ticketed with them. While they had not the appearance of 'forlorn creatures,' there was that in the youthfulness of most of the children to suggest that here might be a case where, in the language of the chief magistrate, they might 'immediately become a charge upon the Commonwealth for support as to themselves and their family.' They were waived aside, accordingly, and later subjected to more particular enquiry, whereupon it appeared that their destination was Grosvenordale in Connecticut; that they had not only the proper ticket but a liberal sum of money for possible incidentals of the journey, and that they were going by contract or agreement made in Ireland to Mr. Briggs, who is superintendent of the Grosvenordale Mill Corporation, and who will provide employment for those old enough to serve as mill-hands on arrival there. They were accordingly passed along.

"Another case was specially enquired into which had its peculiarity of another kind. A man and wife, each of 23 years, were of the passengers ticketed for Pittsburg, Pa. On the voyage, of date April 29, a son and heir made his appearance. The mother had made the most of the intervening ten days, and was now walking about the deck carrying her babe in arms. The husband was able-bodied, wherein, certainly, he did not differ from the wife, and although the three dollars which had been given them by the purser was what might be called a pretty close calculation, it was deemed sufficient, with the Pittsburg passage ticket, to make the venture not extra hazardous for the Commonwealth, and this party was also passed along. The case of Mary Cloney was subjected to some investigation. She appeared on deck with five children, and stated that her husband died in Ireland, and that she had been given by the purser £3. Mary is herself 50 years old, and the babes range as follows: Joseph, 22 years; Ann, 20; Mary, 18; Bridget, 17; Festy, 16. Upon further enquiry it appeared that another son is a resident of the Charlestown district, and had written to his mother, telling her to come over the seas and bring the whole family to him. The sum

of £3 was ample to enable the party to reach Charlestown by the Metropolitan horse-cars, and it is believed that the republic of Massachusetts will suffer no detriment by this arrival, as all appeared well and strong. Michael Murray and wife, with six children, ranging from nine years to a babe in arms, and ticketed for Montana, were subjected to some scrutiny, but as they all appeared to be in good health, had a through ticket, and the purser had given them sixty dollars in money, they were not sent back to Ireland, but are now far on the way towards sundown. In fact, nobody was finally rejected."

Tuke rejoiced to think that the practice of sending families instead of individuals robbed exile of many of its sad features. In a letter to the *Times* (11th June 1883) he wrote :—

"This may undoubtedly be said, that no emigrants have left their homes in Ireland under happier auspices, with less risk of failure, or with better chances of success. Well clothed, and conveyed from their door to the port of embarkation, where they are met and have lodgings and food provided by the agents of the Government and the Committee, until the ocean steamers are ready to convey them to their destinations ; provided with

free passages and railway tickets to any part of Canada or the United States that they may select and are approved by the Committee; and, on landing, met by agents appointed by the English or Canadian Governments, the emigrant feels that he is cared for, and that friendly hands have been stretched out to aid and succour him: above all, among a people with whom the family tie is so paramount, the fact that the family is not divided, that husband and wife, and the long procession of older or younger 'Pats and Peters, Marys and Barbaras, with Festy and "the couple,"' are allowed to go together, gives to the 'fremigration' (as it is called) a wholly different character.

"This deprives the embarkation of its sadness, and in the ten or twelve shipments at which I have assisted there has rarely been the painful wailing so familiar at the railway stations when one member of a family leaves alone. As I heard it remarked one day, 'One would suppose the people were going for a picnic, they are so cheerful and happy.' And as, at parting, they crowd with prayers and blessings round those who have had the happiness of being allowed to assist them, their gratitude is evinced in many little acts, very touching to witness."

At the end of the season's work in 1883, an important step was taken by the Committee of the Fund in deputing Captain Ruttledge Fair and Mr. Hodgkin to go to America (both the States and Canada), and to enquire into the condition of the families already sent out.

In the report which Tuke made to his Committee in March 1883, he reverted to a subject to which he had referred in his essay in the *Contemporary* of the previous year—the importance of piercing the districts of the extreme west with light narrow-gauge railways or steam tramways. He pointed out not only the advantage which would result from the employment of labour on their construction, but the permanent gain by rendering the markets of the east accessible from the regions of the west, where, as he says, he had known poultry eaten as the cheapest animal food, turbot as the cheapest fish, whilst eggs were selling at the rate of 8d. or 10d. per score in the depth of winter.

CHAPTER VI

1883-1884

Renewal of emigration work—Opposition of Roman Catholic Bishops—Charges with regard to emigrants at Toronto —"The Murderers' Country"—Decrease of emigrants—Opposition of Guardians and Priests—Cessation of operations of Committee of Mr. Tuke's Fund—Extent of their work—Criticisms on their work—Migration *v.* Emigration—Government interference deprecated—Moral objections—Alleged misery of emigrants—Letters from emigrants—Their condition in United States: in Canada—Effect of emigration on Ireland—Honours accepted and declined.

So fully satisfied were the Committee of "Mr. Tuke's Fund" with the success of the two years' operations, that in July 1883 they again memorialised the Government, and asked for the further appropriation of money to aid emigration upon the system and with the safeguards which had been in operation during the year. In consequence, the Government proposed, by a clause in the Tramways and Public Companies (Ireland) Bill, then

before Parliament, to appropriate £100,000 to this purpose.

So much dissatisfied, however, with the success of these operations were the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland that, at a meeting held in Dublin on 5th July 1883 (prior to the passing of the Tramways Act), these high personages passed resolutions asserting the chronic misery of the west, the existence in every county in which congestion prevailed of large tracts of land capable of maintaining in comfort and happiness the surplus population of the congested districts, and affirming "that State-aided emigration as a means of curing this evil is unwise and impolitic, and tends only to promote disaffection amongst the Irish race at home and abroad."

The opponents of Tuke's plan did not stay their hands with this pronunciamento. They availed themselves of some statements of Archbishop Lynch of Toronto with regard to the miserable condition of some emigrants in that city, who, it was hastily asserted or assumed, had been sent out by the Tuke Fund; and when, after their visit to Canada, Mr. Hodgkin and Captain Ruttledge Fair reported on the favourable result of their enquiries, a Nationalist paper did not

hesitate to sneer at their report.[1] Mr. Hodgkin, however, effectually replied; showed that at Toronto he and his companion had visited the poor Irish in company with the parish priest, and that of all the emigrants in that city three only were sent out by Mr. Tuke's Fund, and that they were doing well.[2]

The result of this opposition on the part of the Nationalist party was that the Government consented to appropriate, in aid of migration, one-half of the £100,000 proposed to be applied for emigration, thus leaving only the other £50,000 to aid in emigration.

In the spring of 1884, Tuke and other agents of the Fund were again at work in the west; Captain Ruttledge Fair undertaking Bellmullet, Westport, and part of the Union of Swineford. Tuke and Major Gaskell had charge of the Unions of Clifden and Oughterard, and Hodgkin undertook a district in Donegal.

During one of his two visits to Ireland in this spring, Tuke wrote to his old fellow-worker, Mr. Buxton, a letter, from which I extract the following graphic passages :—

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, 30th November 1883.
[2] Letter of 3rd December 1883, in *Freeman's Journal*.

"GLENDALOUGH HOTEL, RECESS,
"*May* 7, 1884.

"We had the most extraordinary drive I ever remember yesterday, through the *Murderers' Country*, as it may be called, on the edge of the Joyce country.

"1. A short distance from Cong, the car-driver stopped to point out the spot where a young fellow, under-bailiff to Lord Ardilaun, was shot on the road, March 17, 1883, within a short distance of a house!

"2. The driver pulled up and said, 'Here Lord Mountmorres was shot in the evening as he was coming on his car from Clonbur' (a short mile distant); 'this is the hole in the road where his blood was for some time, just as if you'd been killing a pig; there's the cottage fifty yards off where the police asked the people to let them take the body in after he was dead, but they wouldn't —dare not do it.' . . .

"3. In Clonbur, the informer Kerrigan stood in the little street with two armed policemen to prevent him being shot. Kerrigan's evidence hanged the murderers of the two Huddys at Cloughbrack; he himself a sharer in the murder, which was accomplished in his garden.

"4. In Clonbur itself, a trial going on before the stipendiary magistrate of three men charged with the death of another in a drunken fray about three weeks since.

"5. The cottage of the man who had been lately killed.

"6. A man working on the roadside who was a few weeks ago injured by the shots fired by Lord Ardilaun's bailiffs, who found him and another stealing wood in a boat. The bailiffs pleaded guilty and were fined.

"7. In the distance, in an old churchyard on a sunny hillside on the shores of Lough Mask, five heaps of gray stone, marking the graves of the five victims of the Maamtrasna murder. Our car-driver had himself assisted in bringing from the cottage the little boy of seven who alone escaped with his life the vengeance of the ten assassins. 'He was but a creature-een (cratureen), and we had to carry him on the board of wood which covers the well of the car, and we thought he would have died before he got to the ferry after the long rough walk down the mountain to the boat. We had four police-men to help to carry, but they could not make him understand their Irish, but the cratureen

could understand me, and we was verra friendly together.'

"Then a mile farther, perched on a hill overlooking Lough Mask (8), the village of Cloughbrack, distinguishable for some time before reaching it by the whitewashed huts of two parties of police stationed there. . . . Here, on that fatal morning, in the midst of the village, and the entire population within hearing of the rifle shots which killed them, the two Huddys, father and son, were murdered. 'The old man was shot just under that light green tree in the corner of the garden. The little lad, fleet of foot, thought to run for it, and he made for the little boreen that ye see there behind the house. But they fired at him as he ran, and he got a wound in the head and fell, and they put him in the bag when he was still alive.' Our car-driver, who had been asked by Huddy to drive him out from Cong, declined unless he would agree to take two policemen with him; this Huddy scorned to do, and induced another 'boy' to drive. 'And shure, if I'd gone with him I'd be in the bag too, for I'd have gone to help him, shurely,' said the driver, 'but something told me not to go. . . . There's the spot where the "boy" was told to wait with the car whilst the

Huddys went up through the village to serve the notices. They arrived about nine in the morning, and the "boy" said he waited until four, and then, as no one came back, he drove home round another way. The police, hearing, asked him questions. He said he knew nothing, but he must have heard the shots and known something about it; but though often and often examined, he always said he knew nothing. Some say he was kept there by force, and only allowed to go under threat of death if he told. But the "boy" stuck to it that he knew nothing; but he got sick and pined, and was so bad that he got away at the last and went to America.'

"Then we talk with the police sergeant. 'Are the people in any better mood?' He thinks not; 'as savage as ever, only kept down by us.' 'They are so awful poor, they can't live on the lands.' (Is not this behind all the evil, 'can't live on the lands'?) Then we are shown the 'boreen' (little road) by which the ill-fated men walked up to the house where they were killed, and the path down the mountain by which the bodies were carried to the lake in sacks—the little boy not quite dead and occasionally moving, and then struck with thick sticks to finish the horrid work. 'That's the point, yer honour, just past the

schoolhouse' (where we had seen the children of the murderers and others coming out), 'where they took them and put stones in the sacks, and rowing out past the big island they threw them into the lake just there between the big and the little islands. There is a deep hole near this sixty feet deep, with an under current, which they thought would suck them down and in, but they missed the hole by a few yards and they were found in only twenty feet of water.' It was all done in open daylight, and no doubt in presence of nearly the whole village. . . . Can you imagine a more ghastly savage picture of nineteenth-century society. (Nice additions these people will be to the British voters!) Much more was pointed out, but this is enough. . . .

"A mile farther yet, and the driver pointed out the road from the lake to Maamtrasna, . . . and as nearly as he could the site of the little village, which in the dead of night the ten murderers entered, killing in their blind vengeance five of their own neighbours—five Joyces—not Saxons or bailiffs or landlords' men, but their own kith and kin! Can we imagine a more awful despotism than this of the Secret Societies, which are alone at this moment kept down by the

'Crimes Act,' which, I have no doubt, many of our good Liberal friends will do all in their power to repeal on the ground of its being 'an infringement of the liberty of the people.' Depend upon it, it is the 'Secret Society,' and not the 'Crimes Act,' which interferes with *the liberty of the people.*

"But this and all other reflections upon a condition of society in which priests and people are, in many cases, all as one, in which 'killing is no murder,' and brutality the sole recognised authority by the people, I must leave for your quiet digestion — to me it is one of unutterable sadness, almost one may say of despair. For what are the remedies now offered? 'Local *self*-government and an extension of the franchise!'

"*Emigration*, which might take many to lands where 'work and money' are plenty, is opposed by one party and is merely a plaything of the Government on the other, or left to amateurs to carry out.

"*Tramways*, which might give work for a time and engage the people healthily and allow of ready access to their almost inaccessible villages and fastnesses, are allowed to drop, from some technical difficulties or dread of cost to the country.

"A really good system of *education*, at once free and compulsory and clear of the influence of the clergy, is *impossible*.

"What and where are the hopeful signs which the Government talk of? A little hope or light may, perhaps, be found in this dark picture from the fact that the Land Act is exerting *some* beneficial influence, and that from more than one competent authority I have heard really cheerful statements of its influence."

In the spring of 1884 the number of emigrants fell off considerably, and the cost per head had increased, in consequence chiefly of the greater distances to which they were sent.

The causes which led to the decrease in the number of emigrants were the great depression of the labour market in America, the better crops and the increased employment in Ireland and England, and the opposition on the part of political and religious organisations and persons.

In fact, a propaganda had been set on foot against emigration. Mr. Sydney Buxton, in his report to the Committee of the Fund, under date of 10th March 1884, wrote as follows :—

"As regards this last" (*i.e.* the propaganda), "when the district was first handed over to the

Committee, the Guardians (January 22nd) passed a resolution thanking the Committee for undertaking the emigration, as the rates would be thereby saved. Since then, however, an active opposition has sprung up, and the Guardians have shown a change of feeling by passing a resolution intended practically to prevent the Relieving Officers from giving us the assistance which their knowledge of the district and the people renders almost essential.

"The parish priests at first were passive in the matter, neither actively friendly nor actively hostile, but some ten days ago Bishop M'Cormack of Ballyhadereen, in his 'Lenten Pastoral,' denounced emigration and the 'emigrationists' in the strongest language.

"This Pastoral has been read by the priests from all the altars in the diocese—'with emphasis,' as we were told.

"The shopkeepers are, of course, antagonistic, and on the last market-day in Charlestown—and probably in other parts of the district also—one of the principal traders posted a notice in the market-place denouncing emigration; while the *Freeman* and the local papers never miss an opportunity of condemning State-aided emigration and the 'Fund.'"

This change in the circumstances of the work naturally received the careful consideration of the Committee of the Fund, and in June 1884 they resolved "to cease their operations, whilst still keeping the organisation of the Committee in existence in view of some future emergency."

As the operations of the Tuke Fund had thus been brought to an end, it seems now fitting to pause and enquire what it had done. The work effected by this Fund during the three years of its existence was not trifling. Its operations, as we know, had been chiefly confined to the Unions of Clifden and Oughterard in Galway, and of Bellmullet and Newport in Mayo. In all, 9482 emigrants were sent out, consisting of, say, 1500 families, and the rest single persons. Of these emigrants, about 70 per cent went to ninety districts of the United States; 221 went to Australia, and the rest to Ontario and the North-West Territory of Canada. The private contributions in the three years amounted to £24,500. In the first year the expenses were entirely defrayed from such contributions. In 1883-84 the Committee received £44,000 from the Treasury, under the powers conferred by clauses in the Arrears of Rent Act 1882 and the Tramways Act of

1883. The average cost per head was about £7 : 4 : 6.[1]

That the scheme of emigration carried into effect under the Committee of Mr. Tuke's Fund should meet with some opposition and much criticism was natural, and perhaps not undesirable. The objections raised to it were, I think, mainly the following :—(1) that migration to other districts of Ireland afforded a better means of relieving the congested districts than emigration to foreign countries ; (2) that it was not necessary, and was somewhat unfair, to give outside aid to emigration in some parts of the country, whilst the emigration from other parts was paid for by the emigrants or their friends ; (3) that emigration exposed the objects of it to greater moral dangers in the land of their exile than they were exposed to at home ; (4) that they did not prosper in their new homes ; (5) that emigration produced no permanent benefit in the parts of Ireland from which it took place.

Let us consider these points in order :—

1. When his mind was first drawn to the subject, Tuke was inclined to believe and hope that

[1] Rathbone's Summary ; Colonisation Report, 1891, Appendix, p. 50. Tuke's British Association Paper, Report, 1891, p. 10.

migration to other parts of Ireland might bring substantial relief to the west. But further enquiry and consideration led him irresistibly to the conclusion that migration to any considerable extent was impracticable. He concurred in the view generally held that no permanent benefit could be conferred by a holding of less than twenty acres; that the cost of reclaiming boglands would not be less than £15 to £20 an acre, and that the quality of the land when reclaimed would be too poor to be worth the outlay. If from the boglands of Ireland we turn to the better lands now used for grazing farms, he came to the conclusion that the twenty acres of land could not be acquired for a smaller sum than £400, to which must be added the cost of buildings, drains, and fences, say £150 or £550 for the small homestead, to which again must be added, as working capital, at least another £150; or, in other words, every migrated family would cost £700.[1]

A Committee of the House of Commons considered this subject fully, and in their report stated concisely the conclusions at which Tuke had arrived on this subject. They said:—

"In dealing with migration, your Committee

[1] Tuke's paper on "Irish Emigration." British Association Meeting at Montreal, August 1884.

are generally confronted with this dilemma, that either the soil to which the surplus population is to be removed is too barren to better their condition, or if its quality is better, then its value may be too high to make the operation financially successful. It is only in new countries that good soil can be found at a cheap rate."[1]

I have mentioned that of the £100,000 originally intended for emigration by the Tramways Act of 1883, £50,000 was set aside for the purposes of migration and settlement, to meet the wishes of the Nationalist party. In February 1884, a company was registered under the name of the Irish Land Purchase and Settlement Company, Limited, with Professor Baldwin as its managing director; it had all the assistance which it could derive from the active approval of Mr. Parnell and those who were associated with him in politics; it purchased an estate in Galway, and for that purpose borrowed £42,300 from the Land Commission; its instalments soon fell into arrear; a receiver went into possession of the land; not a single individual ever migrated to the land, and the Company has been wound up and dissolved.

The £50,000 devoted to migration remained

[1] Report of Select Committee on Colonisation, March 1891, p. 7.

untouched in 1891, and so remains, I believe, down to the present day; the £50,000 devoted to emigration has been fully used. Of the comparative merits of the two schemes,—emigration or migration,—we could hardly have a better experimental test than this: two equal sums devoted to the two objects at the same time; one taken up and used, the other lying idle and unfruitful.

2. It is notorious that, ever since the famine years of 1845-47, a constant and vast stream of emigration had been flowing from Ireland to the New World. In 1884, Tuke estimated the exodus since 1845 at two million heads. Why then, it may be said, not leave this stream to flow on? Why set on foot a separate machinery with regard to the west? Why help them and leave the other districts unhelped?

The answer to this was twofold: (1) out of one hundred emigrants leaving Ireland by the ordinary course of emigration, seventy-nine have been young men and women between sixteen and thirty-five years of age, who have left both elder and younger behind them; and (2) the poor people of the west are, from their absolute poverty, unable to pay the passage-money, and in consequence have contributed the smallest portion of the ordinary emigrants from Ireland.

Ireland is an island of many varieties of character. There are the beautiful hills and valleys of Wicklow, the fine arable lands of Ulster, the rich butter farms of Cork and Kerry and of the Golden Valley of Tipperary, the pasture-lands of Meath; and there are the dreary moors along the fringe of the Atlantic, saturated with the storms from the ocean, where human beings have settled only because they could be driven no farther west, and where they cultivate little patches of turf-land in the hollows of the granite rocks. The inhabitants of some districts could help themselves; for those of the west, the dire necessity of their daily life left no possibility of self-help, and therefore, argued Tuke, they ought to be helped by others.

3. The Irish priesthood were at first much divided in opinion with regard to emigration. Amongst its ranks Tuke found some admirable helpers; amongst its bishops and archbishops he found, as we have seen, strong opponents. One objection frequently urged by the parish priests was, that when their people emigrated they were withdrawn from the only moral and religious influences to which they responded, and that they found their way into the great cities of the east of America,

and there lost much of their religious feelings, whatever they might gain in outward prosperity.

Tuke recognised the force of these observations, and by all means in his power sought to prevent the dangers which were not by any means imaginary. He was, as we have seen, careful to send his emigrants, not to the towns, but to the country districts and to places where work could be easily obtained. He had, when in America, placed himself in communication with Bishop Ireland of St. Paul's, Minnesota, and, after the emigrants had gone out, had kept up a correspondence with him.

Father Mahony was one of Tuke's most useful helpers; he had assisted to embark a batch of emigrants; he had travelled with them from Galway to St. Paul's, Minnesota; he had done what he could to lessen their sorrows and to smooth their difficulties in settling in a new country; and finally, he had adopted that new country, as his own, accepting service as a priest under Bishop Ireland, who had greatly aided the Committee by his counsel and cordial help.

4. But it was not only the spiritual but the material condition of the emigrants which was represented by the opponents of the scheme as

unsatisfactory; some distressed Irish families in Toronto,[1] about whose circumstances certain newspaper articles appeared, were falsely said to be Tuke emigrants. "The frozen wastes of Manitoba" — Manitoba being in fact a peculiarly successful settling ground for the Irish — were denounced in the papers as the place to which the Irish were allured by false representations, and the benevolent scheme of the Fund was "a cruel and enforced expatriation." Were these representations accurate?

In 1882 Father Nugent and Mr. Hodgkin, and in 1883 Mr. Hodgkin and Captain Ruttledge Fair, had visited America for the purpose of seeing to the interests and the welfare of the emigrants, and their reports were full of encouragement. They were so much improved, said Captain Ruttledge Fair, that it was almost impossible to recognise them. But, beyond all other evidence, the large sums of money sent home to their relatives and friends by the Tuke emigrants spoke volumes as to their prosperity in the New World.

In 1891 Tuke stated that it had been estimated, from information obtained in the district, that sums varying from £2000 up to considerably

[1] As to these Toronto Irish, see *ante*, p. 197.

over £8000 had been sent annually to the Union of Clifden alone by the emigrants, who, when they left their homes, were in a starving and destitute condition.[1] When writing his report, in July 1884, Tuke had before him some 200 letters, nearly all received in the spring of 1884, and chiefly from emigrants from the Clifden Union, which were only samples of many other such letters received. He writes :—

"I do not think it possible to read these letters—all browned and stained and odorous of peat smoke as they are—without emotion; the touches of family affection,—showing itself not merely in the warmth of expression, but practically by the large amount of money sent, and the apologies for the 'dhry' letters,—the earnest desire that friends and relations should leave the poverty by which they are surrounded and join their friends in their bettered condition, with the promise of a 'good house' for parents or others, all tell the same story of the content and general well-doing of the writers."

Furthermore, in August 1883, Bishop Ireland of St. Paul's, Minnesota, had written to him, "All your emigrants sent to Minnesota are,

[1] Report, 1891, p. 11.

without a single exception, doing well." Again later, in November 1888, and after the emigrants had been settled some five years in their new home, Father Mahony, who we may recollect had settled in Minnesota, addressed to Tuke a full report of how they were faring, together with a detailed account of visits to the homes of many of them. The report was little short of a triumphal song; it described the emigrants as busy, prosperous, well fed, and almost as wealthy; and it naturally thrilled Tuke's heart and mind with happy sensations. "As I have carefully followed the words of this report," he wrote,[1] "of house-to-house visits, my thoughts have naturally gone back to the wretched houses in which a few short years ago these emigrants lived—the cabins from whence issued this long procession of men and bare-footed women and children, who, clad in the coarse red and white flannel of the country, crowded around us begging for 'God's sake' to be helped to a country where they could earn the means of living. When, further, I recall that the garments in which they were clothed were often almost too poor and ragged to admit of their appearing before us decently; and that some even had to borrow from

[1] *Fortnightly Review*, 1888, p. 6.

a more fortunate friend or neighbour the shawl or petticoat with which they were clothed; and that for all the emigrants it was necessary to provide, for the journey, clothing from head to foot; and when, in addition to this, I remember that their only food consisted of one or two poor meals daily of potatoes or 'yellow meal,' the contrast afforded by these accounts of happy, well-housed, well-clad, well-fed families—in many cases the owners of the house and land on which they are living—is indeed most striking. Truly, the words of the Irish priest in Minnesota in 1888 are a wonderful contrast to the words of the Irish priest in Connemara of 1880, who wrote: 'I say, with all the energy of my existence, let the people leave in any and every way that may take them out of the slough of poverty and misery into which they are at present sunk.' Whatever drawbacks there may be in the present condition of these people,—and doubtless these exist,—the benefits conferred upon them morally, socially, and physically must, I think, have exceeded the most sanguine expectation of those who have assisted to bring about this marvellous transformation."

So much for the emigrants to the United States. How fared it with those to Canada? Let

us hear what Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner in London for the colony, wrote to Tuke on 15th December 1884 :—

"I have read with much interest Lord Brabazon's[1] article on State-directed Emigration,[2] but think it due to you, and those associated with you in the good work in which you were engaged, to record my dissent from the opinion expressed by his Lordship, that the efforts of the Government to carry out a system of State-aided emigration 'have been very far from successful.' Considering the very small sum per head contributed by the Government, and the very small percentage of cases in which any difficulty arose, I think Lord Brabazon might have found the strongest evidence in support of State-aided emigration from the admirable results that attended the philanthropic efforts of the gentlemen associated with yourself, and the limited assistance given by the Government, to transfer thousands unable to obtain remunerative employment in Ireland to Canada, where they are now living in comfort. His Lordship is mistaken in supposing that the 'emigrants from Ireland were simply pitchforked on to the shores of Canada and allowed to look after themselves as best they could.'

[1] Now Earl of Meath. [2] See *Nineteenth Century*, Nov. 1884.

"In the great majority of cases, care was taken to send out suitable persons (*i.e.* those able and willing to work), and the agents of the Canadian Government, being duly notified, received them on their arrival, and provided them with employment; and you have the satisfaction of knowing that thousands who would, but for your efforts, now be pining with hunger, are comfortable. We are all agreed that the idle and dissolute must be a burden to the rest of the community wherever they are found, but the experience of the past warrants the belief that all who are able and willing to work will find in Canada a field for successful exertion that will speedily render them a source of national wealth and a strength to the empire to which they belong."

5. It remains to consider shortly what was the effect of this emigration upon the people that remained behind? What upon the pauperism? What upon the consolidation of holdings?

There was no doubt that in the districts affected there followed a diminution in pauperism and an increase in wages. But, as we have seen, 1884 was a comparatively prosperous year, and it is probably impossible to untwist from one another the effects of emigration and of physical improvement.

As regards the consolidation of holdings, it was

found, in the year 1883, that out of 293 holdings vacated, only 20 had been purchased by new tenants. In the following year Mr. Buxton calculated that in Mayo over 70 per cent of the holdings vacated by the emigrants would be consolidated,[1] and in one district in the Union of Bellmullet (the district of Tip), Tuke, in or about 1891, received information that out of thirty-two houses there before the emigration began, only twelve remained, that nearly all the people were comfortable, that each man had two, three, or four holdings added to his original one, and that nearly all the houses were built of stone instead of sod as formerly.[2]

That the work of Tuke and his coadjutors did a great amount of good to the poor people removed from the starvation of the west of Ireland to the land of promise across the ocean, no impartial person can doubt. But it has left much to be done. The Duke of Bedford, who had throughout supported his cause, wrote to Tuke (1st September 1886) as follows :—

"While I was under your guidance I learnt that emigration is the main hope of Ireland, and

[1] Memorial by Mr. Buxton, 18th July 1884.
[2] Report, 1891, p. 12.

that it succeeds when undertaken by a man of power like yourself, animated by a sense of duty.

"I also learnt that Government agency cannot achieve what you have done—and I ask myself, how can emigration be made far-reaching enough to help Ireland? and how can the renewed growth of pauper owners and occupiers be avoided in future?"

These questions still remain unanswered.

Tuke's labours in the cause of assisted emigration naturally excited attention in many quarters. He was invited to read papers on the subject before a society at Cambridge, and by request he contributed an essay on the subject to the proceedings of the British Association, which was read at Montreal in August 1884, in his absence. He was, during the course of the same year, elected, *honoris causa*, a member of the Athenæum Club on the proposal of Lord Hobhouse, and in like manner of the Reform Club. He was invited by some of his old fellow-citizens of York to stand as their representative in Parliament; and he received the offer of a knighthood from Lord Spencer. He declined both the parliamentary and the titular honours.

CHAPTER VII

1885–1889

Home Rule—Scheme for purchase of holdings by Government aid—Letter to *Spectator*—Misery in Achil—Tuke's visit—Distress on mainland—Distribution of seed potatoes—Government scheme for aid—Death of Mr. Forster—Visit from Mr. Bright—Emigrants' Information Office—Bodyke—Report to Mr. Balfour—Distress in Arran Islands—Visit to Donegal.

THE year 1885 seems to have been one of more than usual tranquillity in Tuke's life; he had no pressing Irish business to occupy his thoughts. Tours in the west, the south, and the north of England, in the winter, spring, and autumn of the year, diversified his home life.

In January 1886 Mr. Gladstone propounded to the House of Commons his plan of Home Rule; it met with no sympathy from Tuke, for the subject had occupied his thoughts for some considerable time, and he had already formed a decided opinion upon it. When Home Rule was

seriously proposed by some Irish politicians, and long before it had won the assent of Mr. Gladstone, Tuke had entered upon an examination of the subject with great care, with a perfectly open mind, and with a willingness to satisfy any legitimate aspirations of the people he loved so well. The result of this careful consideration of the subject was that to Tuke, Home Rule appeared to offer no benefit to Ireland, whose troubles were, he held, *economic*, not *political*. From the conclusion thus carefully and deliberately reached he never saw any reason to depart.

On 3rd January 1886, he wrote to a friend in Ireland :—

"Mrs. Tuke and I cannot forbear to send you a line of greeting and good wishes for the New Year. I hope it does not make you start to think that any one should be rash enough to wish you a happy New Year, who are living in Ireland. And certainly for all loyal people, whether Irish or English, the prospect is, to my mind, one which is calculated to fill us with alarm and sadness rather than gladness and hope. . . . I think I need not say that the idea of a Parliament in Dublin is very alarming to me, and that the prospect for either landlords or shopkeepers or merchants who did not

'bow down to Baal' would be *more than gloomy!* But I cannot suppose a Parliament on Stephen's Green, with 'Dublin Castle' and the police in the hands of Dictator Parnell, is really a possibility. But is there any safe half-way house as a *resting-place*, and if so, where is it?"

To a correspondent who wrote asking Tuke's opinion on Home Rule, with a view to a discussion on the subject at some society of which his correspondent was a member, Tuke wrote a letter which contains the fullest expression that I have found of his views on the subject. Under date 21st June 1886, he said:—

"I am not a politician, although all my life voting for the Liberal party when voting, and deeply regretting to find myself in opposition to a man for whom, in many ways, I have the highest regard.

"But, none the less, it is impossible for me to dissever Mr. Gladstone's sudden action from the desire not to be outbid by the Conservatives, and therefore I cannot but distrust his judgment at this moment, which appears to be warped by mere party motives or for political ends.

"No doubt I am not a blind follower of my party,—hateful word to me,—but I put, so far as I

know, the good of the country above mere party. Hence I am called a Tory by some and by others a Radical, as by Lord Salisbury in his speech at Leeds.

"I have never attempted fully to state my thoughts about 'Home Rule,' as it is termed.

"The question is so vast a one, and includes so many and such intricate points for consideration, that I feel it is beyond my powers. It needs men who have been trained all their lives in the highest departments of politics or statesmanship to frame a constitution fitted for Paddy's back—and if men like Mr. Gladstone fail in the attempt to fit John Bull's coat thereto, is it likely that I should succeed?

"I have, no doubt, from the experience gained in a residence of two or three months yearly in Ireland during the past five or six years, formed a very clear conviction that the cure of Irish disaffection and misery is not to be obtained by so-called Home Rule. I feel little doubt that the measure (now thrown aside by Mr. Gladstone) would have resulted in bloodshed and bankruptcy to Ireland.

"Many reasons tend to this.

"1. The remarkable Manifesto published in the

Times of this morning, whether a *real* one or not, *very* really states (as has all along been known by many) the feeling behind Mr. Parnell.

"He may be willing to stop at a moderate amount of Home Rule, but not so the 'Brotherhood' behind—who, whilst willing to take all they can by the help of Mr. Parnell, are no doubt biding their time for the next step in the great Socialist or Fenian movement so rampant in Ireland.

"One reason, therefore, that induces me to object to a 'Statutory Parliament' in Dublin, is the certainty that it means a bitter and long-continued fight for an entire separation between Great Britain and Ireland—a fight which will assuredly compel English interference.

"2. The knowledge that in the country districts of Ireland the one idea of 'Home Rule' means to the tenants the right to occupy their lands without rent (again a deeply felt Socialist cry), compels me to disbelieve in Home Rule as a means of satisfying this very large number of Irish voters, and causing content in Ireland.

"This rent, at whatever rate it is agreed to be paid, must be enforced by *some one*—to pay the annual sum due to England—and if the Irish

Parliament refuses to collect or take the needful steps to collect it, where will the annual payment come from, and will not the hated Saxon have to interfere and incur all the old odium of a landlord?

"3. As regards the one-third of the holdings in Ireland, say below £4 or £5 a year, how can the 'Bill' in any degree help them, or how can an impoverished country like Ireland *really* help them?

"The rents due from this one-third of the holdings would form an essential portion of the sum proposed under the Home Rule Scheme to be annually paid to England as Ireland's proportion of taxes; and if not paid by this one-third of the holdings, who is to pay it? Would the wealthy portion of Ireland permit themselves to be taxed additionally to pay the deficit? And let no one doubt the reality of the deficit.

"At this moment the greater portion of the tenants of this one-third of the holdings are in arrears of rent, and arrears of shop debts. The arrears of shop debts are most extraordinary, amounting in many cases to far more than the value of the property of the indebted tenant.

"Then as to arrears of rent. At this moment a very large number of landlords in the west are not asking for rent this year, knowing how

impossible it is to obtain it; and where evictions have taken place, the result of a whole day of this evil work has not been more than a few pounds—£4, I heard, in one case.

"It must further be remembered that it is this class of the population for whom millions have been collected during past years to keep them alive, and who now, but for special Distress Bills and Seed Potato Funds, would be *starving* in many places. By whom, after the Irish have their own affairs in their own hands, would these constant rates-in-aid be paid?

"Again I say, I see no chance of peace and plenty as the result of the Home Rule Bill.

"Then there is the very sore question of Protestant and Catholic.

"It is often said that all Catholics are Home Rulers, and all Protestants the reverse.

"This is a great mistake. The educated and well-to-do Catholics are the most opposed to Home Rule of any people I know, or at any rate fully as much so as their Protestant neighbours. They see nothing but confiscation before them as the result of the more rapid spread of Socialism, resulting from the growth of the power of the extreme faction.

"But that the Roman Catholic priests look for a large increase of their power in some ways cannot be doubted. Education would under them be purely *denominational*, and under the sole power of the priests.

"Then again, there is no doubt the priests look for some more public or national acknowledgment of their position in connection with Parliament, etc.

"But apart from this, the mere fact that there does exist so very strong and almost rabid a feeling in the north of Ireland on the part of a large section of the people, almost renders it impossible for any arrangement to be made which shall bring about peace and order, except as the result of a long and severe struggle for supremacy.

"Then again, to place the whole of the appointments of judges as well as the police in the hands of the people, who, to say the least of it, have shown how unfit they were to govern, must strike one with alarm. Let any one look at the management of the Irish Boards of Guardians or other Irish local affairs. Do they inspire one with confidence?

"But it is quite impossible to go over all, or nearly all, the points which make me doubt the

obtaining of that which we are promised by the supporters of the Home Rule Bill—peace, order, prosperity.

"All this does not make me doubt that in very many ways the government of Ireland might be made more conformable to the views of a *greater* portion of the people.

"It is, I have for years felt, a great error to continue to expect the Irish to be willing to bring all questions like Railways, Tramways, Local Boards, etc., to an English Parliament for settlement.

"There ought to be a Council, or whatever else you may call it, empowered to decide in Dublin upon all matters in which *local taxation* is concerned.

"The sham Lord Lieutenancy should be abolished, or, if retained as a permanent official, be independent of politics, as the President of the Council.

"The present system of an Under Secretary, through whose single department all matters come and are presented to the Chief Secretary, is a very mischievous institution, and the system needs to be changed.

"The head of the Local Government Board, however constituted, should be in direct com-

munication with the Government, and not pass through the Under-Secretary's department.

"These are some of the changes absolutely needed.

"Then as regards education, although there is nothing to forbid any Roman Catholic making use of the Dublin University, as a fact they do object to it, though very many Catholics go to Trinity, and would strongly object to it being handed over to their own party; and I believe it important that a Catholic university able to confer the highest degrees, etc., should be established, *i.e.* the endowment funds provided by the State.

"I am well aware that this is a very imperfect statement, and has the disadvantage of being hurriedly written, and it may be urged these proposals would in no degree satisfy or content the Irish party. Granted, but in reply I ask, will Mr. Gladstone's scheme? The answer has already been given.

"I think I need hardly say how earnestly I long and pray for a solution of the Irish difficulty. This needs more patience and faith, where all seems so dark and gloomy, than most of us possess."

The preceding letter contains, it will be observed, references to a scheme, much discussed in connection with Home Rule, for the advance of money by the British Government to the tenants of Ireland to enable them to purchase their holdings, and for the repayment of the advances by instalments. Mr. (now Sir Robert) Giffen had joined in the discussion, and suggested what he considered to be important safeguards for the protection of the English ratepayer. Tuke thought that the difficulties in the way of the plan were hardly appreciated, and in the *Spectator* of 6th March 1886 appeared a powerful letter from his pen on the subject. He pointed out that some 200,000 families existed in Ireland on holdings of an annual value of £4 or under, that the great majority of these tenants were living in degrading poverty, and that a large portion of these small holders were practically insolvent. The conversion of tenants into owners would, so Tuke argued, be almost immaterial—"Should we not merely be face to face with 300,000 impoverished owners instead of 300,000 impoverished tenants?" "The disease which afflicts Ireland," he wrote, "is no merely sentimental or political malady. Behind Mr. Parnell, behind Mr. Davitt, behind even Archbishop Croke,

stands another figure—the gaunt form of Poverty. Truly wrote the wise man of old, 'The destruction of the poor is his poverty.'"

The letter excited a very keen interest, and the *Spectator* of the following week confessed itself to be overwhelmed with letters on the subject. But almost before the ink of the paper was dry, Tuke had been called off to work in Ireland, and was obliged to announce through the *Spectator* (20th March 1886) that he could neither read nor answer just then the replies to his letter.

To explain this new business, we must return to the autumn of 1885.

During August of that year (1885) the islands and west coast of Ireland were swept by storms of unusual violence, which caused serious injury to the potato crop in some districts, and left the small landholders absolutely incapable of providing seed potatoes for the crop of the ensuing year. It was natural that in this distress they should turn to Tuke, and Mr. H. A. Robinson wrote to him from Dublin under the date of 24th December 1885 :—

"I am sure you must be tired of the thankless job of helping these hopelessly struggling people of the west out of trouble after trouble, and I really have hardly the cheek to ask your help again, after

all the worry and anxiety you have had during the past five years.

"However, it is as a forlorn hope I am coming to you; for wherever there is hunger, misery, and desolation in the west, there is still a ray of hope if the cry has not yet reached the ears of 'Mr. Tuke.'

"This time it is Achil Island that is in difficulties.

"There is a very good potato crop in nearly every part of the west, but in this unfortunate island there has been an almost total failure.

"The potatoes are not black, or diseased in any way, but there are hardly any of them, and what there are are not much bigger than walnuts. There is no employment in the island, and absolutely no demand whatever for the small mountainy cattle that the people have.

"There never was such a scarcity of money, and as the people have not the means of paying off their debts, they will get no credit this spring, and you know what that means.

"The worst feature of the case is about the seed. There is not a man on the island who would put down the seed he has, and as the islanders will be able to get none on credit, I really believe that

unless some assistance can be given to the people in the way of new seed, the whole island will be waste and uncropped this spring."

In view of this calamity, Tuke was called on to lend his help, not only by Mr. H. A. Robinson, but, first, by the Conservative Government, and subsequently by that of Mr. Gladstone. It was suggested that he should raise a small fund privately to relieve the distress. He doubted whether, in the then state of public feeling towards Ireland, such a fund could be raised; but in spite of doubts he, in February 1886, issued to a few of those who had helped before in his good works a short statement on the subject, on which he also wrote to the *Times*. In reply he received in all a sum of £5207.

Tuke had at first declined to go to Achil. "In this refusal," writes Mrs. Tuke in her notes, "I encouraged him, as it seemed almost impossible at the same moment to collect the necessary funds and distribute seed in these vast districts during wild wintry weather. . . .

"A few days after this refusal, Mr. Tuke, my sister-in-law Mrs. Kennedy, and I were sitting at dinner discussing the question, when Mr. Tuke rose from his chair, began to pace the room, and said with a sort of half groan, 'I really cannot

persist in my refusal to help these poor people. I cannot let them starve.' He seemed in such distress of mind that I was silent. That evening he wrote to Mr. John Morley to say that he would go to Achil and see what could be done."

Accordingly he left home, on 7th March 1886, for the west of Ireland, accompanied by his wife and her nephew, Sir Henry Lawrence; and Mr. Morley, the new Irish Secretary, was able, in reply to questions in the House about the distress in Achil, to state that Tuke had taken the matter in hand, had raised a fund, and had already left England. In this work he was again most manfully helped by Major Ruttledge Fair, who, at Tuke's suggestion, was appointed by the Chief Secretary a temporary local Government Inspector. On arriving at the Island of Achil, it was found that 954 families out of 1100 on the island required to be assisted.

To make the fund which had been raised at the suggestion of the Government, as I have before mentioned, go as far as possible, Tuke thought it reasonable to ask the aid of the Government and of the inhabitants of the islands; and so, by avoiding the costs of carriage and distribution, to devote the whole fund to the purchase of the seed potatoes.

At his request, therefore, the Government placed certain of H.M. gunboats at his disposal, and authorised him to make use of the services of the coastguards and of the police; and he required that the people should land the potatoes in their boats free of charge. What happened in consequence of this plan will appear hereafter.

This relief work in Achil, Tuke said, was the hardest that he had ever been engaged in; its nature may be gained from his diary of a single day:—

"15*th March*.—Visited Dooega, East and West, two small villages on the seashore, containing 110 houses, more like dirty cattle-sheds, and 600 or 700 persons. With the exception of nine families, two of whom had out-door relief, all were receiving fortnightly allowances of meal from the Relief Committee. Rents and holdings very small: three only at or above £2 per annum, the majority varying from 20s. to 30s., and some as low as 5s. or 10s. Visited twenty or more houses. Each, in varying degrees, had the same story: 'The potatoes were killed by the August storm,' and either 'We have none left' or 'We are eating the little store of seed, yer honour;' while a few told us that they still had one-fourth or one-third

of the ordinary quantity of potatoes for sowing. None begged for money ; all asked for work so as to obtain meal for their families, and implored for seed with which to plant their holdings ; and, as the whole male population assembled around us like a small Parliament, we had ample opportunity of hearing the *vox populi*. 'What we want, yer honour, is piers and help with the fishing; but the piers, yer honour, are the first, for if we had them we could go out with our own small boats every day, and need not go to England, and now for days we are idle and dare not venture out with the rough seas.' 'Where is the place for the pier which you think would help you?' we ask ; and instantly the moveable Parliament, heedless of the snow and wind howling around, led us to the two or three places on the coast which, in the views of the wisest, were deemed the best. Their practical explanations were clear and lucid, and the reasons *pro* and *con* stated (it is hardly needful to say) with force and energy.

"On our return we took shelter in a small shop, and from the owner, who hospitably boiled the kettle and provided us with tea, I learnt the following :—Asked, 'What meal are you selling weekly?' 'None now to the people, except that

on orders from the Committee.' 'How much last year at this time?' 'We and the other shops sold four to six tons of meal a week, and all the people get now is about one and a half tons per week from the Committee.' 'How much tea did you sell last year per week?' 'About four or five pounds, and now all I sell is a quarter of a pound each to the relieving officer and myself, and the little chest I ordered is going back to the merchant.' 'How much tobacco was sold weekly last year?' 'Five or six pounds, and now I have only an empty canister; no one can buy. We cannot give more credit; the people owe me from £4 or £5 to £10, and some £17 each, and I owe my merchant at Westport, and cannot pay him.' 'Were the rents paid?' we asked. 'Yes, up to March 1885; but now it is impossible.'"

Two extracts from Mrs. Tuke's notes will give an account of some of the difficulties of the work, and of the kind of background on which it was undertaken :—

"Doogort, Achil Island, *Saturday, 27th March* 1886.—Major Ruttledge Fair started at 8 A.M. to meet H.M. gunboat *Orwell* at Achilbeg; Messrs. Robinson and Sampson to Dooega to meet the gunboat *Banterer*. The gunboats were em-

ployed carrying and landing the seed potatoes, and in the tempestuous weather this work was very difficult and uncertain. It was Mr Tuke's intention to join Major Fair at Achilbeg, if the weather cleared, which unfortunately it did not. Peter kept going to a near hill to look out, and to report if gunboats came in sight. Indoors Mr. Tuke and I were hard at work at lists, and people kept coming all day to interview him and get their names on the list for seed. Very late in the evening Major Ruttledge Fair returned, having had a dreadful day; the people got very wild and excited; they, as arranged, brought their boats to unload the potatoes from the *Orwell*, and in the bustle and confusion one boat managed to go right off with a load and disappeared altogether. This, in spite of all the care and watchfulness exercised by Major Ruttledge Fair and the men of the coastguard, who were busily engaged in helping him. At one time the coastguards and the people had almost a hand-to-hand fight over the bags.

"On his way back to Doogort, Major Fair called on Father O'Connor, the parish priest, and reported the theft of the potatoes to him. He was most indignant, and announced that he and

his curates would 'give it hot' to the people at Mass next day. Meanwhile *Banterer* never came. It was rumoured that she was aground somewhere, and the Doogort party waited all the day in vain.

"When Mr. Tuke learned from Major Fair that the boat-load of potatoes had been carried off he was very wroth, and at once wrote a most severe letter to Father O'Connor, saying that every potato must be returned, and unless better order prevailed he would stop the whole distribution. A note was also despatched to the police sergeant at the 'Sound,' asking for police to be present on Monday. We were told that in the Parish Church, and at the various services on Sunday, the people did get it very 'hot' from the clergy at the altar, with the result that within the week the *whole of the potatoes* were returned safe and sound. They were left about in various places in the course of the night, seven bags *found* in a disused lime-kiln, and so on.

"*Monday, 29th March.*—Started soon after 11 for Achilbeg. Stormy, wild day, hail and rain; long drive to Achilbeg. Mr. and Mrs. Browne, ex-coastguard, and their niece, welcomed us, and gave us tea, and were very kind; so was

Mr. Lockhart, head coastguardsman. Then we went to see the pier, and I climbed a high hill and saw the lovely coast view and Clare Island looming dark behind; great green waves breaking mountains high against the rocks. Two little boys helped us down the boggy hill, and we dropped down on the town into the crowd of disappointed people, who stood waiting for the gunboat which never came. They had come from Innishbiggle and everywhere about, and were most picturesque. Donkeys and ponies and tall, strong girls with empty cleaves on their shoulders waiting, waiting, the lovely-coloured sea as a background, and the town and mountains behind us. I went to see the churchyard, the strangest place—broken coffins all about. The place is still used, and when they want to bury some one they take up a coffin and scatter the contents—a skull here, a foot there. While we stood looking, a party of women in all their bright colours, reds and browns, came in and went down the churchyard to a new grave, and they all knelt down, nine or ten, and wailed over the grave. One tripped down to the Holy Well, close by the sea, and dipped her fingers in, and coming back to the grave sprinkled the rest. Then they all wailed again and bowed themselves

down to the ground. The graves are marked with stones roughly laid side by side, and at head and foot are little rough sticks stuck in the ground—hardly any slabs or inscriptions. One I saw erected by a son in Cleveland, Ohio, to a father of 71. Another to the memory of some woman, so and so, *alias* so and so. A ruinous, little chapel stands roofless, and inside it are buried some of the monks of the convent. Here a skull used to be which the country people considered it was death to touch. The *débris* of coffins all broken about look ghastly. The burials constantly take place without a priest, as, unless the family of the deceased can pay 7s. 6d., the priest, it is said, does not attend the funeral. So the people just come and lay their dead there themselves. The funeral parties often arrive in boats. The kind sea sings their dirge all along the lower end of the burial ground, and in its own grand way makes up for the choral service of the priest and acolytes. To-day the changing lights, quick showers and bright gleams, made the whole scene of this little village singularly quaint and impressive. The young girls tripping here and there, looking almost like autumn leaves blown over the bog, some sitting on the backs of the

ponies behind the cleave panniers. There were carts and donkeys innumerable, and hundreds of people."

The physical difficulties in carrying and distributing the seed potatoes amongst the islanders were not slight. The weather was extraordinarily stormy, and for more than a fortnight the wind, and frequently the snow and hail, fought against the purposes of benevolence. There was no harbour or pier of any size in Achil, and for many days no vessel could approach the coast, so that the potatoes had to be stored at Westport, thirty miles off, and thence transhipped to the island on the gunboats. But here again the weather interposed delays, and more than once drove the gunboats back from their attempts to make the passage, and the difficulty of discharging from fifty to sixty tons of potatoes over the shipside into hookers or boats in the open roadstead was considerable. Another, and fortunately an unusual difficulty, was superadded in this case to the carrying on of the relief work. In several cases the people behaved in a thoroughly disorderly manner, and that sometimes in spite of the entreaties of the priest and others, as will be gathered from Mrs. Tuke's diary. But, in spite of all difficulties, the work was done.

Tuke had started on this expedition under the notion that the effect of the August storms was nearly confined to the islands of the western coast; but an inspection of some fifty or sixty miles of the Mayo shore proved to him that the distress extended far beyond what he had supposed. Thereupon he paid a hasty visit to Dublin to confer with the Lord Lieutenant (Lord Aberdeen) and the Local Government Board, a visit which no doubt had much to do with the short Act carried through Parliament in that session for the relief of the west coast.

To meet the emergency thus revealed to Tuke, he again appealed to his friends through the London newspapers, and received help, including a guarantee privately given by the Lord Lieutenant. He was thus enabled to do for the mainland much what he had previously done for the islands. One contribution to the funds raised for the west in this year particularly pleased Tuke. It was a collection made amongst the servants of the Vice-Regal Lodge in Dublin. Tuke's visit to the west on this occasion exceeded two months in duration, in the course of which he distributed 1425 tons of seed potatoes, and assisted more than 6000 families, representing a population of from 30,000

to 40,000 persons. The summer brought him delightful accounts of the result of his labours. The "Tuke potatoes," as they were called, prospered, and it was easy to note the difference between the worn-out native seed and the vigorous and luxuriant growth of Tuke's "imported champions," and from village after village came letters filled with grateful acknowledgments of the blessing which that visit had conferred on the poor and almost despairing peasantry of the west coast.

Whilst engaged in the work of relief in Achil and the west, Tuke was informed that a Bill for the further relief of the districts was under the consideration of the Government, and he learned that it was proposed to distribute a sum of £40,000 through the local authorities. His experience convinced him that no Local Board or authority then existing in the districts would be able to resist the importunity for a share of the spoil which would be brought to bear upon them by friends and neighbours who were not really fit objects for charity. He felt this so strongly, that he left his work at Westport, went to London, and had a long interview on the subject with Mr. Morley, then Chief Secretary. "Better," said Tuke, "throw the whole

of the money into the Atlantic" than cause the demoralisation of the districts which must ensue if the distribution were carried into effect by the Boards of Guardians. Some impression was made, and as the result the Government divided the £40,000 into halves,—placed one £20,000 in the hands of a competent Commission which did excellent work in the district, and placed the other £20,000 at the disposal of the Guardians of the six western Unions, who, in the space of a few weeks, raised the number of persons receiving out-door relief from 248 to over 98,000, and in the course of eight weeks spent not only the £20,000 but £16,000 in addition. In more than one district, the return of persons relieved exceeded the gross population of the whole district for which the Unions were answerable.[1]

I quote again from Mrs. Tuke's notes :—

"After the distribution of seed potatoes in Mayo and Galway, a gentleman with whom Mr. Tuke had been previously acquainted—a Home Ruler, and who had been connected with the National League or Land League—called upon Mr. Tuke in Dublin, and in the course of conversation remarked: 'We Home Rulers have often attacked your methods of working, but we have never

[1] Report Poor Relief, Ireland, 1887, p. 8.

impugned or doubted your motives. I now come, on my own part, to thank you very warmly for your unwearied devotion to the poor people in the west of Ireland.' After some further talk, my husband said: 'You have been very frank with me in talking thus; may I ask you one question? Why is it that you political Home Rulers have never raised a finger to help us, when we were working in a purely philanthropic spirit to help these people in the west? Why do you not work for them yourselves?'

"'Well, you see, Mr. Tuke, the fact is these districts and people furnish us with a very good *raison d'être*,' was the frank, though somewhat cynical reply."

After the conclusion of these labours in the distribution of seed potatoes, Tuke issued to his subscribers a report on his work, and prefixed to it some suggestions for the permanent relief of the districts in question. He urged three measures of relief: (1) the encouragement of the fisheries; (2) the extension of tramways; and (3) emigration or colonisation.

Whilst Tuke was thus labouring in the west of Ireland, his old friend and fellow-labourer, William Edward Forster, had passed away. They

last saw each other as Tuke was passing through London on his way westwards.

"My last visit to my much-honoured and loved friend," wrote Tuke, "... took place 1st March 1886, shortly after his return from Torquay, where his illness had assumed so serious an aspect. Knowing how ill he was, I had no expectation of seeing him as I stood on the steps of his house in Eccleston Square: a message, however, came that he wished to see me, and I was ushered into his bedroom, where, lying on a couch, looking ill and worn, I found my old friend, surrounded by all that the love and tenderness of his wife and daughters could supply. Weak as he was, and only able to speak slowly, he conversed with much interest on various topics, detaining me for half an hour, though I rose several times to leave, fearing to weary him. Ireland was naturally foremost in his thoughts. 'Well, Tuke, I hope Mr. Gladstone has not converted you to Home Rule.' On my replying in the negative, he said, 'No one who understands Ireland can believe that to be the cure of her maladies. How I should like just once more to go down to the House and let them know what I think on the subject.' After a time he spoke at some length on the subject of the proposed

emigration from the East End ; and whilst heartily approving of careful emigration, he evidently could not see his way to any wholesale movement for London. As I shook hands with him for the last time, he once more referred to the circumstance that prayer had been offered on his behalf by the Friends ; he said, 'Mind and let the Friends know how much I felt their remembrance of me at the meeting.' Once more, only three weeks later, tidings came to me from my lamented friend. Of this I quote from Mrs. Forster's notes, dated 24th March 1886 :—

"'His friend, Mr. Tuke, had gone over to Ireland to distribute relief in the shape of food and seed potatoes in the most distressed districts. Such a work reminded him of the similar work in which, as a young man, he and Mr. Tuke had been engaged in the same districts in the terrible famine years, and he was anxious about some of the islands he had then visited, and where he knew the poverty now to be specially grievous. 24th March, I wrote for him to Mr. Tuke, sending a subscription with a request that it might, if possible, be applied to the relief of Boffin, one of the poorest and most inaccessible of the islands. It was his last work for Ireland, and I am not sure that he was able to hear

Mr. Tuke's letter in reply, telling him that food had already been sent.'

"And thus," adds Tuke, "as our friendship had commenced with Ireland, it ended also with his last thoughts in connection with that country, which he had loved so truly and served so well." [1]

The Irish Quakers, as a body, felt very strongly against Home Rule, and whilst the subject was under discussion in Parliament, they were anxious to bring their views before their fellow-members in England, and on 26th May 1886 a meeting was held for that purpose in the Friends' Meeting-House, Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Street, at which Tuke presided.

The community of sentiment on this great subject drew together James Tuke and his old friend John Bright, and Mrs. Tuke's reminiscences of their last occasions of intercourse may find a place here :—

"In the summer of 1886 Mr. Tuke and I went to Birmingham to stay with the Albrights, and attend a great meeting of John Bright's constituents in the 'Corn Exchange.' The sight was wonderful, and the hush which came over the thousands assembled to hear the great orator was

[1] *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, 4th March 1889, pp. 174-175.

as impressive as were the ringing cheers with which they greeted his appearance on the platform. It was a splendid speech from start to finish, and when he came to the point where he described the Gladstonians as 'a personally conducted party,' the waves of laughter and cheers upon cheers were overwhelming.

"The following night my husband and I dined in Mr. Bright's company with Mr. George Dixon, M.P., in his charming house at Edgbaston. Dinner was hardly over when Mr. Dixon had to leave us, and we three sat on at the table, Mr. Bright talking nearly all the time of Home Rule and the 'crisis.' The evening darkened into the summer night, and still the grand solemn voice went on with the short nervous sentences and the perfect arrangement of thoughts. Heart and head were absorbed in the question which he regarded as vital.

"On Saturday, 9th July 1887, Mr. Bright came to stay with us at Hitchin. We had no other visitors, as he wished for quiet. He talked constantly with Mr. Tuke on most interesting subjects, of old days and of his school life, and, of course, of Home Rule. He told us of the persistency with which Mr. Gladstone had endeavoured

to induce him to support him in his Home Rule policy, which Bright abhorred. Letter after letter had been addressed to him with suggested guarantees and safeguards, but none of them affected his resolve 'to have nothing to do with it.' He had previously shown this correspondence to my husband.

"On the Saturday evening, with Mr. Bright's consent, we invited a few friends to hear his views on the Home Rule question. For nearly two hours he sat in an arm-chair by the fireside, talking and answering questions. He spoke like one of the old prophets, with a power it is impossible to describe. His fine voice and noble manner would have impressed one, even if the matter had been less important and weighty. It was like a clarion note, so clear and decided. No doubt in his mind of the deadly danger to England, and of the disaster which must ensue, if the policy were adopted. He spoke strongly, often sadly, for he felt most deeply the division in the ranks of the party. His personal grief at being thus divided from Mr. Gladstone was quite evident. There was no mistake about this; it caused him real distress, but he never wavered. He spoke with no little scorn of some of those who, with extra-

ordinary suddenness, had accepted the proposals of the Prime Minister—of one especially as 'a prostrate Gladstonian.'

"On Sunday he attended the Friends' meeting, and in the evening read aloud, at Mr. Tuke's request, some passages from Milton's *Paradise Regained*—a poem Bright was fond of—and from *Paradise Lost*, in a wonderful way. On Monday morning, my husband and I drove with him to the train, and he stood talking to us in the doorway of the railway carriage to the last."

Tuke had become a recognised authority on the subject of emigration, and it was not wonderful that this brought upon him a very large correspondence, and even more serious business. But he was not a solitary labourer in the field; in London alone no less than twenty-four associations existed to aid in the good work; and it was natural that the idea of federation or co-operation amongst them should grow up. Accordingly, on 15th April 1885, a meeting was held in London under the presidency of Lord Lorne, to consider the propriety of a federation of the various societies already in existence for promoting emigration. Tuke was present and was appointed a member of the Committee, and, as usual, he took a labouring

part. He undertook the duty of making enquiries as to the nature and extent of the work of these societies and other matters connected with them, and he made a full report as the result of these enquiries. Its result was curtly stated to be "that half the societies do not want federation, and the other half do not deserve it."

This scheme for federation fell through in the form in which it was proposed; but as the result, the attention of the Colonial Office was drawn to the expediency of systematising the means for affording information to persons intending to emigrate. Tuke was again consulted on the best mode of proceeding, and when an Office was established under the name of the Emigrants' Information Office, and a Council constituted for the management of this Office, Tuke was (8th September 1886) appointed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies a member of the Council; and its business occupied his attention from time to time until December 1893, when he retired from the Council, and received, through Lord Ripon, the thanks of H.M. Government for the services which he had rendered to the Office.

Of all the terrible cases of conflict between landlords and tenants which resulted from or were

contemporary with the existence of the plan of campaign, none probably attracted more attention than the case of Bodyke. As early as January 1887 the struggle had assumed an acute form. The case differed from some others, inasmuch as the tenants of Colonel O'Callaghan were undoubtedly in great pecuniary distress, and their refusal to satisfy his demands was not entirely, if at all, due to the pressure of the plan of campaign; and it seemed not only to Tuke himself, but to some of his influential friends, that it might be possible to avert the misery and scandal of the wholesale evictions which were threatened to take place on 2nd February.

Accordingly, on 25th January 1887, Mr. and Mrs. Tuke left their pleasant home and quiet fireside to encounter the discomforts of travelling in the remote parts of Ireland in the winter, and spent a considerable time, in the neighbourhood of Bodyke, in ascertaining the real facts of the case in controversy between Colonel O'Callaghan and his tenants, and in communications especially with Father Murphy and with Colonel Turner, the kindly and able magistrate in charge of the district. "An anonymous offer of £300 from an English visitor" was mentioned in the public press in reference to Bodyke. That

offer was, in fact, made by Tuke to Father Murphy as a gift on behalf of himself and some of his friends. The result of the negotiations which were carried on was to stave off any actual eviction till June of the year, when most painful scenes occurred. In January 1888, through the intervention of Colonel Turner, all questions between Colonel O'Callaghan and his tenants were settled by the payment of a sum upwards of £1000, towards which Tuke's £300 was in part drawn upon.

In March 1887 Mr. Arthur Balfour had succeeded Sir Michael Hicks Beach as Irish Secretary; and very soon after assuming office, Mr. Balfour joined with Tuke's old friend, Mr. W. H. Smith, in a private request that he would visit Ireland and report upon the actual condition of the country as regards distress. In April, accordingly, Tuke, accompanied by his wife, again left Hitchin, and spent some time in the west of Ireland obtaining the requisite information for his report.

In most districts of the west of Ireland the potato crop in the autumn of 1887 was very good, but in the islands of Arran it unfortunately failed, and in January 1888 the question of the supply of seed potatoes in these islands attracted the attention of the Government. They took the course which

had almost become habitual; they applied to Tuke for advice. This, it is needless to say, was given; but he was too ill at this time to take a very active part in the matter. Major Ruttledge Fair was, on his recommendation, entrusted with the distribution of the relief, which was mainly found by the Government itself.

In the spring of 1889 assertions were made in the House of Commons and elsewhere of the existence of widespread destitution in Donegal, and of the necessity of taking steps to avert a famine. Moved by this rumour, and at the instance of Mr. Smith, then Irish Secretary, and of Mr. Balfour, Tuke again visited the county so well known to him, accompanied again by his wife and by his friend Major Ruttledge Fair. Of this county the western part is the poorer by far, and always shows indications of poverty. Tuke found that the 1888 crop of potatoes had been deficient, but that the operation of this fact was very much countervailed by three others: viz. the unusually large crop of 1887, which enabled the peasantry to maintain more pigs than usual; the great rise in the price of sheep and cattle; and the unusually large sum brought back into the district in 1887 by the children who went to work in the "Laggan," *i.e.*

the eastern part of Donegal, and by the men who had gone as labourers to Scotland. He concluded, therefore, that there was at this time no need for exceptional measures of relief in the district, and he was able to contrast its then condition favourably with that which he had known in the winter of 1879-80 and the spring of 1886.

On 18th May 1889 Mr. Smith wrote to Tuke :—

"It is a very singular coincidence that from the moment of your arrival in Donegal the suggestion of impending starvation ceased. Personally, I connect this circumstance with your visit, as the agitators must have feared you would state the truth."

On 20th May 1889 Tuke addressed a letter to the *Times*, giving the results of his visit, and in subsequent letters (of the 28th May and 29th June) he availed himself of the opportunity to enforce his views as to what should be done to meet the chronic evils of the west. He insisted that the extension of railways was the primary measure upon which the success of any other remedial legislation must depend; and, with the full knowledge which he possessed of the locality, he discussed the details of the lines which ought to be made. Furthermore, he considered the important

question as to how far it is desirable to promote the acquisition by purchase of the very small holdings of the west, and dwelt upon the principal reasons advanced against it; viz. the doubt as to the adequacy of the security and the fear that subdivision, being unchecked by the landlord, would go on with increased force. Experience, he showed, afforded strong ground to believe that neither of these reasons were valid. The townland of Lower Beltony in Donegal had been sold some three years previously to the tenants under Lord Ashbourne's Act, and Tuke found that the instalments had been regularly paid, and that the unusual care and superior cultivation of the small holdings were due to the magic of ownership. "The work is hard, yer honour, but there's pleasure in it," was the ultimate result of his enquiries from the occupants. Previously to this Tuke had doubted the wisdom of sales to such small tenants.

Tuke's three letters to the *Times*, with some additional papers, were published in 1889 as a pamphlet entitled "The Condition of Donegal."

CHAPTER VIII

1887–1893

Tuke's early views as to the development of industries in the west — Correspondence with Mr. Balfour — The light railways—Incubation of scheme for Congested Districts Board—Invitation to act upon it—Fisheries—Visit to Baltimore—Formation of the Board—Congested districts described — Functions of the Board — First report — Tuke's labours on the Board—Visits to horse shows and west coast—Result of labours of the Board—Death of Mr. W. H. Smith—Home Rule and the Quakers.

For the sake of keeping together my narrative as to the introduction of light railways into the west of Ireland and the formation of the Congested Districts Board, I must retrace my steps to the year 1887.

Though Tuke had been an eager advocate of family emigration, he had never thought of it as the exclusive remedy for the west of Ireland. So early as 1847 (in his *Visit to Connaught*) he had advocated the encouragement of fisheries and of

weaving, and the necessity of improved communication between the west and east of Ireland. In 1883 he had so far advanced in the detailed study of the subject as to prepare a map, which he laid before the Government of the day, and particularly before Mr. Childers, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order to show the necessity for increased communication with the west of Ireland. In his report on the distribution of seed potatoes in 1886, he had put forward the improvement of the fisheries and the extension of tramways as two of the means to be used for the permanent amelioration of the west. And again in November 1887 he gave evidence before the Royal Commission on Irish public works with respect to railways, tramways, and fisheries in the west.[1]

The prospect of continuing a system of emigration from the west of Ireland had been gradually shut out by circumstances and influences to which I have already alluded ; and it is not wonderful that Tuke's mind, therefore, turned with increasing interest to the plan of doing something for the people of the west in their old and wretched homes. In May 1887 Mr. Balfour invited Tuke to an interview, and the question of the possibility of some

[1] *Appendix to Second Report of Commission* (1888), p. 644.

operations in this direction was fully and openly discussed between them.

On the 22nd May 1887 Tuke wrote to Mr. Balfour with some details of the scheme which he proposed in relation to the congested districts of the west of Ireland, and in the course of his letter he said :—

"No lasting settlement of the Irish Question is possible which does not include a comprehensive and generous attempt to deal with the congested districts quite apart from the rest of Ireland. It is, as I have for many years past sought to urge both upon politicians and the public, a peculiar condition which requires and can only be healed (if at all in our lifetime) by peculiar and distinct treatment. That it will have to be grappled with and attempted before long I feel assured, for any moment a general failure of the potato crop may occur, which means starvation to the thousands of people who are always living on the smallest pittance of food compatible with existence.

"It would seem to me a noble ambition for some leading statesman or politician to make this his special work and duty, and to determine that, whether in or out of office, so far as his powers went, no means should be left untried which could

gradually but permanently cure (alleviate) the chronic misery of the congested districts.

"As a very humble worker in the field, I do not hesitate to say, after living several months in the districts for the past seven years, that very much might be done towards this great end by steady, *systematic*, *personal* work in the districts, based upon fixed and carefully considered principles, and not in moments of emergency [in response] to the call of faction, or, it may be, to the cry of real and absolute distress."

From this time forward till August 1891, when the legislature created the Congested Districts Board for Ireland, Tuke was in constant communication with Mr. Balfour and with those of the Irish executive who were chiefly consulted by him on the subject of the special relief to be afforded to the west, including, as one of the most important of the proposed measures, the encouragement of light railways throughout this district, and the particular courses in which these railways could be most usefully constructed.

In May 1889 Tuke and Major Ruttledge Fair were, by Mr. Balfour's request, engaged on a detailed study of the best lines for the light

railways; on which they accordingly reported to the Chief Secretary.

When, in August 1889, Mr. Balfour carried through Parliament provisions for the construction of light railways in the west, Tuke wrote to him a note, dated 20th August 1889, in which he said:—

"I cannot avoid congratulating you on the result of your determination to pass the Light Railways Bill. To me this 20th of August cannot but be a 'Red Letter Day,' as being the one on which a measure was passed containing provisions which I have for so many years urged as being preliminary to all others required for the permanent improvement of the congested districts of Ireland. Let me very heartily thank you for it."

On 30th August 1889 the Act to facilitate the Construction of Light Railways in Ireland received the Royal assent. It authorised the Lord Lieutenant to declare the construction of a light railway between certain points to be desirable for the development of fisheries or other industries, but that, owing to the circumstances of the district, special assistance from the State was required for its construction; and the Act contains provisions for subsidising the bodies which might undertake

the construction of such lines. When, in November following, the question came before the Irish Privy Council as to what lines should be dealt with under the Act, it was a great gratification to Tuke to find that all the lines he had set his heart upon were primarily inserted in the Privy Council schedule.

Mr. Balfour was not satisfied that this was all that could be done for the west, but continued his studies and deliberations on the subject of the congested districts. On 29th October 1889, when Tuke was again in Ireland, he had a long and most interesting interview with the Chief Secretary, in the course of which the details of the proposed measure on the congested districts were discussed, and Mr. Balfour asked Tuke to become one of the Board of permanent Commissioners whom he proposed to appoint.

It is needless to say that this interview deeply gratified Tuke; for he saw that there was the seed of a great blessing for the poor people of the west in the plan thus carefully thought out by a minister whom Tuke regarded, from year to year, with increasing confidence as well as admiration and personal esteem.

On the following day (30th October 1889)

Tuke wrote to Mr. Balfour a note (wrongly dated 29th October), in which he said :—

"I really must apologise for not having thanked you yesterday for your great kindness in having suggested my name as one of the Commissioners for carrying out your most remarkable and important measures for the congested districts. My omission to do so at the time certainly did not arise from any indifference or want of appreciation of the great honour which your kindness conferred on me ; but I confess that, as you poured out of your cornucopia measure after measure of wise and beneficent intent for dealing with the congested districts, my mind was fairly overwhelmed with the sense of their vast importance, and the possible realisation of hopes and aspirations for raising the social and economic condition of the people in the west of Ireland which have for many years been the companions of my thoughts. You have, I am well aware, much over-estimated my powers of usefulness or fitness for the position ; at the same time if, failing a better man, I can be of *any* service to you in this matter, I shall feel it alike my duty and pleasure to render it if required."

The year 1891 opened with distress still prevalent

in Ireland, and with Mr. Balfour occupied in an earnest attempt to lessen the misery.

On 23rd January 1891 Tuke received a telegram from the Chief Secretary asking him to go to Dublin to consult with the Lord Lieutenant and himself on "relief measures," and from the 26th January to the 17th February Tuke was accordingly in Dublin, except for a week passed in the south of Ireland, and was occupied in incessant communication not only with the heads of the Government but with various officials (Sir West Ridgway, Mr. Burke, Mr. Mulhall, Mr. Franks, Mr. Wrench, and others) in discussing the measures necessary for the present distress; and, what was more important, in discussing the plans for the formation and working of the new Congested Districts Board.

The subject of fisheries was one of which it was intended that the new Board should take charge. There were two gentlemen especially conversant with this subject—one a clergyman of the Protestant, and the other of the Roman Catholic, Church. The Rev. W. S. Green, then incumbent of the parish of Carrigaline in County Cork, had been appointed by the Royal Dublin Society, in 1887, to investigate the condition of the

sea fisheries in the south and south-west of Ireland, and had published two reports on the subject. In 1889 Tuke placed himself in communication with Mr. Green, and through Tuke's efforts an arrangement was made between the Government and the Royal Dublin Society, under which Mr. Green, with the assistance of two naturalists, was employed in making a thorough survey of the fishing grounds off the west coast of Ireland, and made two reports of his survey to the Society in December 1890 and December 1891. Mr. Green is now a member of the Congested Districts Board.

The other expert in fishery matters was the Rev. Father Davis of Baltimore, a little village situated on a small promontory on the coast of County Cork, and within sight of Cape Clear. Tuke had long wished to become personally acquainted with him and his work, and this wish he realised in February 1891. Mrs. Tuke describes the visit as follows :—

"*5th February* 1891.—Just outside Skibbereen, which appears an unusually busy, prosperous little town, our driver pointed out, a few yards to the right of the road to Baltimore, the new railway which is in process of construction, one of the Government relief works. The line continues

close to the road nearly the entire way, and it was very interesting to see so many men and boys employed digging and carrying barrows, and working away with their picks. It was a comfort, after all that has been written and said, to find so permanent a bit of work of such importance to the district actually in progress, and to see such numbers of people really hard at work instead of leaning on their spades, as one so constantly saw them in Connemara, watching the carriage while it was in sight. While daylight lasted we watched them, and when the dusk came on we passed groups of them chatting and laughing as they turned homewards. We were exceedingly glad to hear that the English clerk of the works, who is employed by the contractor to supervise the line, expresses himself as thoroughly satisfied with these men, and finds them most excellent and amenable in all ways. The men earn 2s. a day on the railway works. As we approached the coast numerous islands came into view, but the curtain of night came down so fast that by the time we reached Baltimore we could only distinguish a land-locked bay, in which lay the great ice-hulks,[1] rising heavy and black out of the gray water,

[1] That is, hulks in which was stored the ice for packing the fish.

mountains all round, and a few brilliant lights indicating the whereabouts of the coastguardsmen's houses and the school. Some gates were opened, and a short drive led us to Father Davis's house, which stands in the same grounds as the 'Industrial Fishing School,' which we had come to visit. The good Father, biretta on head, awaited our arrival on the doorstep, and we were soon ushered into his comfortable, though perfectly simple home, where bright fires and the most kind and hearty of Irish welcomes awaited us. It was most interesting to us to make the acquaintance of this good priest, who, with the generous aid and, better still, the warm and encouraging sympathy of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, has done so much to develop an Irish industry, and to prove that the harvest of the sea is likely to do far more to make the Irish peasant of the western seaboard independent and prosperous than the harvest which he and his forefathers have tried in vain to gather from the land. The evening passed most agreeably, hearing Father Davis's story of the simple beginnings of the fishing work in Baltimore; how long ago the pilchard fishery had been worked by an English company; how then the pilchards had left the coast; then

how, in 1863, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts had been interested in hearing of very acute distress in the Island of Cape Clear, and had helped some forty or fifty families to emigrate at that time, and since then how she has kept up a more or less close personal acquaintance with the district. About ten years since Father Davis was appointed parish priest of Baltimore, and having been curate in the neighbourhood he had always seen the immense advantages which Baltimore possessed as a fishing station; now his opportunity had arrived, and with all his energy since that time he has worked day and night to improve the material condition of the people by developing the fishing industry. His parish is very widely extended, and includes Cape Clear, Sharkin Island, Calf Island, and several others. A neighbouring priest, Father O'Sullivan, whose parish embraces Roaring Water, Hare Island, etc., was spending the day with our host, and about 10 P.M. left Baltimore for his home, six miles distant by boat and seven or eight by car afterwards, which gives one some idea of the distances travelled by the priests in these outlying country parishes."

In Tuke's life this year (1891) is especially marked by the passing of the enactment establish-

ing the Congested Districts Board. It is needless to say how great was the interest felt by Tuke in thus seeing plans in which he so deeply sympathised realised by Mr. Balfour. It was, in fact, a matter of simple rejoicing to him. The business which it involved was vast; in addition to the frequent letters and interviews with Mr. Balfour, Mr. Franks, and others as to the constitution of the Board and the details of the legislation, there was correspondence with Father Davis and the Rev. Mr. Green on fishery questions, and there were continued letters to and fro between him and the Right Hon. Horace Plunkett, who took the liveliest interest in the matter, and who has in subsequent years worked with such indefatigable zeal for the welfare of his country. In fact, the creation of the Board involved Tuke in a new and very wide circle of correspondence.

It was on 5th August (1891) that the Purchase of Land (Ireland) Act 1891 received the Royal assent. A part of this Act was devoted to the subject of congested districts, and thereby there was constituted the Congested Districts Board for Ireland. It consisted of two *ex officio* members, the Chief Secretary and a member of the Land Commission, nominated by the Lord Lieutenant to

especially represent agriculture and forestry, and five other members. Of these five members Tuke was, as has already been mentioned, appointed to be one.

What is a congested district? some one may ask. It is an electoral district in which the total rateable value of the land within it, when divided by the number of the population, gives less than 30s. per individual—a district, therefore, in which the population bears a very high proportion to the cultivable land on which it lives; in other words, a district in which, though the hovels may be few and far apart, the proportion of the population to the productive land is great. But not every such place was a congested district within the scope of the Act. An isolated area of this sort in the midst of a rich county was not to be so considered; and the Act therefore applied only where the County or (as to County Cork) the Riding was so poor that 20 per cent of the population lived in districts satisfying the before-mentioned test of congestion.

A congested district as popularly understood, and as it appears to the eye of the traveller, is thus a very different thing from a congested district to the eye of the law in Ireland. Many

of these regions suggest no notion of a crowded population like the slums of a great city: often they are desolate boglands over which the eye may range and scarcely see the trace of human habitation.

Again, what was the Board to do in these districts? They were empowered, subject to certain provisions which it is needless to dwell upon, to take such steps as they might think fit in respect of no less than ten matters, namely :—

1. Agricultural development.
2. Forestry.
3. Breeding of live stock and poultry.
4. Sale of seed potatoes and seed oats.
5. Fishing (including the construction of piers and harbours, and the supply of fishing boats and gear, and industries connected with and subservient to fishing).
6. Weaving and spinning.
7. Any other suitable industries.
8. Amalgamation of small holdings.
9. Migration.
10. Emigration.

It is obvious that for the Board to do any good in such a variety of ways a considerable amount of money must be placed at their disposal.

Three funds were placed under their control: first, an annual sum of £41,250, the interest on a sum of £1,500,000 known as the Church surplus grant (1895 Fund), (in certain cases the Board might apply part of the principal of this sum for the purposes of the Act); secondly, two smaller sums of £46,000 and £22,000 applicable to some but not to all the purposes of the Act.

When the Board got to work it was found that, notwithstanding the restriction placed on the definition of a congested district, as before mentioned, there were 428 electoral districts which were congested within the definition of the Act; that these covered an area of more than 3,600,000 statute acres; and that the average Poor Law valuation per head of population was only £1 : 0 : 3.[1]

The Board appointed four committees to have respectively the special care of industries, fisheries, land, and finance. Of all these committees, except the last, Tuke was appointed a member.

A full account of the operations of the Board would be tedious to the reader. But I will take the first report, which covers a period from the 5th August 1891 to 31st December 1892, and

[1] First Report of Board, p. 4.

will enumerate shortly some of the subjects which received the attention of the Board during that short period. In that way the reader will gain some notion of the multifarious nature of the subjects which challenged and received their care.

The first report deals with the survey of the condition of the various congested districts which had been undertaken by members and inspectors of the Board ; agricultural instruction ; an experiment in forestry on the Connemara coast; the planting of shelter plantations ; the formation of osier beds ; the improvement of the breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, and of poultry ; the purchase of an estate in Galway for the enlargement of adjoining small holdings ; a report from Mr. Horace Plunkett on emigration, as the result of his visit to Canada ; efforts to improve the fresh fish trade by employing boats to fish on untried grounds, and the organisation of a fish train on the Midland Great Western Railway ; an agreement with regard to the sale of mackerel ; a fishing experiment under the supervision of the Rev. Mr. Green ; an arrangement with regard to the carriage of herrings ; efforts to aid the cured fish trade, and the selection of fish-curing stations ; instruction in net-mending ; advances of money to

a spinning factory, to a knitting factory, to a co-operative dairy company; a small grant for instruction in carpentry; an effort to extend the shirt and underclothing manufacture, and to improve the yarn spinning and tweed weaving; the construction of certain piers, bridges, roads, and landing-stages; and the obtaining telegraphic communication with the Arran Islands.

In such a vast miscellany of labour, the most greedy of workers might find ample satisfaction. In the service of the Board, Tuke, in the year 1892, crossed to Ireland and back no less than eight times, and twice at least visited the west of Ireland to inspect the operations of the Board.

But Tuke's labours for the Board were not confined to the times of its meeting or visits to Ireland; he was regarded as a high authority on many or even on most of the subjects with which they were concerned; the members of the Board and its officers were frequent visitors at his house in Hitchin; and his correspondence on its affairs, from the time of its formation till his last days, was almost continuous.

Amongst the labours undertaken by Tuke for the Congested Districts Board, three which occupied parts of the year 1893 may here be mentioned.

In May 1893 Tuke visited Nottingham and Leeds to make himself acquainted with some points in connection with textile manufactures of those towns, and to gather hints as to similar manufactures in Ireland.

In August of the same year (1893) he, accompanied by Mrs. Tuke, visited the horse shows of the west of Ireland, and in company with her and Mr. Green made a coasting voyage along the west coast to form his own opinion with regard to piers and fishing stations. Mrs. Tuke's diary again supplies my reader with the story of these tours :—

"In 1893 Mr. Tuke wished to be present at the mare and foal shows which the Board had arranged to hold in various centres. To this end he and I left Dublin on August 8th for Westport, and on the morning of the 9th drove to Newport, nine or ten miles, and there met the judges—Mr. Wrench of the Land Commission and of the C.D. Board, and Mr. Owen. The show was held at Newport House in the demesne of Mr. O'Donel, and was a pretty and interesting sight. The shaggy little mares, with their foals alongside, were walked and trotted round, and the relative merits of each couple were most carefully considered. The people were greatly interested, and there was

quite an excitement about it all: the day was fine, and everything was seen to advantage. After lunch at Newport House, we drove back to Westport, changed horses, and started to Leenane, a village on the shores of the 'Killeries,' about twenty miles distant, where Major Ruttledge Fair joined us. The inn was full to overflowing, and Mr. Tuke and I had rather funny quarters in the sitting-room, which had been converted into our room. The bed, quite comfortable, but looking insecure, was a large spring mattress simply *laid* on four drawing-room chairs; and, besides ourselves and this bed, the room contained three bats, two serpents (stuffed on the walls), and the model of an African waggon.

"*August* 10.—Started early; our road lay along the shores of the Killeries, a beautiful narrow fiord running inland between dark mountains, of which Miel Rhe is the highest and grandest. In passing this way Mr. Tuke was always so much interested in watching the birds on the water. Numbers of little divers and others were generally there, and it was so amusing to see them dip and dive in pursuit of their food, or as the sound of our wheels or its echo reached them; then the strange-

ness of seeing sheep and cattle nibbling the yellow-green sea-weed on the rocks, and on fine days lying down almost in the sea. The sheep that eat the weed and short grass along the shore are said to make especially good mutton. Suddenly the road turns sharp to the left, leaves the shore, and ascends to a sort of pass or saddle in the hills, where the scene is as wild and weird as lakes, bogs, hills, and rocks can make it, the bogs covered with every sort of growth, sparkling white tufts of cotton, rushes, red and orange lichens, etc., and so on to the corner, where one drives under Kylemore, and by the little lake just below Mr. Mitchell Henry's house, with the Connemara Mountains close opposite, and on to Letterfrack, where the second mare and foal show takes place on a little knoll behind the inn — Mr. Tuke, Mr. Green, and the judges watching the proceedings carefully. In the afternoon, off again in the carriage along the beautiful shores of Lough Inagh, beloved of salmon fishers, to Cashel, a charming land-locked bay, which might easily become a most delightful sea-side resort. 'Johnny O'Loughlin, J.P.,' hospitable landlord of the Zetland Arms, was sore pressed to find room for us; but thanks to some kind English tourists who 'compressed'

themselves, we were stowed away in two pigeon-holes off the sitting-room, and turned in very tired.

"*August* 11.—At Cashel, the third show, more mares and foals assembled on the rough hill-side, the Commissioners, as before, watching closely. All Irishmen love horses, and are interested in everything connected with them, so in time these shows will become very popular. After the show Messrs. Wrench and Owen and our party started for Knockboy, the 'aforesting' experiment of the C.D.B., as yet quite in its infancy. No tree on the wind-swept hills was more than two feet high—all sorts had been planted that were deemed suitable, and the land had been carefully drained—(a lake close at hand had gone down several feet in consequence of the drainage)—and every care taken by a thoroughly capable Scotch forester, Mr. Robertson, who, with his young wife, entertained us at tea in their pleasant house. Got back to Cashel about 9, the judges returning to the *Fingal*, anchored in the bay.

"*August* 12.—Off in good time through the sweet, dreamy country. Two hours to Oughterard, where there was only a small show, the fourth of this series—twenty-one mares and foals—though

we passed numbers on the road not going to the show, for some dark reason. Then, notwithstanding Mr. Tuke's bad headache, drove into Galway in the evening.

"*Sunday*, 13*th August*.—Rested most of the day, as Mr. Tuke's headache was troublesome.

"*August* 14.—At 2 o'clock Mr. Tuke declared his head was well, and that he would visit the swivel bridge and causeway of Beal-a-dangan, one of the C.D. Board's large works, about thirty miles distant. A carriage and good pair of horses carried us along the southern shore of Galway through Spiddal, etc., to Costello, which we reached in four hours ; Arran Islands visible in the distance. The heat was intense ; the bogs seemed to rejoice in the sunshine, and myriads of white butterflies hovered in the soft air, keeping us company as we drove along. At Costello we had to leave the horses to bait, a car was procured, and a horse with one loose shoe, which clipped and clapped painfully, carried us along the up-and-down bog road to Beal-a-dangan. While waiting at Costello, Mr. Tuke had inspected a pier which the Board had erected there, a most useful bit of work for the whole neighbourhood. Hookers load turf here, and sell it in Galway at 28s. or 30s. per load.

"The necessity for the Beal-a-dangan works was very obvious, as, until their completion, the population of the neighbouring island, though so close to land, had frequently to wade through the sea at low tide to reach it; the dangers and inconveniences were great, and accidents not uncommon, as there is a strong tide running.

"The splendid sunset lights just enabled us to examine the works, and enjoy the exquisite view of the 'Twelve Pins,' and the rest of the lovely Connemara mountains ranged in order. Darkness fell quite suddenly, and we had to hurry back, snatch a hasty meal at Costello, and start again for Galway, which we did not reach till near 2 A.M. Sixty miles to-day.

"*August* 15.—Return to Dublin."

The latter part of the same month of August (1893) saw Mr. and Mrs. Tuke again on a tour of inspection and investigation, this time on board the C.D.B. yacht *Fingal*. Mrs. Tuke thus writes:—

"Mr. Tuke had long desired to visit the coast and islands south of Galway in order to improve his acquaintance with the districts, and to inspect Congested Districts Board works already begun, as well as to consider further suggestions. In 1893 he had

time to carry out this plan. The yacht *Fingal* was at liberty, so was Rev. W. S. Green, who was peculiarly fitted to be his guide—both from his lifelong acquaintance with the coasts, and from the fact that he had recently been head of a complete survey of the fishing grounds off the west coast of Ireland, undertaken in part at Mr. Tuke's suggestion by the Royal Dublin Society, with a considerable grant from Government. Mr. Green is also a thorough seaman, and a delightful and interesting companion.

"*August* 25.—In the afternoon Mr. Tuke and I left Dublin, and joined the *Fingal* in Galway harbour in bright moonlight. I felt very nervous on the occasion, as the Atlantic rollers off the Irish coast have long been a source of dismay and humiliation to many a better mariner than myself. Mr. Tuke, who was a thoroughly good sailor, greatly enjoyed the prospect. Major Ruttledge Fair and Father Conway of Carraroe were already on board, and at dawn, on August 26, strange and fearful noises roused us to the fact that we were getting under weigh. I had cherished a wild hope that we might sleep through the start, but very different was the reality. We steamed over a rather choppy sea

to Carraroe, where, about 8 o'clock, we landed Father Conway, and continued our course to Arran, where we anchored under the village of Kilronan. The Arran Islands are a group of three large and several smaller islands which stretch themselves across Galway Bay in a lazy sort of way, as if to block the entrance. Innish-môr, the largest and most northerly, had been selected by the C.D. Board as the centre of a considerable fishing experiment. Ice hulks had been placed there, fish-packing and curing sheds erected, telegraph and steamer communication with Galway established, good boats introduced, and everything done to bring the market within reach of the fisher folk. Innish-maan, or the middle island, is famous for the ruin of Dún Connar, the largest and finest of the ancient forts, and on this island Miss Lawless has fixed the home of 'Grania,' most charming of Irish heroines. Innisheer, the south island, is the smallest of the three, and lies nearest to the coast of Clare. They are all inhabited, though the islands are simply rocks of a dark gray limestone, and it is astonishing that human beings ever fixed on them as habitations. There is hardly any earth or soil, and no peat or fuel! On these wind-swept crags trees will not live. In very dry

seasons even water fails, and has to be brought from the mainland. The ground is literally paved with huge slabs in which occur fissures or clefts, each of which, at the time of our visit, was fringed with glossy little ferns or ivy ; the *Gentiana verna* and other interesting plants flourish in them, and in spring they are most lovely. Great granite boulders are lying about on the rock, and tell of probable connection with the mainland in ages long past. All nature seems against these desolate regions, so it was a bold undertaking of the C.D. Board to plant their first great enterprise here ; but their efforts have been crowned with success, and the casting of the bread upon the waters in 1892 has resulted in a happy finding again after many days.

" On this bright August morning all was life and animation round Arran, a clear blue sky and sea and light east wind—everything calling us to hurry on shore. On the pier a fine take of herrings was being packed for market. A ragged boy was selling 'pampooties' (the cow-hide sandals or slippers worn by the islanders), the only wear for the rocky floor of the island. Mr. Tuke visited the curing and packing sheds, and then inspected the netting school, where sixty or seventy pupils

were being instructed in the repairing of nets. He notes of this: 'This is a most important and valuable service, as knowledge of net-mending did not previously exist; nets when torn were left to rot.' He adds: 'One boat came in this morning with 17,000 herrings. The great value of the telegraph service was shown to-day, as sales were on the moment effected in Galway, and 7000 or 8000 herrings were despatched by SS. *Dorus* in the afternoon. The remainder, salted, will go to Galway by hooker to-morrow, in boxes lent from C.D.B. stores.'

"After the inspection, a car and guide were procured, and we started to visit such of the ruins as were possible in the short time at our disposal. In spite of the remoteness of these islands and their apparent desolation, they must have been fully inhabited in very early days by a people possessed at once of a considerable military spirit and power and of fervent piety; witness the remains of the forts or dúns, and the number of churches, oratories, and monastic cells, portions of which are still standing. The dúns are the earliest non-sepulchral monuments, and are built entirely of stones wonderfully piled together without mortar. Tradition points them out as the work of the Firbolgs, whom

ancient MSS. say retreated to Arran and other remote places after their defeat in the battle of Moytura, but their actual date is unknown. Dún Ængus, the finest of the forts on Aran-môr, is magnificently situated on a cliff about 300 feet above the sea, facing north and west. The waves beat and break themselves eternally at its base, and the sound of the roar is grand. The sea face of the cliff is very fine; it beetles over at the top, and the wall of the fort seems, as it were, part of the rock. The land front is protected by a wide belt of stones set on end, which no doubt served as a *chevaux-de-frise* in case of attack. We noticed, as we stood in the fort, a man fishing on the adjoining cliff, and it made one dizzy to watch him leaning far over the edge in hauling up his prize—for we actually saw him catch a fish. Ængus is one of several dúns on Aran-môr, and there are quite a number of churches and beehive cells. One tiny church, probably the smallest in the world, stands high on a limestone hill—Tempal Benin—Church of St. Benignus (a disciple of St. Patrick), it measures 10 ft. 9 by 7 ft.; according to Lord Dunraven's notes on Irish architecture, it stands north and south, but its one window is in the eastern side wall, where it is supposed the

altar stood. While the light lasted we explored —sometimes on foot, sometimes on the car, which was drawn by a nice little black mare, whose foal, like a small gray shadow, accompanied us all the way, flitting along beside its mother, and adding not a little to the fun and excitement of the expedition, as, in spite of its flying feet, it occasionally got into difficulties and had to submit to being helped. Father MacPhilpin gave us tea, and we returned very late to the *Fingal.*

"*Sunday*, *August* 27.—We landed in good time. The *Fingal* started to Clifden to pick up Mr. Green, and we attended service in the quaint little church at Kilronan at the strange hour of 12.15. The congregation consisted mainly of the *Fingal* party and the coastguards. The latter certainly are a centre of civilisation in these wild places, and we invariably found them most intelligent and helpful. We visited the Protestant clergyman, Mr. Kilbride, and soon again started to explore. We passed the ruins of Arkyn Castle, the fort that held out longest for Charles the First, and walked along a heavy sand-spit towards Gregory Sound, across which Innish-maan was well in view. How we sighed for 'pampooties'! I was wearing shoes, and had to sit down and

empty out the sand about twenty times, and on the rocks our shoes were torn to pieces. We visited some beehive cells and ruins of various churches. Along the roads and fields we noticed occasional solid rough stone crosses, which we were informed marked the spot where coffins had rested when being carried to burial. Major Ruttledge Fair left us this evening for the mainland in a hooker, and Mr. Green arrived to dinner.

"*Monday*, *August* 28.—Splendid morning. Up at 6, and got our post and telegrams ready to land. At 8.30 the *Fingal* started towards the Clare coast. Mr. Tuke and Mr. Green studied the chart and discussed plans of action; I sat on deck and mended the much torn C.D.B. flag which we carried. By mid-day I felt an assured seaman, and we soon found ourselves gliding along under the dark cliffs of Mohur, on and on past Hag's Head, Liscannor, Kilkee, Mal Bay, etc., all bathed in sunlight. 'We can't lunch till we get into smooth water beyond Loop Head, Mrs. Tuke wouldn't stand it,' says Mr. Green. We passed a great sunfish with his stupid fin well out of the water, just before crossing the wide mouth of the Shannon. A pier has been asked for at Ballybunnion, so it must be visited. Its need

was evident, as, in spite of the united efforts of Mr. Green and the crew, Mr. Tuke and I had to 'land in the water' out of the gig and splash ashore as best we could—but salt water hurts nobody. Ballybunnion stands on a cliff crowned with a ruin. The C.D.B. Commissioners examined the site of the proposed pier and visited the priest. Mr. Tuke notes here: 'No fishing. Just a watering-place. Cost of pier too great, £15,000.' . . . While on shore we heard sounds of music and merriment from the sea, and, looking towards the *Fingal*, saw her surrounded by 'canoes' or curraghs. The occupants, natives and visitors, had gone on board the yacht, and were amusing themselves and the crew with an improvised dance on deck to the music of a fiddler whom they had brought with them. They insisted on going all over the ship and inspecting the cabins. Mine, with looking-glass, pincushion, and everything hanging, amused them very much and was quite the centre of attraction. But the afternoon is waning and we must move on. We found that Mr. Green had requisitioned a cart which was collecting sea-weed to carry Mr. Tuke and me out to sea to the gig, so we hopped in on top of sand and weed, and were soon shot into the boat and quickly rowed to the

Fingal, still crowded with the people, who would not go until Mr. Green threatened, in stentorian tones, to carry them all off to America, whereupon they scuttled and dropped into the canoes in great terror, the young ladies clinging to their partners in wild but affectionate alarm, and we once more started southwards. In his notes for the C.D.B. Mr. Tuke writes here: 'Steamed very close in shore, examining openings which might appear in the high cliffs. There is one at Meenagahawn where some fishing is carried on. Owing, however, to the lateness of the hour it was not possible to examine minutely. I strongly recommend this portion of the Kerry coast for careful examination by the Board's engineers. Continued our investigation in Ballyheighe Bay, where a pier is also suggested. We then proceeded to the Magharee Islands or "Seven Hogs," where the *Fingal* cast anchor near Scraggawn in Tralee Bay.' On Seenach's Island, one of the Magharee group, are the ruins of a monastery and cashel,[1] and the oratory, 14 ft. by 9, is, says Lord Dunraven, 'an interesting example of the early church.' But, alas! we have neither light nor time to explore. The

[1] Caisel or Cashel, the wall which surrounds the monastery: a word derived from the Latin *castellum*.

sun was setting in perfect glory as we cast anchor, and Brandon Head, about 3000 feet high, stood out grandly against a sky of red gold. The mountain was covered with a purple haze, and the effect was lovely. When evening fell, several canoes or 'curraghs' rowed out to the *Fingal* and remained by us for a long time, the men talking and asking eager, intelligent questions. When it grew as dark as the moon allowed, we let off some rockets to amuse the people on the shore. There was a swell on, and the *Fingal* rocked all night, but only lulled us into slumber.

"*Tuesday*, *August* 29.—'I'm afraid you've had a horrid night, Mrs. Tuke,' sang out Mr. Green in the early morning, 'we've been rocking frightfully.' When I related how perfectly I had rested, I was given an honorary degree in seamanship on the spot. Soon after 7, on deck. Mr. Keatinge, the Board's assistant marine engineer, came on board to breakfast, after which he and the C.D.B. Commissioners landed to examine a pier and road then in course of construction.[1] Back by 10, and *Fingal* starts round Brandon Head into the gold of last night. Even by the light of common day all was lovely; a delicate

[1] Now, June 1899, completed and in use.

silvery mist is hung along the face of the cliffs, with wonderful green bits shining through like emeralds. We enter Brandon Creek very carefully. We land and closely examine pier and boat-slip in progress.[1] A kind present of hake from the boat-builder here, most welcome. The precariousness of the food supply adds a new interest to life. Peter the steward has nearly always an anxious face, and never relaxes in his efforts to provide dainties for the cabin table, to which, I must say, we all do ample justice, for we are as 'hungry as hunters' for every meal. After a talk with the boat-builder, down again to the narrow little creek, where the curraghs, like large black beetles, are lying side by side on the shore. The resemblance is complete when the men lift them on their shoulders and walk with heads hidden by the boat, and only legs and shiny black curraghs are seen. There was no pretence of a landing-place here, and we had got long past caring, so we just walked quietly through the water to the boat and so on board again, and the *Fingal* was off towards Smerwick. Lunched off some noble lobsters which Peter had annexed. A good deal of motion to-day, rolling and pitching, but the worst sailor of us all sat on deck serenely

[1] Long since completed.

enjoying herself, and watching with delight the ever changing beauty of the coast. At 2 entered Smerwick Bay, the opening guarded by Sybil Head and the Three Sisters. The name of Smerwick recalls the melancholy story of the attempt by Sir James FitzMaurice of Desmond, in 1579, to 'rescue Ireland from the English,' and of his design of founding the 'Calais of Ireland' in this lovely lonely spot. . . . Up to Ballydavit curing-house, belonging to Mr. Ireland, U.S.A., who, Mr. Tuke notes, 'has established a simple plan of curing and canning mackerel for the American market. A number of girls and women are employed, earning 2s. to 3s. per day, and a few men were also at work. . . . The value of the fish caught in Smerwick district since last March is said to be at least £10,000. Here also when canoes or curraghs are used by the fishermen, they are 24 ft. long by 6 wide.'

"The Priest, Father O'Leary, was on the 'slip' to receive us, and we drove on his car with a splendid little horse to his house in Ballyferriter, part of the way through the sea and over the sands, not an agreeable experience. The Rev. Father gave us tea, and we prospected round and called on the Protestant clergyman. The Catholic

and Protestant churches are close together and look most harmonious. Walked along the shore to a spot appointed, where the gig met us, and, after picking a lovely bunch of sea-thistles, got on board again and steamed round Sybil Head past the Blaskets, and Slea Head where a C.D.B. road in progress was well seen. In the distance, across Dingle Bay, the Skelligs and Valentia were discernible; then on through the narrow opening into Dingle Harbour, where we anchored for the night.

"*August* 30.—Mr. Tuke notes: 'Dingle has become a most important centre for the curing of mackerel for the American trade; six or seven curing-houses are now in full work, and the value of the spring mackerel brought into this port is very considerable. The Board has been requested to lengthen Dingle pier, of the need of which we had direct evidence. The pier was crowded with vessels as we rowed up, and as it was near low water we were indebted to a friendly barque landing salt (which was aground) for a ladder which they lowered into our boat, on which they allowed us to climb into the barque, thence to the pier.'

"We visited Harvey's and Ash's curing establish-

ments, and bought at a store some necessaries for my cabin, which had hitherto subsisted on a 'loan collection.' Found the *Fingal* partly aground on our return, but soon got off, and then to Ventry, to look at the pier. Then in the *Fingal* straight off to Coonanna, where C.D.B. is to place a pier. Wooden boats are used in this place instead of the usual curragh. We intended to explore the caves here, but there was too much surf on. Past Crooscroone and round the Doulos Head into Valentia Bay; we saw proposed site of slip, and passed on to Glanleam, the Knight of Kerry's place, where we landed in a little wood, walked up an arcade of fuchsia in full flower, the ground crimson with fallen blooms. The Dowager Lady and Miss Fitzgerald gave us tea, and the Knight most kindly invited us to dine. We visited the delightful gardens and plantations. . . . Miss Fitzgerald showed us the fruits of her knitting industry—a very interesting visit. Sailed in the gig to Valentia Harbour, where the *Fingal* had anchored. Such a lovely night, splendid moon, and a sense of peace everywhere, though we were lying on the top of the Atlantic cable. The moonlight nights during our cruise have been as delightful as the days. The only fault of both that they were too short.

"*August* 31.—. . . Landed and drove to Cahercivеen by 10, a prosperous little town; a railway line from Valentia runs along the shore. Saw the ugly *Cable* buildings, offices, etc.

"About 11 start for the crowning interest of our trip, a visit to the Skelligs, twelve miles distant from the most western point of the Kerry coast. Although the day was fine it was rather 'plungy' and quite fresh on deck, so we sat in the cabin, and, with the help of the piano, the morning passed. We lunched early, and got to Skellig Michael in good time. We landed in the gig as easily as if it had been on the Thames. Very little wind or surf makes landing here difficult, if not impossible. The Irish lights' steamer has occasionally had to land its Inspectors with the help of the derrick, and on one occasion actually Sir Robert Ball in the same manner. But all was fine and sunny for us, and a school of little fish were lapping and playing in the sea round the rocks. The light-house keeper and his assistant met us on landing and accompanied us to the ruins of the monastery. The whole scene and place cannot be better described than in the following words of Lord Dunraven[1]:—

[1] *Notes on Irish Architecture*, by Edwin, 3rd Earl of Dunraven, edited by Margaret Stokes, vol. i. p. 27.

"'A narrow road cut on the face of the precipice, and winding in and out as it follows the line of the projecting cliff, ascends to the lower lighthouse. It is defended by a strong parapet wall on the sea side, which, viewed from a distance, shows like a white waving thread along the dark rock. The ancient approach to the monastery from the landing-place was on the north-east side. There are 620 steps from a point of the cliff which is 120 feet above the sea level up to the monastery. The old stairs run in a varying line, and are lined with tufts and long cushions of sea-pink, and at each turn the ocean is seen breaking in silver foam hundreds of feet below. The island has been the scene of annual pilgrimages for many centuries, and the "Way of the Cross" is still celebrated here, though with some perfectly traditional forms of prayer and customs, such as are now only found among the islanders along the west coast of Ireland. A long flight of steps reaches to "Christ's Saddle" or the Garden of the Passion,—it is a narrow strip of land between the two extreme heights of the island, either side being perpendicular to the sea; it is covered with soft green sod. On that side which faces west the whole of the great spit is seen rising from the sea,

a sheer precipice from summit to base, like a Gothic tower girt with buttresses and pinnacles all in a glory of colours from lichen, sea-pink, fern, and moss. Having rested in the valley, the pilgrim, feet and head uncovered, pursues his way on the pathway that marks the "Way of the Cross." Turning the corner, he reaches the third station, called "The Stone of Pain," where Christ bowed under the cross and sank to the ground! Here the pilgrim finds himself on the edge of a precipice many hundred feet above the sea, and looking downwards the eye rests on one of those rocks below, which has, first by Nature and then by man, been rudely hewn into the form of a cross, which lays its "dark arms" across the sea. This station is named "The Rock of Woman's Wailing," the scene in the walk to Calvary when Christ turns and tells the daughters of Jerusalem "Weep not for me," etc. Here the first glimpse of the cashel or enclosing wall of the monastery is seen. The path leads along a level way into the garden of the monks, and with a few more steps the platform is reached on which stand the ruins of the Church of St. Michael and the beehive-shaped cells in which the monks dwelt. The scene is one so solemn and so sad that none

should enter here but the pilgrim and the penitent. The sense of solitude, the vast heaven above and the sublime monotonous motion of the sea beneath, would but oppress the spirit, were not that spirit brought into harmony with all that is most sacred and most grand in Nature by the depth and even by the bitterness of its own experience. The Church, which is less ancient than the beehive cells, faces north-east. There are eight or more cells, leachta (places of burial), and many crosses among the ruins and on the cliffs. Skellig Michael, according to one of the oldest Irish legends, was the burial-place of Ir, son of Milesius, whose body was carried there by the waves when his ship was wrecked.'

"On our way up, in a small crevice in the part called the Saddle of Christ, we found a tiny ball of dark blue fluff which proved to be a little dead stormy petrel, such a lovely little creature. We visited the lighthouse on a rock nearly 200 feet above the sea, but even at that height the roof of the house had once been washed and broken away by the waves, and a sea-wall 100 feet higher had been broken in two by their force. It is almost impossible to estimate the force of the sea in this exposed position.

"The loneliness of the life of these light-keepers on the rocks is a very serious trial. They have no boat or means of leaving. Fortnightly posts are their only certain means of communication with the shore. The poor wife complained sadly of the solitariness of the place: she has three or four children with her, but it is very forlorn, particularly here where the crag is so steep, a reasonable walk is impossible, one can only scramble about. Mr. Tuke was much concerned for these poor people, and after we left sometimes wrote to the man and sent him books, flower seeds, and papers. My friend, Mrs. La Touche of Harristown, County Kildare, was interested in hearing us talk of them, and most kindly undertook to correspond with them occasionally.

"The inhabitants of the lighthouse accompanied us to the shore and watched our departure with longing eyes. On the return journey, the *Fingal* passed close to the Lesser Skellig, which was literally silvered white in the sunshine with the thousands of gannets sitting on its rocks. They did not take much notice of us, though we sounded the steam whistle to rouse them. A few just rose in the air but quickly fluttered down again, too much occupied with domestic and local

concerns to pay any attention to us. With what regret we turned our back on the Skelligs and steered to Waterville in Ballinskelligs Bay, where we landed and had tea at Mr. Butler's. . . .

"*Friday*, *September* 1.—A glorious morning. Trawling began at 7. Got on deck in time to see the trawl drawn up. Only six plaice caught. 8.30, started for Derrynane Bay, and landed on a lovely strand about 10. Clear green water, snow-white sand, and some trees, one's ideal of a South Sea Island bay. The house of Daniel O'Connell, the 'Liberator,' is close to the shore. We walked there and were most kindly received by Mr. Daniel O'Connell (grandson of the great Daniel) and his family. We were shown the house and chapel and some of the Liberator relics, notably the pistol with which he shot Colonel D'Esterre in the duel, the library in which he worked, and the curious hooded chair he used in chapel, etc. Then I to the garden with the ladies, while Mr. Tuke and Mr. Green inspected a pier and harbour site at Derrynane. On board again, and off at 12 accompanied by Mr. O'Connell. . . . We soon reached Garanish (County Cork), on the south side of Kenmare River, where six years since Mr. Philips had started fish-curing, now

a large industry, in which hundreds of people—men, women, and girls—are employed. We stayed long considering pier proposals and examining everything, then steamed away through the Sound by Dursey Island, past the country of the 'two Chiefs of Dunboy.' On our way back we passed a school of porpoises at play, such a beautiful sight! amid the rush of winds and waves, backwards and forwards they whirled round us to our intense delight! After very difficult and careful steering got safely into West Cove, Mr. Green and Captain Quirk on the bows and a sailor with the lead out. As it was the first time the *Fingal*, or probably any other ship of her size, had been in there, it was quite anxious work. We anchored in the little cove close under Miss Hartop's pretty house. . . . We sent up some rockets at night, and Mr. Tuke and Mr. Green sat on deck talking of a proposed pier which had been inspected, and of fishing, etc. We knew that during this night the *Fingal* would be aground, and I tried hard to keep awake to have the pleasure of the experience, but couldn't manage it, and in the morning we were off all right. (This pier has since been built, and considerable mackerel curing is carried on there.

Steamers now call landing food stuff, etc., greatly reducing the cost of provisions in this remote district.)

"*September* 2.—About 7 the yacht started; we breakfasted as we were approaching Sneem in the Kenmare River. Soon after 9 we got into the gig and were rowed up to the village. Mr. Tuke had some talk with the priest about pier, etc. Sailed back to Garinish, Lord Dunraven's lovely cottage and garden at the entrance of Sneem Bay. . . . The Congested Districts Board contemplates placing a pier at the entrance of Sneem Harbour, which Mr. Tuke notes: 'very valuable to village about two miles distant.'[1] On board the *Fingal* once more, and steam up the beautiful Kenmare River, what a lovely reach, past Dromore, Doreen (Lord Lansdowne's place), etc. Land and water, trees, and everything most delightful! Anchored below Drumquinna, Sir John Columb's charming place, where we landed and called. Lady Columb's car drove us to Kenmare to visit Mr. Townsend Trench (Lord Lansdowne's agent), where we had a pleasant tea under the trees by the river. Mr. Tuke and Mr. Trench inspected proposed extension of railway line to pier for fishing convenience.

[1] It was completed this year, 1899.

Dined with the Columbs and had a most agreeable evening. Slept on board the *Fingal* for the last time.

"*September* 3.—Took leave of Mr. Green early and landed at Drumquinna, where a carriage was in waiting to carry us across the mountain to Killarney, a most lovely drive. Here, alas! ended the last of Mr. Tuke's and my expeditions to the west, although he went there again from Dublin once or twice with some of his fellow-Commissioners.

"How can one explain to the uninitiated the delightfulness of the west of Ireland? Wherein lies the interest, in what does the charm consist? I used often to wonder if Mr. Tuke, in a sense, created this feeling in me, but I find other people share it in a considerable measure too. Whence came the strange, subtle sense of freedom and happiness, and pain and despair, that filled mind and heart during the long months we spent there? From the moment one left Galway and drifted farther and farther along the shore of 'the Corrib,' the unexpected seemed always to be happening. Life was not limited by ordinary laws. It quite seemed as if the law of gravitation might be suspended. The law of gravity

certainly was. Sad as were the circumstances of many of the people, bitter as was their poverty, there was something of brightness left, the rainbow light shone through the very real tears; and there was room, blessed room and air, such lovely air, and freedom from all constraint. True, it was a so-called congested district, but one could breathe and think and wonder better there than anywhere else.

"It often seems to me that in Sir Walter Scott's romances of Scottish life we find a very fair presentation of the social life and condition of the people in these wild districts, due allowance being made for the wide difference between the Scotch and Irish character. I suppose the truth is that these regions are just 150 years behind the present time—therein lies their delightfulness and their despair. Delightful in their survival, but why despair? Are not the Congested Districts Board and the light railways and better hotel accommodation combining to reduce them shortly just to the dead level of all civilised places? Mr. Tuke himself often talked of this with some regret."

Thus far Mrs. Tuke.

And what, my reader may well ask, is the present position of the work entered upon with so much enthusiasm by Tuke? This question will best be answered by the following paper on the work of the Congested Districts Board kindly prepared for me by Rev. W. S. Green, a member of the Board whose name has been so often mentioned in the previous pages :—

"The material presented in 1892 to the Congested Districts Board to work on was, a country too poor to support, by agriculture alone, the people inhabiting it, devoid of mineral wealth, subject to frequently recurring periods of distress and to sporadic outpourings of charitable funds and Government money to relieve the distress. The exports from the congested districts, in payment for which money could be brought in, were : cattle, generally of poor quality; ponies and light horses, the demand for which was seriously interfered with by the growing popularity of bicycles; eggs, and labour. The migration of vast numbers of men and women as labourers for nearly half of each year was confined to certain districts, chiefly in Mayo and Donegal. On the seaboard, a very important mackerel trade existed in Cork and Kerry, but except in lobsters

there was no other export trade in fish from the congested districts.

"In west Galway, Mayo, and Donegal the great coast business was kelp-burning, and in many of the coast districts the population was denser than in the great famine years.

"1891 had been a year of 'distress' and 'relief.' The people knew of Government money being expended in no other way, consequently one of the first difficulties the Congested Districts Board had to contend with was to get people to understand that the Board meant *business*. Most of the early memorials for the construction of works were based on the plea that employment was badly needed.

"Immediately on getting to work, the Board decided, with the help of Local Government Inspectors and other competent persons, to obtain a detailed statistical report of each electoral division with which the Board had to deal. This information took, in many cases, over two years to collect; the Board, however, not waiting for these reports to be printed, set to work on certain lines concerning which there could be little or no doubt.

"1. The improvement of agricultural stock,—horses, cattle, and poultry,—the kinds most suit-

able giving rise to many anxious discussions and patient investigations. Skilled agricultural instructors were sent throughout the country, and the spraying of potatoes to protect them from blight established as a custom.

"2. The enlargement and improvement of farm holdings began in 1893 with the purchase of the Ffrench estate in County Galway for £7600. It was improved, restriped, new houses built, and resold to the tenants in 1894 with no loss of money to the Board and with complete satisfaction to the tenants. Since that time fifteen estates have been purchased; the last transaction of the kind, the purchase of the whole of Lord Dillon's Irish property for £290,000, being by far the most important. The problems presented by these various estates differ in a multitude of details, costing the Board long hours of discussion. In their Head Land Inspector, however, Mr. Henry Doran, the Board have secured a most wise and capable officer.

"3. To improve the holdings outside the areas with which the Board can deal directly as landlord, the Parish Committee scheme was started. Twelve parishes in the crowded Swineford Union were at first included, but now more than twice that

number. The plan adopted was to give each local Committee a grant of about £100, which was to be used, not for paying labour, but for offering a few pounds as premium to men who would, in connection with their own farms, carry out some approved work of utility. The result has been most satisfactory ; the works carried out represent a value three or four times greater than that of the cash expended on them, and would never have been attempted but for the inducement offered by the Board. Indirectly, too, the spirit of improvement has been engendered.

"4. At the Board's first meeting in Dublin it was decided to try to open the spring mackerel fishing at the Arran Islands. The Government induced the Post Office to lay a telegraph cable to the islands. The Board subsidised a steamer service. For five years the Board found it necessary, while the local fleet was growing, to deal in mackerel or else despatch the fish for the fishermen, but now the output is so good and the trade so well established that merchants have completely relieved the Board of the business, both in the spring, when the fish is sent fresh, and also in the autumn mackerel fishery, when the fish are pickled for the American market.

"The history of the Board's enterprise at Cleggan, on the north-west coast of Galway, is similar to that of Arran, although it was begun three years' later. The same results have followed the Board's efforts on the Donegal coast, the fish there being herrings. Besides these great centres, a number of minor stations for the capture and cure of fish have been opened. Most of these have passed into the hands of traders, and it would be under the estimate to state that the fishing stations opened by the Board are, one way or another, now bringing in £20,000 a year to the coast population, and yet only a small portion of the coast has been touched.

"The foundation of these developments is fishery instruction. It is a heavy drain on the Board's resources, costing at present about £4000 per annum. A skilled fisherman from Scotland, east coast of Ireland, or Isle of Man, is placed on each new boat to instruct the crew in the use and care of the various classes of gear employed.

"5. From the first it was decided that small marine works to help the mackerel trade in the numerous creeks where it was carried on would be the best help to the existing trade in west Cork and Kerry. A large number of small piers and

slips have consequently been built there, as well as others farther north along the west coast. The heaviest works undertaken, when the Board considered that their funds were ample for all purposes, were the bridge over the Gwebarra River in Donegal, costing over £9000, and the pier at Killybegs, to which the Board contributed over £3000. Numbers of roads were also constructed throughout the congested districts, and bridges built.

"6. Home industries—weaving, knitting, lace-making, etc.—were taken in hand. In some cases the Board availed themselves of the agency of the Irish Industries Association, but now carry on the development of industries directly under their own special Inspector, Mr. Walker. The most recent development in the department of industries is the opening of a carpet factory by a Scotch firm in Killybegs.

"In the Board's early years a large loan was made, and a capitation grant arranged to enable the Sisters of Charity at Foxford in Mayo to open an educational tweed factory; and it is hoped that some day it, like other successful industries opened, may pass over to the trade.

"7. Rafeisen banks, so successful on the Con-

tinent, have been opened in the congested districts by the Irish Agricultural Association,—the Congested Districts Board supplying the necessary funds to start them.

"*General.*—It would be extending this memorandum unduly to go into details of the many other undertakings of the Board. Bee-keeping, example and experimental agricultural plots, shipbuilding,—*i.e.* the instruction of the local boatwrights, who now build fine decked fishing-boats of the most modern designs,—subsidising steamers to give regular services on the coasts of Donegal and Galway, guaranteeing telegraph offices, barrel-making, and training girls in household science under skilled teachers, helping to provide district nurses, and a host of minor undertakings. The Board also maintains one steamer for general service.

"The account-keeping of such an establishment as the Congested Districts Board is worthy of consideration. It is probable that no Government Board in the Kingdom presents such complication. The buying and selling, paying by results, sharing of profits, making and collecting of loans, besides the general expenditure of the ordinary income, renders a very large staff necessary, not so much

on account of the amount of money dealt with as the extraordinary variety of the Board's business."

If other evidence were required to show the blessings conferred on the west of Ireland by the Congested Districts Board, it is to be found in the fact that, in the last session of Parliament, the present Government carried a Bill for the encouragement of agricultural and technical instruction in Ireland, of which one of the chief objects is to extend to other parts of the island the work now carried on in the congested districts by the Board. It is impossible not to see in Mr. Arthur Balfour's Act of 1891 the germ of Mr. Gerald Balfour's statute of 1899.[1]

After this digression on the operations of the Congested Districts Board, I return to 1891, the year in which it was constituted by Parliament. In October of that year Mr. W. H. Smith died, to the great regret and loss of the nation. In him Tuke lost a most valued and cordial friend, and one who, to the end, had maintained his keen interest in the Irish people and sympathy with their sorrows.

Mr. Balfour was called upon to fill the place

[1] Since the foregoing was in print, an interesting sketch of the operations of the Board has appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for October 1899, under the heading of "Three Days on the Granuaile," by Mr. Stephen Gwynn.

of First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons vacated by Mr. Smith's death, and, to the great regret of Tuke, he thus left the office of Irish Secretary at the moment when the machinery which he had created with such patient skill and industry was about to come into action.

Mr. Jackson succeeded Mr. Balfour in the vacant Chief Secretaryship.

The discussion of the Home Rule question very naturally produced a diversity of opinion in the Quaker body. As a rule, their political sentiments are Liberal, and they had largely been followers of Mr. Gladstone — a circumstance which tended towards Home Rule; on the other hand, John Bright, the most distinguished politician of the Society, had denounced the project with great force, and many of the most influential members of the body were strongly opposed to Mr. Gladstone's measure. A certain number of the body addressed that statesman in terms commendatory of his measure; another number pointed out that this action was only individual, and was not to be taken as the action of the whole body.

The Irish Friends were, with a small exception, strongly opposed to Home Rule, and they addressed an appeal to their co-religionists in

England: and on 21st April 1893 a meeting was held at the Cannon Street Hotel in London, which was attended by many Quakers both Irish and English, who opposed Mr. Gladstone's measure. Over this meeting Tuke appropriately presided. It was his last public action.

CHAPTER IX

1894–1896

Illness—Deaths of brother and daughter—Illness of wife—His last days—Home life and pursuits—Correspondence with daughters—Personal traits—Causes of his success—Religious feelings.

A VISIT to Holland in the spring of 1894 was the last of Tuke's foreign tours; and some purchases made during this expedition were the last additions to his cabinet of china.

Mrs. Tuke in her notes writes :—

"On his birthday, September 13th, 1894, just as my husband and I were starting for a little tour in Sussex, Chichester (his mother's home), Bognor, Arundel, etc., he became unwell, and we did not start from Tunbridge Wells, where we were staying for a change, but returned to Hitchin in a few days. From this time his health gradually failed. There was no particular disease, and, thank God, not much pain.

"During the winter 1894-95 his dear brother, Dr. Tuke, was struck down suddenly in the middle of his active life and died in a few days.[1] On Easter day Mr. Tuke's beloved daughter Frances died at Mentone,—a great grief to her father and all of us,—and these distresses came upon us so close together, they seemed overwhelming.

"In January 1895 I too was suddenly taken ill, and for two or three years was obliged to lead an invalid life, and could not, of course, take my usual active part in nursing him; but I was constantly with him to the very end,—and we had most happy quiet times together, for to the last his mind was perfectly clear.

"A few days before his death, we were talking quietly of his Irish work, when he said: 'I want so much to see it all again, and to examine the works "the Board" has been carrying out. Don't you think if we got the yacht to meet us at Holyhead that we could go direct to the west once more?' I said that of course I should love

[1] Daniel Hack Tuke, M.D., LL.D., was a physician, eminent as an author as well as a practitioner in the department of mental diseases, in which his family had so long been interested. A sketch of him from the pen of his friend Dr. Ireland may be found in the *Journal of Medical Science* for July 1895.—E. F.

to go out with him again, when we were both stronger. Although in my heart I feared that he, and perhaps I also, was journeying towards the west faster than he knew. Still we talked on, and he seemed to like to plan it out. He did so long 'once again' to see it all! Ireland was on his heart to the very end.

"I remarked how wonderfully many of his wishes and plans had been realised, and how thankful he would have been a few years before if he could have known that so much would have been done—notably the creation of the 'Department to deal directly with the Congested Districts,' which he had always advocated, and which the 'Congested Districts Board' practically was.

"'Yes,' he said, 'it is quite true, and I thank God for it, but there is still so much to be done, and they must realise that these districts cannot be set right in a hurry. It will take many, many years, and if they will only believe that, all may come right in time! But they must work patiently.'

"He was so gentle and patient himself all through his illness, and so grateful for all the love and care—most anxious that no one should be over-tired.

"So the days passed, with only very gradual

failure of strength. I used to lie on the couch talking quietly with him, and sometimes repeating short prayers, and he loved to listen and often joined in: and he took pleasure in general reading.

"On 11th January (1896) our good Dr. Drage feared that he was sinking and told me so. Alas! he was right. That night we hardly thought he would live till morning, but he rallied a little. At nine on the morning of 12th January, he gradually sank into unconsciousness. His two daughters and I did not leave him throughout the day; but we could do no more—the end was very near. Soon after midnight he passed quietly to his rest in the presence of his daughter Meta and myself and the devoted nurses.

"I have no doubt that my dear husband realised how ill and weak he was; but he never talked of the end, and there was no farewell—in words—there was no need."

On 17th January (1896) Tuke's body was laid to rest, in the simple Quaker fashion, in the burial ground belonging to that body near his own garden at Hitchin; and a short meeting was attended by most of those who stood around the grave, in the meeting-house where Tuke had

worshipped for more than forty years, and where his voice had often been heard in a short sermon or prayer.

Tuke left surviving him his widow, whose notes have so largely contributed to this volume; his only son, Mr. Samuel Tuke; and two daughters, Mrs. Lindsell and Miss Margaret Tuke.

Of the twelve brothers and sisters who lived together in the old home at York, two only survived him, namely, one brother, Mr. William M. Tuke, and one sister, Miss Esther Tuke.

It is needless to add that Tuke's death was widely and deeply felt, not only amongst his personal friends, but amongst the various societies and public bodies with which he was connected. Mr. Gerald Balfour as Chairman, and at the request of the Congested Districts Board for Ireland, wrote to Mrs. Tuke a letter in which he said: "The Board recognise that their efforts are but a continuation and extension of work with which Mr. Tuke was identified for half a century, and that they have greatly profited by the experience which they derived from his life-long devotion to the cause of the Irish poor."

One letter from a neighbour[1] may be quoted,

[1] The Rev. the Hon. Edward Lyttelton, Headmaster of Haileybury.

as it shows what manner of man Tuke appeared to those who knew him in that capacity :—

"I cannot resist writing a line to signify to you how sincerely I share in your great grief, not only on private grounds because of the kindness your husband always showed me, but also thinking of the loss this is to the country and the neighbourhood.

"His character always struck me as a singularly beautiful one, and his endowments as unusually rich. I suppose his labour in the cause of the Irish peasant was very exacting and toilsome and without hope of much recognition; but how remarkably enlightened and wise; how full of *action* at a time when everybody was bewildered with much talk! and it has borne a great fruit, and will bear much more yet.

"It was, moreover, difficult to meet a man whose knowledge on many subjects was more accurate and wider, and he combined with it such exquisite humility and such fine old-world courtesy that it is not likely he will be at once appreciated as much as he deserves in these days of much public advertising."

Of Tuke's life at home, during the later years of his life, no one can speak like Mrs. Tuke.

"The garden," she writes in her notes, "was our constant joy, and was very near perfection. It was not only lovely, it was restful, 'a haunt of ancient peace.' A tortoise dwelt there, and many birds sang among the branches of the wych-elm, child of the old elm of his York home, which, brought by him as a sapling when first he came to Hitchin, in a few years became a spreading tree. Summer and winter, late and early, the garden was always the centre of delight; and how much Mr. Tuke enjoyed giving the thirsty flowers water in the hot evenings! He was a very real danger with the long hose, as he became entirely absorbed in his occupation, and many a time sent us flying with a shower. Special classes of plants interested him greatly; campanula, anemones, gentians, saxifraga, etc., multiplied exceedingly. Indeed all nature delighted him, and he loved to trace the mind of the Creator in every smallest plant or creature. He was anxious, as a boy, to be allowed to become a landscape gardener.

"Except on the not unfrequent occasions on which we went abroad, my husband never thought of taking pleasure merely for its own sake. He enjoyed things intensely, and the society of his friends was a great delight, but he shunned most

places of amusement or entertainment. He found his recreation mainly in variety of work, and our life was wonderfully happy. No outside work for a moment interfered with the perfect intercourse that was always maintained between him and his children. His daughters were our constant companions.

"He knew all the birds by their notes, and could imitate many of them perfectly. He loved to tell how the little willow wren, nearly the smallest of them all, spent its winters in the Transvaal and repaired to the Arctic circle to breed. His love of birds was strong, and extended, with one exception, to every feathered creature,—the one exception was the sparrow, whom he could not endure. 'They were so untidy,' 'so suspicious,' 'so mischievous,' 'had such low ways,'—'*feathered rats*' he called them. The blackbird was his darling among the singers; the thrush a favourite, though always repeating himself; the robin a tried and trusted friend; but the bird of birds was the swift. As a boy he longed to be transmigrated into a swift. He said one strong reason for buying Bancroft, his Hitchin home, was because the swifts built and bred there. He was sad when they left in the autumn, and as the

time came round for their return, he watched for them with real anxiety. On the fifth of May, if they had not yet arrived, he used to get quite uneasy, and when the bright screams and cries announced their advent he was happy. 'Probably they have been out to lunch at the Palais Royal, and have come back to tea,' he used to say on many a summer evening when they were swirling round.

"He and I had noticed a number of them flying about the Palais Royal in Paris, and fancied we recognised some of our Bancroft friends among them. Sometimes some of the parasites which infest the swifts used to be found on the walk near the eave under which they nested: a pretty green kind of scarab with a very Egyptian air and manner, and we liked to believe that our swifts spent their winters among the pyramids or on the calm brow of the sphinx. My husband used to watch with the greatest interest the three-cornered fight that went on each year between sparrows, starlings, and swifts for the possession of the eave, which each regarded as their peculiar ancestral home.

"The starlings, with their funny croakings and their little strutting runs about the lawn, were a

perpetual amusement; 'they fight like human beings,' he used to say. Food was put out for the birds in the hard winters; and once, when an owl's nest was found in a recently cut-down elm, he was quite in despair. During his last illness we hung out a board from his window with food upon it, on which the birds used to alight, and he watched them from his bed on the cold winter days with keen interest.

"His most cherished possession was an egg of the great auk,[1] for which he had given £5 when a boy. After his death it was sold for £160. 'I am sure it will be a good investment, though I thought I was ruined when I bought it,' he used to say in later life. This egg used to be kept in a secret wall-cupboard in the dining-room, and it was arranged that in the event of a fire the auk's egg was to be saved at all costs. I believe, if such a calamity had occurred, the whole household would have met round the precious egg. He had a perfect collection of the eggs of British birds, which he bequeathed to the Museum at Saffron Walden. Some of these specimens were singularly fine.

[1] See, for the history of this egg, which was believed to be of Icelandic origin, Grieve's *The Great Auk or Gare-fowl* (London, 1885), Appx. p. 28.—E. F.

"In the eighties, when we so constantly travelled to Galway, at the station of Enfield in West Meath my husband used to look out from the train as we stopped, to hear the chaffinches singing —which they did at the earliest possible moment in the spring—in a little group of trees close to the station. Wherever we went, the bird life and the flowers were a source of unfailing interest to him.

"He was very fond of botany, and knew where to seek for the rare plants. He also had the faculty of interesting others in these natural pursuits in a remarkable way. I remember so well one early summer, when we went on a botanising expedition near Hitchin with some little nephews of mine, bent on finding some bird's-nest orchis. 'First,' he said, 'we will stop at this little wood, get over the fence, and try for an Epipactis.' There, sure enough, was the tall, elegant white spike. On we drove to the orchis wood, then all got out to hunt for the bird's-nest. No one could find it; the children were wound up to a great pitch of excitement; at last a distant shout summoned us all, and there, in the centre of the wood, stood Mr. Tuke with the prize in his hand. . . .

"Almost every Good Friday we drove out to the Danes' banks to pick the exquisite little *Anemone pulsatilla* which grows there in quantities; as they are supposed to do wherever the Danes have shed their blood. It nearly always came out just before Easter."

Another taste which would scarcely have been expected in Tuke was a love of music. In the notes which have furnished forth so many of these pages, Mrs. Tuke writes :—

"My husband was excessively fond of music, but only cared for the best, which was remarkable, as owing to his Quaker up-bringing he had never had any musical training. Beethoven and Bach were the composers he cared most for, and he loved the organ. As a boy he frequently attended York Minster and much enjoyed the choral services."

Tuke, it must be added, was an excellent reader, and whether it was *Childe Harold* or Browning or Shelley or Chaucer, his reading had a charm which lingers in the memory of those who heard him read. His voice, whether in reading or speaking, though low, was remarkably clear and sweet.

From Tuke's correspondence with his daughters

some selections have already been given. The following extracts from letters written to some of them when absent from him may be allowed a place in these pages, as illustrating the delightful relations which existed between him and his children.

"HITCHIN BANK,
"*June 4th*, 1879.

"DEAREST META,—I arrived at home safely last night after a delightful day with Uncle William (and ——, who met us from Scarbro') on the cliffs about Flambro' Head, where he and I as 'young fellows' used to delight to spend the day watching the gatherers or sea-birds' eggs on the cliff, or helping now and then to pull them up, and then greedily looking over the infinite variety of fresh eggs of the guillemots, puffins, razor-bills, and gulls which used to frequent, and which, I am thankful to say, do still frequent, that rocky coast by thousands. There were no 'climbers' at work yesterday, I am sorry to say, but we watched for some hours, as we walked along the glorious chalk cliffs, some 300 or 400 feet in height, the birds—guillemots and razor-bills—on the ledges of the cliffs, where they lay their eggs; or the gulls, in their nests on the dizzy

face of the wall of rock. It was a glorious, bright, sunny day, though very cold and windy, and the sea dashed against the base of the rock, and even now and then a little spray was caught by the wind and brought to the top of the cliffs. On the sea below, thousands of white specks (birds) were tossing up and down or flying up and down to their fellows on the cliff, crying and laughing as the sea-birds do. How I wish thou could have enjoyed it with me, and the previous day also in Wensleydale, when I often thought how thou would have enjoyed the delicious wild flowers growing on the woody steep banks of the river, and not less the beautiful falls of Aysgarth, or the sweet, winding, lovely pools of the murmuring peaceful river. Wensleydale is even more beautiful than I thought, and there are some quiet little 'publics,' and lodgings which rival 'Chenies'! and the scenery is certainly more beautiful. Among the flowers were dear old friends—*Primula farinosa*, *Trollius europæus* (globe ranunculus), *Orchis mascula* in infinite variety of shape and colour, etc. We visited Bolton Castle, where poor Mary Queen of Scots was confined for some time under Lord Scrope; and had tea in the ruined castle, where some old people live, in the

room where once the ill-fated Queen fretted and chafed and flirted and threatened or cajoled, and plotted against Elizabeth.

"Well, darling child, I hope we may go together into Wensleydale some day and the long-promised Teesdale, to see the bright blue gentians and the Tees Force. Let us thank our Father that His creation is so lovely, and that He has made us to enjoy it and to say 'My Father made them all.'"

"BANCROFT, HITCHIN,
"*2nd May* 1880.

"MY DEAREST CHILDREN,—How delightful Kents Bank will be to-day with the lovely views of the Malvern Hills, and the orchards and hedgerows with their exquisite tints and scents. The thought of it makes me long to be there, to say nothing of being with you, my darlings, and my kind, good friends. But it would be ungrateful to be dissatisfied with my lot, when everything is so beautiful and perfect in its young summer robe around me, breathing everywhere the atmosphere of Love. 'All Thy works praise Thee,' and it seems sad that our hearts cannot with the same perfection say, and 'Thy children bless Thee.' And yet I trust with us all there has been some

sense this morning of the wonderful Love which does surround us in this country. I think the contrast with the poverty and wretchedness and wilderness effect of the west of Ireland, and the discontent and sense of insecurity prevalent—that, compared with our own country, makes me more sensible of the manifold blessings by which we are surrounded, and I hope not less disposed to do anything in my power to extend them to unhappy Ireland. But, alas ! how little there is which any of us can do or see the fruits of, in our little span of life.

"It seems very remarkable to me to have seen how William Forster's deep sympathy, and perfect devotion to all that he felt to be a duty or call, are living still and bearing fruit to-day. No one can doubt, who knows him, that his son's acceptance of the office of Irish Secretary—which is considered a lower post than he would have been offered in the Government—is the direct result of his father's self-denying work and deep interest in Ireland. It was, I think, before Frances left that I had a very interesting talk with W. E. F., in which he said that he thought his father would wish it, and, if so, he should take the post if he could. It gives great satisfaction in Ireland, and will, I hope, prove of real service to the country. 'Very likely

I shall fail,' as he said to me the last time I saw him. 'No' (I replied), 'I think not, in the spirit with which you are taking it up.'"

"BANCROFT, HITCHIN,
"*Sunday, May* 11, 1890.

"DEAREST MARGARET,—I have a pleasant bit of news to relate.

"The swifts have come at last—my dear old friends who had, I feared, forgotten us this year. I was saying this afternoon to F., 'If the swifts do not come to-day I shall begin to think they have been swallowed up by the "Mountains of the Moon."' But not half an hour ago, I heard their joyous shriek, and on rushing to the window saw the graceful curves and forms in the sky of my beloved friends. We have a wonderful amount of summer rain to-day, and I suppose the wind, being from the south, they have (of all birds) taken advantage of it. Many birds are late this year. But how the wet day has filled the hearts of the blackbirds and thrushes with gladness and song. I suppose to them it means a glorious harvest of slugs and snails! Would that our hearts could alike be filled with song and gladness to Him who gives us so many blessings."

In his love of horses, Tuke was a true Yorkshire man. The earliest scrap that I have found of his writing is a juvenile letter to a sister full of stable news; and the earliest picture that I have received of his childhood represents his pleasure in standing by his sister at the window of their house watching the horses at the horse fair "outside Watergate Bar," and going shares with her in the imaginary possession of the horses, she calling the grays hers, and he the blacks his. In 1881, when his hands were full of relief work, he found time to buy three Connemara ponies and to arrange for sending them home to England.

In person, Tuke was somewhat below the average height, was very slight and delicate in his build, and possessed almost to the last great activity of movement—a sort of physical vivacity. This is amusingly described in a letter from Mr. Robinson, dated Bellmullet, 27th December 1883:—

"Peter has been with me for a day or two, and I was greatly amused at overhearing a discussion between him and Stoney's groom about you and Mr. Buxton. You will be amused to hear that it is not as a politician, or as a public benefactor, or a philanthropist that you find favour in Peter's eyes—but as an athlete! 'Every time I tuk my

eyes off the horses,' said Peter, referring to a memorable drive he took you and me from Clifden to Roundstone by Ballyconeely, 'I seen Misther Tuke leppin' along the road, and leppin' over walls, and leppin' across ditches, and leppin' in an' out of houses, and leppin' up and down off the car'; in fact, according to Peter, the style of progression you adopted must have been something between a kangaroo and a spring-heeled Jack."

Tuke's face was very mobile and expressive, and his eye could show great earnestness and great humour. There was in his manner a delightful mixture of simplicity and refinement, of earnestness and of playfulness: he gave you the notion of a man in whom the spiritual element was in great preponderance over the physical. As a host he was delightful: his greeting and his farewell were full of sweet courtesy; the conversation never flagged, and oftentimes it was lighted up by one of his Irish or American stories, told with all the spirit and power of mimicry of which he was a master. But however playful the talk may have been, it never fell below a high level of intelligence and refinement of feeling.

Nor was it only to his adult friends that his society was charming. To children he was kind

and attractive; he inspired them not with fear, as so many elder people do, but with affection.

To carry through with punctuality and success such operations as the emigration of thousands of people from the remote shores of the west of Ireland, or the distribution of seed potatoes on the difficult coast of Achil and of the mainland, required something of that power of preparation and of co-ordinating complex arrangements which is exhibited by a successful general far from his base of operations, or by a great railway contractor in some half-civilised land. And this power Tuke evidently possessed.

If any one had watched James Tuke as he stood by his cabinet, handling one of the dainty bits of china of which his exquisite collection was composed, he might be excused if he fancied some innate fitness and resemblance between the delicate work of art and the refined and almost supersensuous possessor, whose thin fingers passed over it as his gentle voice discoursed of the merits of colour, glaze, and paste. But such an observer would greatly err if he imagined that he had found a mere virtuoso. Tuke's manner curiously belied his powers, and only a closer acquaintance would reveal the keen judgment in business, the great power of organisation,

and the strong religious feelings which underlay that delicate and fragile exterior.

Any one who knows anything of public business in England will be sure that Tuke did not carry through the various matters in which he was engaged without a vast amount of labour in the way of correspondence and interviews. For long spells of time together he was in frequent intercourse with those who especially sympathised with and helped him,—with Mr. Forster, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. William Rathbone, the Duke of Bedford, and various English and Irish officials,—and his diary would show that many a day was spent in London and Dublin in incessant interviews. In addition to this, it is needless to say that he had at times a vast correspondence from Ireland, and that all sorts of persons were seeking his advice or seeking to give him advice. Young politicians wanting to make maiden speeches, newspaper correspondents anxious to get interviews or to write letters, members of Parliament wishing to make the most instructive tour in Ireland, men with crotchets as to emigration or panaceas for poverty, all addressed Tuke. To all he lent a patient ear, and to all whom he could help, he gave help. To all this must be added

the almost continuous communication by letter and interview which took place between Tuke and the Lord Lieutenants and the public authorities in Ireland, from the time that Forster held the office of Chief Secretary to Tuke's death.

I have no desire to overstate the work that Tuke did for Ireland or the results of that work. But it cannot be doubted that his visits to Ireland, his advocacy of the distribution of seed, his emigration of families from the west coast, and his advocacy of the construction of light railways and of the constitution of the Congested Districts Board have saved and blessed the lives of many a poor Irish man and woman, and have helped to establish a system which promises a perpetual alleviation of the miseries of the extreme west. Whatever criticism may be made on his work, this at least is clear as to the man—he did what he could.

The secret of his success lay not in political or social influence, but in two things—his passionate desire to lessen the sufferings and to increase the happiness of his fellow-men; and secondly, his keen, calm intellect, and the application of that intellect and of his business experience to the cause of charity. It has been seen how he laid the foundations of his work in a careful study of the exact

facts of the case, and how, foreseeing what had to be done, he set himself to do what was needful. If it was necessary to visit Bellmullet in the dead of winter, or to go to America to see that means existed for the reception of the Irish, thither Tuke went. He was absolutely disinterested in his labours, and worked neither for reward nor for applause, content if he could do good. He had no political end to serve and no party to please. He was kind and tender in his dealings alike with those who helped him and those whom he helped; rarely, if ever, did a harsh or unkind word escape his lips even under provocation, though he knew how to rebuke impertinence or disrespect. His lieutenants, his colleagues, the poor people amongst whom he worked, all soon came to love him.

Tuke's health was never robust, and for years he suffered terribly from long and most severe headaches. That his delicate and nervous body stood the strain of such prolonged labours as he went through often surprised his friends. But he had cheerful spirits, abundant pluck, a keen sense of humour which saw and enjoyed the drollery so often interwoven with even the most pathetic circumstances. He was able, too, to relax, and when an evening was spent in some rough hotel in Connemara or

Donegal by Tuke and his helpers, and they were free for a few short hours from the pressure of work, the talk around the table was delightful.

Another qualification which Tuke possessed for his work in Ireland is thus referred to by Mrs. Tuke in her notes :—

"Mr. Tuke had a very thorough knowledge of agriculture, and each year noted the crops with warm interest. In our own neighbourhood, he knew exactly where good and bad crops might be expected on the different farms. This practical knowledge helped him immensely in his Irish work, as by it he was in a position to judge for himself the relative condition of the crops as we drove through the districts, and was not solely dependent on others for his information. He had the keenest sympathy with the farmers, and in later years felt very depressed about the prospects of agriculture in England."

Any portrait of Tuke which did not represent religion as the abiding and dominant motive of his life would be a false one. His diaries as a young man contain abundant traces of the depth of his early religious impressions, and of his aspirations after holiness of life. He was not in the habit of talking much about his own religious feelings ; but

his whole life was guided and ruled by his sense of his relation to an infinite and unseen Father of spirits: and it was his love for God and man which sustained and animated him through all his labours, whether for his humbler neighbours near his pleasant English home, or for the poor peasants of the sad west of Ireland, whom he served so constantly and well. Of his feelings in respect of his work, he was habitually reticent, but something may be seen of the spirit in which he laboured in the following passages: "You know," he wrote to his second wife shortly before their marriage (13th August 1882), "that I have felt, and still feel, that it is a duty laid upon me to work in any way I can; and often when people say, 'How can you run away from your home and go into that wretched country?' I have felt inclined to say I have no right to that home whilst so many are living in abject degradation in Ireland and are homeless—without seeking to use any small power which God may have given me to alleviate that condition."

At a somewhat earlier date (18th February 1882) he wrote to the same lady in reference to the poor people of the west:—

"Yes, it is a condition which must be seen, really to be appreciated and understood; and . . .

I am sure that you will not scoff at me when I say that it is one which may well make a *strong* man weep, and that more than once, after walking in and out through some bog-surrounded hamlet or village, I have found, as I drove along on my car, the tears running down my face, all unconsciously to me, as my mind was concentrated on some scheme of relief or amelioration—a curious dual action of brain and nerve."

Again, to Mr. Howard Hodgkin, in whom he had found a fellow-worker whom he regarded with an almost fatherly affection, he wrote (14th April 1884) :—

"What a happiness it is to find men not only so able and fitted to the task, but so full of interest in the work, as we have done.

"To me it is a special cause for thankfulness to God, for whose guidance and help I have so constantly sought in this work. I hope it is not presumptuous to speak thus, but I am sure that without this help the result would have been very different."

Such were the feelings, and such the hopes, which sustained James Hack Tuke in his life and labours.

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